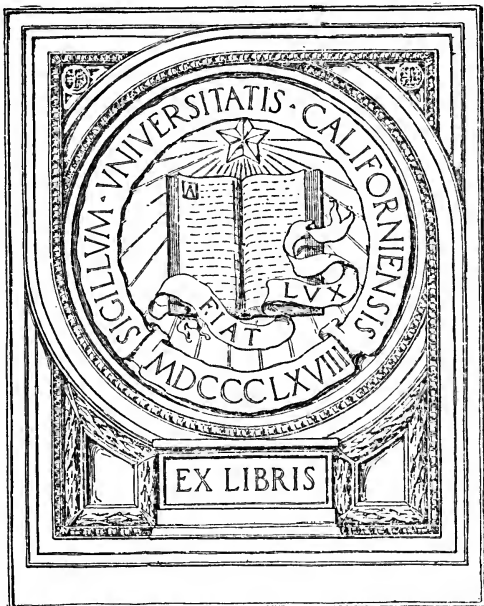




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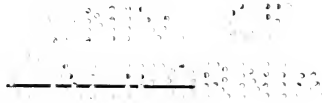
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ADDRESSES

IN MEMORY OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MINNESOTA COMMANDERY
OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES
1903-1910



*Published for the Cammandery under direction of
C. G. Schulz, Superintendent of
Public Instruction*

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FOREWORD.

The personal element in history always appeals to children. How Abraham Lincoln looked and what he did are of more interest to them than the origin, development, and destruction of slavery. Only as the institution of slavery has a direct bearing upon the personal life of the great emancipator or of some other character, does it awaken their interest and hold their attention.

The adult mind studies policies, and the growth and development of ideas, and in their realization observes the personal achievements of the men and women whose lives have been affected by the working out of the world's great problems. For a time the abstract idea may be paramount in the adult mind, but the human element by which it has been moulded, or which it has moulded, must of necessity excite the interest and rivet the attention.

The republic is established, but the personality of George Washington is inseparably connected with the achievement. The constitution is interpreted, but the life work of its master interpreter, Chief Justice Marshall, is indissolubly merged in its broad application. The union is upheld, but the most powerful eloquence in its behalf is centered in the great patriot, Daniel Webster. The republic is saved, the constitution vindicated, the union made indissoluble, but the achievement is forever linked with the personality of Abraham Lincoln.

In the hope that this collection of addresses may associate in the minds of our youth the great achievement with the mighty man, this book is sent forth. As the contents breathe the love of the man, they instill an admiration for what he accomplished, and establish patriotism on the only foundation on which it can thrive—knowledge of our government and its history, with an appreciation for what they stand.

C. G. SCHULZ,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

St. Paul, Minnesota, June 17, 1910.

ADDRESS.

BY ALEXANDER RAMSEY, EX-GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.

(Read February 14, 1893.)



Upon persistent request, I have jotted down some reminiscences of the administration of him who will undoubtedly, by future generations, be considered the savior, as Washington is designated the founder, of the Republic.

* * * * *

Toward the close of my last term as a member of the United States House of Representatives from one of the districts of Pennsylvania, I boarded at the house of a widow who lived on what was then known as the Duff Green Row, on East First street, south of B street, facing the east front of the Capitol, now pulled down to make way for the magnificent library building ordered by Congress. Duff Green, after whom the row was named, had been a fiery editor and ardent admirer of President Jackson, and the fierceness of his sentences had involved him in more than one duel. One day at my boarding house a stranger appeared, and I was told that he was Abraham Lincoln, the only Whig member of Illinois, who had been elected to the next, which was the Thirteenth, Congress.

He seemed to be on a visit of observation before taking his seat, but he made no distinct impression upon me, and I think during his term as a member of Congress no occasion arose to call forth any display of that force of character of which he afterwards proved himself so amply possessed.

His ability was brought out in his debates with Stephen A. Douglas. By his clear logic, quick repartee, and good humor, his fellow citizens were convinced that he was more of a man than they had hitherto supposed him to be.

During the second week of April, 1861, I was in Washington on some business as the governor of Minnesota; and Abraham Lincoln, who had been steadily rising in the estimation of the country since first I saw him, some fourteen years before, had the month before been inaugurated as President of the United States of America.

On Saturday, the 13th of April, news was received that the insurgents at Charleston had opened fire on Fort Sumter. That night the lobbies of the hotels were full of excited men, anxious to obtain additional news. After breakfast, Sunday morning, I went to the war department, and, when ushered into Secretary Cameron's room, found him standing, with hat on, and a bundle of papers in his hand. We had been fellow townsmen and friends for many years and he quickly said, "I have no time to stop; I am on my way to see the President. What do you want?" When I told that I came to offer one thousand men in behalf of Minnesota to meet the emergency that had arisen, he continued, "Hurry! write it in official form, and I will take it over to the executive mansion."

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, I am informed, mention that the President was much encouraged by the proffer of a regiment so soon from a state so new, and then so remote from the capital. Returning to St. Paul about ten days after, I found there had been the fullest response to my pledge. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, not only in the cities, but throughout the state; and on the 2d day of May I telegraphed the secretary of war that a regiment was organized and awaiting orders.

From May, 1861, until my election as United States senator in 1863, I was wholly occupied in raising regiments, not only for the preservation of the Union, but for the protection of the frontiers of Minnesota from the inroads of the Sioux Indians, who had suddenly risen and scalped hundreds of men, women, and children in sparsely settled districts. The departure of so many able-bodied men to subdue the rebellion had quickened the desire to raise the war-whoop upon the part of these Indians.

When I again returned to Washington to reside, everything was changed. The deep green foliage, with birds flitting among the branches, which had surrounded the city in summer—a fringe of beauty—had disappeared and the hills on every side frowned with fortifications bristling with cannon. The boarding house in which I had met so many pleasant people had become a military prison, known as "Carroll prison"; and not far distant, the building which had been erected as a temporary capitol was also designated the "Old Capitol prison"; and here many captured officers of the insurgent armies, and treasonable women, during the war were accommodated, and charged neither for board nor lodging.

President Lincoln, by his simplicity of manner, comprehensive views, absence of partisanship, and great common sense, commanded admiration and confidence. On the 5th of July, 1864, with Senator Chandler and wife, Senator Wade and wife, Senator Sprague of Rhode Island, and Senator Wilkinson of Minnesota, I left Washington, and about six o'clock the next afternoon the steamboat on which we had embarked had reached City Point, the headquarters of Gen. Grant, upon whom we called.

The next day, the 7th, under the escort of Chas. A. Dana, the assistant secretary of war, we proceeded by railroad to the headquarters of William F. (known in the army as "Baldy") Smith, within about a mile of Petersburg, and here, among others, met Gen. Thomas H. Neill.

The houses and steeples of the churches in Petersburg were in sight, and, with Gen. Martindale, we moved to the front, entered the trenches and passed behind the breastworks, the balls from the enemy's pickets at the time striking near by.

On the 8th, Gen. B. F. Butler and staff of about a dozen officers called upon us and took us along the lines about five miles, and, upon our return, entertained us. Upon the 9th of July we took leave of Gen. Grant. Placid and silent as Grant was, the most penetrating of the committee on the conduct of the war could never have suspected that Gen. Lewis Wallace had evacuated Frederick, and that Baltimore and Washington were threatened by the enemy.

On the journey back to Washington the steamboat on which we were was at different times passed by other boats crowded with soldiers. We could not understand the movement. On Sunday, the 10th day of July, the navy yard at Washington was reached and the mystery was solved. We were told that the rebels under Gens. Early and Breckenridge were moving toward the city, and that the steamboats we had seen hurrying up the river carried portions of the sixth corps sent to meet the enemy.

On Tuesday, with others, I drove out to Fort Stevens on the north side of the city. Gen. Early had established his headquarters at Silver Spring, the residence of Francis P. Blair—the father of Montgomery Blair, the postmaster general, whose house, a little further from the city, was burned.

The President was at Fort Stevens this afternoon, also Mr. Welles, secretary of the navy, and other prominent men.

Some of the Sixth corps made a sally, and for a time there was brisk firing; but the rebels were repulsed, leaving a number of killed and wounded.

President Lincoln entered Richmond on the 4th day of April, 1865, and returned to the executive mansion on the 9th.

On the 10th of April, accompanied by Senators Norton and Wilkinson, I visited Richmond, and found the best portion of the city a heap of smouldering ruins; went at night to the theater, which was lighted with tallow candles, and witnessed the play Macbeth. It was not until the morning of the 14th that I returned to Washington. During the evening of that day the late Benjamin Thompson of St. Paul, came to my parlor at the International hotel and told me that President Lincoln had been shot at Ford's Theater by J. Wilkes Booth, and that Secretary Seward, in his sick chamber, had been dangerously assaulted by another conspirator. It was difficult to believe, but in a few minutes my brother Justus arrived and confirmed the statement, having been at the theater and witnessed the tragedy.

The President, as you all know, expired about half-past seven on the morning of Saturday, the 15th day of April, in a house to which he had been removed from the theater just opposite.

After breakfast of that day, Senator Foote of Vermont, conversed with me and suggested that immediate steps should be taken for Vice-President Johnson to enter upon the duties of president.

With him, Senator Yates of Illinois, and Senator Stewart of Nevada, I drove to the Kirkwood House, where Mr. Johnson had rooms. He was absent at the time, but soon returned, and the object of our visit was made known. Chief Justice Chase, in the presence of about ten persons, then administered to him the oath of office. Not the slightest jar occurred in the administration of affairs. Before noon sorrowing people throughout the country learned that though the president was dead the government still lived. And the nations of the world for the first time realized the greatness and stability of the Republic of the United States of America.

ADDRESS.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL, WESLEY MERRITT, U. S. A.
(Read February 14, 1893.)

Not all of you have heard, perhaps, that the first Commandery of the Loyal Legion was established in Philadelphia upon an impulse which grew out of the death of Abraham Lincoln. In the midst of the grief of a mighty nation, mourning the loss of the greatest American of the age, a few officers who had served their country in the War of the Rebellion met together and resolved that they would organize a society to cherish the companionship and memories of the war and do honor for all time to the brave who had fallen, mightiest among whom was the martyr commander-in-chief of the army and navy. From this sprang the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, now with a commandery in nearly every state of the Union.

Whatever the feelings of the originators of our order—and who can doubt that they were full of the bitterness of death in their hearts?—we can say today that we meet “with malice toward none and with charity for all.” Under these conditions it is peculiarly fitting that we should set aside the meeting each year in his natal month to commemorate the birth of him who

“Was a type of the true elder race,
One of the Plutarch’s men, who talked with us face
to face.”

In reviewing the program of the meeting this evening, it occurs to me that one important characteristic of the many-sided man we commemorate has been omitted—that is Lincoln as commander-in-chief of the army and navy. Those who are qualified to judge have assigned no secondary place to him as a master of the art of war. His great, broad, common sense came to his assistance in the decisions of questions of policy as well as of strategy. When he resisted the counsel of his constitutional advisers, who wanted an unsuccessful general replaced during the active operations of a campaign, he urged, in a single sentence, a more powerful argument against

it than could have been offered in hours of talk—"It is bad to swap horses while crossing a stream."

Again, when one of his generals proposed to divide his army and send part of it to combat the Confederates on the farther side of the Rappahannock, the wise commander conveyed volumes of the art of war by saying: "If you divide your army, you will be like a bull jumped half across a fence, who can neither gore to the front nor kick in the other direction."

So also, he wrote to Hooker, who was talking much about lines of communication, objectives, and lines of supply: "Let your objective be the enemy's army, and your line of communication the shortest road over which you can march to fight him. Win a battle, and I will take care of the rest."

Instances like these might be mentioned almost without limit, but I will not multiply words on the subject. The speakers tonight will do their share to properly cherish the memory of him of whom an American poet has said:

"His was no lonely mountain peak of mind.

Thrusting to thin air o'er cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, level lined,
Fruitful and friendly for his human kind,

Yet also known to Heaven, and friend with all its stars."

ADDRESS.

BY KNUTE NELSON, GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.

(Read February 14, 1893.)

The institution of slavery had debased the white people of the South, and had given them a white peasant class not known among the people of the North. This peasantry, though primitive, rude, and unlettered, was, nevertheless, in many essentials far superior to its counterpart in the Old World. It was courageous to a high degree, intensely democratic in spirit, and charged with a suppressed intellectuality that, in isolated cases and on great occasions, asserted itself. From the very loins of this class, and as a crystallization of all the virile vigor that was in it, came [Abraham Lincoln—born the American peasant, died the American king.]

His parentage, home, and surroundings were of the humblest kind; scarce were there ever humbler. His moral and intellectual environment was of the most primitive order, as primitive as the undeveloped country in which he dwelt. But the embryo of true life and vigorous growth was in him, and so, under the sunshine and dews of Heaven, he grew in the midst of the barrenness in which he was placed, as the stout and lofty pine grows in the stony cleft of the craggy and hoary mountain, slowly, surely, irresistibly and heavenward.

His development from childhood to manhood, from a backwoodsman to a statesman, was a saga, simple in its unity, somber and sad in its texture, but inspiring and heroic in its outlines and results. From Nolin Creek to the banks of the Sangamon, narrow, cheerless and rough was the path. A mother's love was given and found in a stepmother, the only sunshine on the long and dreary journey. And that love, with which a man loves but once in his life, was buried in the grave of Ann Rutledge. From that moment love claimed and was given less, and duty more, and from that moment he seemed dedicated to and in training for the task and the mission that were to be his. Feeble minds assuage grief in the frivolous vanities of the world; but strong minds, fortified with pure hearts and Godlike consciences, seek relief in the real and sub-

stantial battle of life, where the turmoil is the hottest and the strife rages the fiercest. [Lincoln was the true embodiment of this class; and there was no intellectual battleground so captivating, grand, and inviting as that of politics in the Illinois of his day. [Gifted and equipped by nature, steeled in the rude school of the frontiersman, and tempered by the shadows and sorrows that had come upon him, he entered the arena a trained gladiator, ready to do battle with giants—and there were real and aggressive giants in those days.] But for the lack of a living issue, the strife was for a time a mere skirmish on the outposts, the remote prelude to the great drama of the century.

From the shadows and dark clouds whence came our hero, came also, in battle array, the great anti-Christ, slavery, which was to be subdued and conquered. Slavery, in her zeal, projected her advance guard into Kansas; and there was fought a veritable Inkerman—a battle of stubborn and isolated skirmishes; and soon along the entire line, from Kansas to the Ohio and thence to the Potomac, there was a mustering of clans and an outburst of firing that betokened a momentous and prolonged struggle. In these preliminary conflicts there were many leaders, and Lincoln, though one of them, was not regarded by all as the foremost. But, on the eve of the great battle, none disputed his chieftainship of the mighty hosts of the North. He was the heart and the soul of all our people, with faith in them, in himself, in the cause, and in God.

Serious and sad were those days to all of us, but most of all to him, and it made him more serious and sad than ever. But from that great duty entailed upon him by man and God, he shrank not one iota—no, not even in those dark days, when bolder men than he doubted and quailed. He was braver and more valiant than the best of us, because his faith was loftier and more boundless, and he ennobled the strife and hallowed the cause of the Union by severing the last shackles of the bondsmen.

He looms up through the vista of the years as the great spirit of that mighty whirlwind. God gave him to work out a great problem in the moral world. His task, his life, and his mission were Godlike; his death was that of a martyr. He sanctified the Union to us and to our posterity for all time to come.

ADDRESS.

BY JOHN IRELAND, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP, ST. PAUL, MINN.

(Read February 14, 1893.)

Abraham Lincoln to me appears the model product, the honor of our country. He was born a child of the people, a child of modern democracy; and, as opportunities offered, he loomed up not only before his own country, but before the nations of the world, one of the grandest men of the nineteenth century.

It has been said, in reproach to democracy, that popular governments are not capable of producing great men, that they are generally levelers, bringing out but mediocrity. As we see in Lincoln and in hundreds and thousands of cases, wherever there is the need, in America, the great man appears to fill it. During my late visit to Europe I met a Russian general, famed in his country, who told me that he had studied often and attentively the records of our civil war, and it was always to him an unexplained mystery how, suddenly, so many great heroes appeared, such as the trained military nations of Europe did not furnish and could not furnish. And so it was, especially, with Lincoln.

I read on the last page of this little paper Lincoln's definition of a democracy—a modern popular government, a government “of the people, by the people, and for the people;” and he hopes that that government “shall not perish from the earth.” He who spoke these words deserves, beyond all other titles, that of the great philosopher. In no better words, in no more terse language, could popular government be defined, could our American government be defined—“a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.” Not for any one class or for any one family, but for the whole people, and by the whole people.

I was asked, while in Paris, to speak of America and to say some things that would have relation to the present condition of Europe, particularly to say what we understood by popular governments, by democracies; and I told them that I could not define a democracy or a popular government in better language than in the words of Abraham Lincoln,—“a

government of the people, by the people, and for the people." I do not say that these words of Lincoln were then heard for the first time in Paris, but this much it is my good fortune to be able to say, that, in some manner, I was instrumental in emphasizing them; and, since then, this definition of Lincoln's, I find, is going through all the papers and all the reviews of all the different countries of Europe. Constantly the comment is made: "Never was a better definition given of a popular government; these words we must inscribe in all our great proclamations in Europe, for this is the government of the future, the government which the whole world should envy."

We have a fearful responsibility resting upon us. We have to guard the country, the institutions for which our fathers, our brothers, ourselves, indeed, fought and exposed our lives, a quarter of a century ago. We have to guard them today, in peace, as we guarded them then, in war. We have to guard them not only for our own nation, but for the world at large. Today, as never before, the eyes of nations are upon us. We are looked upon as a providential nation, a nation that is giving to the world the form of the most advanced government—the government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." And the question is asked, in trembling, by the friends of humanity, "Is such a government a mere ideal, or can it be a matter of practical reality?" So far, we say, "Look to the United States; here is the great popular government." And the question then is asked, by friends, hoping that all will be well, and by foes, hoping that it may be a failure, "Ah, but will it last? Ah, but will it be able to conquer all the obstacles, to do away with all the dangers?" Let us, as Americans, answer, in tones that shall be heard across seas and oceans, "Yea, we pledge ourselves that our free institutions shall last."

But we need to do something more than to speak—we need to lead lives like the hero whom we honor tonight. We, who understand well the value of our country, need to give to the whole population, high and low, the example of deep patriotism, of disinterested patriotism, of pure-minded patriotism. We owe it to all, to go abroad in our daily duties, in the exercise of our rights, to show to all our fellow citizens, that only love of country must control us in all our civil and in all our political movements. When we come before the public as American citizens, let no temptations control us, let never a vote be cast, let never a word be spoken in the name of

country, unless inspired by the purest and holiest patriotism and the purest and holiest love of country. Let the intelligent citizen give in every way this example, and proclaim aloud, morning, noon and night, the principles of patriotism, so that others will imitate us, and this great nation, with all its magnificent institutions, will go down to posterity a blessing to the people of America and a blessing to the people of all nations on earth.

LINCOLN—THE GREAT COMMONER.

BY CHARLES H. FOWLER, METHODIST EPISCOPAL BISHOP.

(Read February 14, 1893.)

Herodotus once went to the games in Greece. He was seen and recognized. Soon the people caught him up in their arms and carried him about the great arena and said, "This is the man that has written our history; let us honor him who honors us." Not the man who has written our history would we honor tonight, but the man who has made much of it. Indeed, it is difficult to tell how much such a name as Abraham Lincoln is worth to a people. We cannot exactly put it up on 'change or in the bank as security, and yet the land is hardly rich enough to do without it. Carthage had seven hundred thousand citizens, and she had a wide commerce; she worked the tin mines of Britain and the silver mines of Spain, and sent her vessels to the Baltic and her caravans to the Niger; and yet she has sent to us but one name to illumine her history—Hannibal. Take out of American history the name of Abraham Lincoln, and we would be, for this last half century, comparatively poor; a few other names with his, and the rest will shake through the sieve of the next twenty centuries. But his will abide, and we cannot measure its value in dollars and cents.

He was a man of the people and represents and embodies the ideal republic as no other man ever has in our history. Born in poverty, as we have heard, and in the poorest poverty, living in a hut that had three sides and no door or window—for it did not need them, the other side being wide as the universe; without furniture, without floor—built by a father who did not even root into the soil, but drifted without motive for moving. Yet it was a clean poverty. It was not the poverty of the crowded cities, for it stood erect on the tender bosom of gentle nature; not the poverty that stands with its hat under its arm, but a poverty that recognizes in itself a right to live anywhere.

He found comfort in his stepmother—one who loved him tenderly and spoke of him to the end as "the best boy that

ever lived;" and he loved her with that rapturous affection of his almost boundless nature. I remember in boyhood to have seen a picture of Washington taking his farewell of his mother, before going to take command of the armies, and it touched and moved me always. But I have seen another picture in my thought, of a greater than Washington, Abraham Lincoln, turning aside after his election to go and take his farewell of his stepmother; and, as she clung about his neck, touched with the spirit of prophecy and weeping for the loss that was coming to her, saying, "They will kill you; you will die for our country; I shall never see you again," I see a fit picture to be the companion of that older one. The older came out of the border of the monarchical government and out of what we are pleased to call the upper classes of society; the later came out of what we call the lower classes; but God sometimes calls our up His down; and it may be that in this poverty we see the embodiment of the common people that stand on the earth and make up the body of this great people, and replenish, again and again, the ranks that we are pleased to call society.

It is difficult to analyze the character of Mr. Lincoln, on account of its symmetry. It is like taking hold of a globe; it is largest on whichever side we approach it—difficult to measure, a little beyond our comprehension, for a man is comprehended only by his peers. But it had a magnificent foundation. Its underlying principle was its moral element. It manifested itself in absolute integrity. His word was final with every man who knew him. The principal characteristic of his mind was reason. He reached his conclusions not by impulse or instinct, but by argument. This made him slow in great questions, and yet it made him so firm that he was equal to every emergency and was the wonder of mankind. His conscience, crowned by the symmetry of his faculties, made his hard common sense the steady ally of the right. His conscience, his reason, and his common sense were the three fixed points through which the perfect circle of his character was drawn. Without any one of these, he would have failed, and we might have been buried amid the ruins of the republic. Without the first he would have been a villain; without the second, he would have been a fool or a bigot; without the third, he would have been a fanatic or a dreamer; with them all, he was Abraham Lincoln.

Men speak of his goodness as if it were his weakness; but they do not measure the man, for his goodness was exercised under the great law of duty that bound him always. His goodness was overflowing and abundant. In childhood, the simplest cruelty to man or beast made him boil over with wrath. It was in that first historic journey, on a flat-boat to New Orleans, in 1831, that he saw for the first time, the bondman in chains and on the auction block, and from that time onward he was the unhesitating enemy of slavery. In 1836, a member of the Illinois state legislature, when the state went wild with the other states, joining in the act of Congress that refused to hear petitions on the subject of slavery, Mr. Lincoln, finding only one man to agree with him, entered upon the journal of that state his protest against the resolutions of the state. In 1846, the President of the United States issued a proclamation saying that the Mexicans had invaded the soil of the republic and had murdered our citizens. Mr. Lincoln, then a member of Congress, introduced the then famous "Spot Resolution," in which he requested the President to name the particular *spot* where this outrage had happened. He had had the courage always to stand by his anti-slavery convictions, which made it possible for him finally to remove that domestic institution that sought to throttle and ruin the country.

His goodness can hardly be measured. He seemed to touch everything on the right side. If I could paint but two pictures of Mr. Lincoln, one would be, of course, his issuing of the proclamation of emancipation that has made him the great emancipator; the other would be a typical scene in which he distributes a little of the mercy that flowed so abundantly through his veins: A poor woman, tall and thinly clad, came to him saying, "Mr. President, I had three sons and a husband in the army, but my husband has just been killed; I want my oldest son." And he wrote the order giving him a release from the service. She went to the front just in time to see the oldest boy die of his wounds in the hospital. With the statement from the surgeon on the back of the order, she returned to the President and handed him the paper. He said, "I know what you want, you need not ask it. I will give you your next oldest son." And then, as he wrote the order, he said, "You have one and I have one; that is about fair." But the poor old woman of the common people stood by the side of

the President's chair and smoothed down his hair as he wrote, and, her tears running upon his head, she said, "God bless you, Mr. Lincoln, may you live a thousand years to be the President of this great republic."

A little incident, that I have not seen in print, told me by James R. Speed, Mr. Lincoln's life-long friend, sets forth this quality of the great President by which he was in common heart-beat with us all. Lincoln said: "Speed, why don't you stop and see me? I want to see somebody that doesn't want anything." Speed says, "You are worn to death and you must rest." "No, stop tonight, after the levee, and let us have a visit." So, on that Thursday night, when the people had gone away, they sat down together, two or three minutes; then Speed got up and said, "Mr. Lincoln, I must go, I haven't the heart to keep you out of your bed, you must rest." Putting out his long, strong hand, and taking Speed by the shoulder, Lincoln said to him again, "Mr. Speed, stay with me, for I never sleep Thursday nights." Mr. Speed said, "What do you mean? what do you say?" He said "I never sleep Thursday nights. Tomorrow is execution day, and all around the lines the boys will be shot, unless I sign their pardon. But I find, and the generals tell me, that to pardon these costs more lives, and so I cannot pardon; but I can't sleep when I think that tomorrow they will be shot."

Never was a greater or a truer heart put in charge of the people than Lincoln. Goodness and greatness, in him, went together. Firm as he was good. Why I remember hearing pious men pray that God would give him backbone—when he had the almightiest spinal column that ever stood erect on this American continent! You remember that, at one time, many of the personal enemies of Gen. Grant, and a great many of the people, wanted his head, but Mr. Lincoln said, "No, I rather like the man, and I think we'll keep him, nevertheless." We learned, a while afterward, that to have taken that head would have cost us more than the republic could pay. Backbone? Why, he sent three questions to the Committee on the War concerning the arming of the negroes, to be asked of the officers that might come before them; and, of ninety-two officers that were catechised, eighty-seven were solid against the arming, and two major-generals and three brigadiers were in favor of it. When the committee handed in their report to Lincoln, he looked it over, turned around and issued the order for the arming.

We have learned of his courage and his backbone and his strength of character.

He was indeed of us, the Great Commoner; grew up among us, was so trained and educated that he belonged to us; his plans, his sympathies, his feelings, his dreams, his ambitions, were ours. If he had come of very aristocratic family, he would not have been our President. The schools might have polished him, but they would have removed him from us. But, trained in the wilderness, dwelling in a cabin, struggling on the frontier, he grew into our manhood, and his calloused palms never slipped from the poor man's hand. He was as accessible in the White House as he had been in the cabin; and the wants of the poor colored man were as much to him as the claims of the opulent white man. He was indeed our brother and the representative of our institutions.

With a living faith in God, that characterizes this great people, he lifted them on his faith. Look at him on the steps of the car just leaving Springfield going to Washington, stopping and saying to the friends of his youth and of all his years, "I go to a greater task than that assigned to Washington, and unless the God that helped him helps me, I shall fail. But if that Omniscient Mind and Almighty Arm that sustained and guided him shall sustain and guide me, I shall not fail, I shall succeed." And the country believed him. When he issued his proclamation of emancipation, he said to Secretary Seward, when Seward was arguing against his signing, "But, Secretary Seward, I must, I told the Lord I would." Seward said, in a quick and somewhat startled way, "What is that you say, Mr. President?" He said, "I say that I told the Lord if he would drive the rebels out of Pennsylvania, I would emancipate the slaves, and I'll do it."

Magnificent character! Measured by what he did, he stands above every other man of six thousand years. He came to the government by a minority vote, without an army, without a navy, without munitions; into the capital full of enemies, surrounded by rebels, friends far away in the North; he compacted his friends, conciliated his rivals, overmastered the Copperheads, put his hand on Wall street, and conquered the rebels. He stamped on the earth, and two millions of armed men sprang up for his defense; he spoke to the sea, and the mightiest navy the world ever saw crowned its waves; he

breathed into the air, and money and munitions rained upon the people. Measured by what he did, he is without a peer.

I would not take one laurel from the statues of the noble dead; I would rather place in their midst another statue that will adorn their glorified company. We are indeed too near Mr. Lincoln to award him the glory he deserves. We remember too well his long, lank form, his awkward movements, to realize that this man, standing among us like a father, towers above us like a monarch. I turn to the past: "I see behind me a noble company. There is Napoleon, the man of destiny. Armies move at his bidding as if they were the muscles of his body. Kings rise and fall at his nod; not a soldier on the earth lifts his foot without his permission. But he lived for himself. His entire life was a failure. He did not accomplish one of his great purposes. I see Wellington, great as a military chieftain, competent to command armies against a foreign and hereditary foe. I see Marlborough; but on every stone of his monument, and in every page of his history, I see the frauds by which he enriched himself from the plunder of his gasping country. There is Cromwell, England's noblest son; but his arena was small, his work limited, the result ephemeral. The revolution from the hereditary kingdom of the Stuarts to the hereditary dictatorship of the Cromwells was not so great as the change from executing the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston to the constitutional emancipation of slaves in Maryland. Yet, upon his death, the government reverted to the Stuarts. But upon the death of Mr. Lincoln, Freedom rears a monument, and for the new conquests marches boldly into the future. I do see a Caesar yonder, but his power is the purchase of crime and falls about his grave like withered weeds. And away down yonder in the dark vortex of history, looking out upon the centuries, is old Pericles. But the thirty thousand citizens of Athens are lost in some inland town of America with her thirty millions of citizens. There are many noble heroes who illumine the darkness behind us with some single virtue, but among them all I see no Lincoln. He is radiant with all the great virtues, and his memory shall shed a glory upon this age that shall fill the eyes of men as they look into history. Other men have excelled him in some one point; but taken at all points, all and in all, he stands head and shoulders above every other man of six thousand years. An administrator, he saved the nation in the perils of an unparal-

leled civil war. A statesman, he justifies his measures by their success. A philanthropist, he gave liberty to one race and salvation to another. A moralist, he stooped from the summit of human power to the foot of the cross, and became a Christian. A mediator, he exercised mercy under the most absolute obedience to law. A leader, he was no partisan. A commander, he was untainted with blood. A ruler in desperate times, he was unsullied with crime. A man, he has left no word of passion, no thought of malice, no trick of craft, no act of jealousy, no purpose of selfish ambition. Thus perfected, without a model and without a peer, he was dropped into these troubled years to adorn and embellish all that is good and all that is great in our humanity, and to present to all coming time the incarnation of the divine idea of free government. Let us cherish his memory, emulate his virtues, and stretch ourselves up toward his greatness and hope that, by and by, in the city yonder, we may see his stalwart soul.

LINCOLN, THE STATESMAN AND PATRIOT.

BY CYRUS NORTHROP, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.
(Read February 14, 1893.)

I have no prepared address to make, and therefore I can fit in perhaps better than if I had one, after what has been said, for the English language has been put to its utmost power, during the last few days, to give expression to the American sentiment and appreciation of Abraham Lincoln. The highest praise that in this age has been bestowed upon any man has been rendered him in the presence of a people who neither felt nor expressed dissent.

Abraham Lincoln is the one man in this nineteenth century who is certain to live in all the coming ages. Ulysses S. Grant will be remembered as the great commander who led the forces of the Union through that great contest to ultimate victory, but he will be remembered more on account of the great events with which he was associated, and the great combinations in which he was the moving spirit, than by reason of any personal qualities of his own out of which were produced the elements of victory. Abraham Lincoln, despite the great things that he did, will be remembered hardly less for what he was than for what he did. He is a perfectly unique figure in the midst of this century and of all the centuries—nothing like him since the creation of the world. As Ingersoll said the other night, "He had no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors." And it is literally true. Born in a log cabin, in poverty, he did not derive, so far as I can see, any inheritance of wealth, of blood, or even of brains, from his ancestors. His mother, it is true, seems to have been superior to any other of his ancestors. Lincoln himself said, when President, and in the zenith of his power, "All that I am and all that I hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother." But what his "sainted mother" was thinking of when she married the inefficient and shiftless father, I have never been able to determine. How much of brain power Lincoln derived from his mother, it is impossible to say. She taught him to read and write. She did more for him than the twelve months of school-

ing—which was all that he had during his life. She died when he was only nine years old. Think of it! A boy nine years of age, left without any comforting, guiding, inspiring influence in the world. What an intellectual and moral nature his must have been that, amid the great events in which he was afterwards called to act, he was able to rise to the majesty of the highest manhood and of the noblest statesmanship that this broad country has ever seen!

You ask me to speak of him as a statesman. Poor boy; hired hand on a flat-boat; surveyor; clerk in a country store; lawyer; in the legislature in 1837 for the first time—just as in the Empire State another figure, educated in college, cultured, polished, brilliant, was made its governor. Humble, honest Abraham Lincoln, sitting in the house of representatives in Illinois—Illinois black with Egyptian darkness, Illinois practically a southern state, Illinois whose legislature in 1837 is endorsing human bondage and negro slavery—humble Abraham Lincoln sitting there, without a record, without anything back of him, and God only knows what before him. And in Albany, the capital of the Empire State, in the governor's chair sits William H. Seward, the polished leader, the orator, the disciple of Thurlow Weed, the man skilled in management, in politics, in administration, in government; the man who, as governor of the State of New York, did more in the line of statesmanship, solved more questions, led to more reforms than Abraham Lincoln accomplished in his whole life. There are the two men. And, in 1858, William H. Seward is talking, at Rochester, of an "irrepressible conflict," and Abraham Lincoln, at Springfield, Illinois, is talking about "the house divided against itself that cannot stand." Here are the two men; the eastern type of the polished civilization, and the western man born of the people, self-made, without polish, and with nothing but his own unaided efforts and culture. And in the year 1858, this tall, lank, sad-looking man, is brought forward as a candidate for United States senator, before the people of Illinois, and enters into that contest with the young giant, Stephen A. Douglas—Douglas, a figure to inspire, vigorous, ambitious, successful, the leader of the great party, a man who had never known defeat; and Lincoln, the uncouth, raw, tall, lank, sad-faced young man who had never known success; the one representing the fleeting and passing changes of political policy, and the other representing the eternal truths of

God. They fought it out upon that issue, and the policy of the present triumphed and Douglas was senator. 1858 passes by, 1859, and then comes 1860. The tall, plain, common-sense, clear-headed orator of Illinois goes east. He goes into Cooper Institute and he makes that speech, the most logical, the most argumentative, the most convincing speech that was ever made on American soil—a speech which demonstrated the policy of the fathers of the republic, of the men who framed the constitution, as to their opinion of slavery; and he closed that speech with a sentence which is the key to his character, the key to his success, the key to his glory, “Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end do our duty as we understand it.” That speech, gentlemen, made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States.

Now, why was it, when the Republican convention met and the contest was between Abraham Lincoln and William H. Seward—between the plain man of the west and the cultured man of the east; between the man who had shown no practical statesmanship and the man who had shown all the arts of statesmanship that the Machiavelli of eastern politics could impart to him—that Abraham Lincoln was chosen as the candidate of the party for President, and not William H. Seward? Why was it that the house-divided-against-itself speech was deemed less dangerous than the irrespressible-conflict speech of Mr. Seward? Have you ever thought of the reason? It is not far to seek. There was the difference in the two men of just this nature: Mr. Seward, though he was a leader, an advanced leader, in the great army of freedom, though he had resisted the encroachments of slavery, though he had represented the free-soil wing of the Whig party in the State of New York, was always endeavoring to regulate the processes of affairs and the operations of principles by thoughts of the success of the party. Mr. Lincoln, on the other hand, beginning back twenty years before men had advanced far enough in his own state to believe slavery to be wrong, had taken, from the first, the position that principle was everything, and that upon right principle must rest the foundation for the building up of a party. The party, feeling that Mr. Lincoln was planted on eternal principles, the party, feeling that Mr. Seward might be drifted from side to side by the eddies and whirling tides of policy, chose; and the nation chose, and they chose right—they chose Abraham Lincoln. God bless him! They

chose Abraham Lincoln, and he was elected. He went into the presidential chair, and the great victory was won.

And oh, what a man he was! I went to him, once, and sat with him in the White House. I went down there as the messenger of Gov. Buckingham of Connecticut, to plead with him for a change of policy in a certain particular affecting our ability to carry on the war. He received me, just as I supposed he received every one else, with a courtesy that could not be surpassed. He threw his leg over the arm of his chair and he sat there and talked with me as familiarly as if I had been Gov. Buckingham himself instead of his messenger. And I saw then, and I have never forgotten, why it was that Abraham Lincoln in that long struggle in the years that followed, kept the great body of the Northern people so in touch with himself, when statesmen of no mean reputation and generals of great popular favor, and editors of papers that had voiced the sentiment of his party, deserted him. It was because he never forgot that he came of the people, that he was of them, that by them he had been raised to power, and that for them the services of his life were to be rendered. The great heart of the man, the tender heart of the man, was exhibited in all his career.

What an orator he was! What an orator! Not an Everett, studied and polished like an actor; nor a Webster, with his mighty and majestic rhetoric and his soaring imagination; not a Phillips, with his gracefully repressed intensity and his boiling passion delivered in ice-bound sentences; but Lincoln, Lincoln, the orator of conscientious thought, touched and glorified by a universal charity.

Oh, the man, the greatness of the man! How he grew as the years went on! As was said of one even greater than he, he "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." When he went up to Gettysburg, there in the midst of the war, with his great burden resting upon him and his heart dropping drops of blood, of sympathy for his suffering country, what a speech was that he made—ten sentences that will live longer than any eloquence that has been spoken on earth in nineteen centuries. And where did he get that style so plain, so clear, so simple? You may read Demosthenes with his mighty argument; you may read Cicero with his sweeping denunciation, in clear, polished sentences; you may read Erskine, with his admirable statement and great common

sense and practical application of law; you may read Brougham, with his thundering periods of denunciation—read whom you will, but Lincoln never got his style from the great orators of the world, he got it from the English version of the Bible, studied it from reading those simple words that the loving John has recorded in regard to Jesus Christ. And the spirit of all that he spoke, during those last years of the war—where did it come from? Ah, it is the spirit of the broadest humanity, best exemplified in the Son of Man. O, great-hearted man! noble-hearted man! homely-faced, sad-faced, pathetic-faced man! The nation wept when he died, and there was no friend of liberty and no patriot loving his country who did not feel that the world was more lonesome when Abraham Lincoln went away.

LINCOLN, THE MAN.

BY MAHLON N. GILBERT, PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP, ST. PAUL.

(Read February 14, 1893.)

The character of Abraham Lincoln is like a gold mine which is inexhaustible, from which you may draw forth treasures and still the vein opens up more widely, and richer treasures are still in store.

I would present to you tonight only one characteristic, which, perhaps, has been suggested, but not dwelt upon. It is the characteristic which, it seems to me, found voice in every soldier who marched to the beat of the drum during those years of war; it is the characteristic which crowned the wonderful abilities of this great commoner, this great patriot, this great statesman; it is the characteristic which found its embodiment and its expression in that tenderest word which the American soldier and the American citizen could utter, "Father Abraham." In that simple word—Father—there is embraced everything else; there is power, there is authority, there is leadership, there is statesmanship, there is the great pulse of the common people beating in all its wonderful development, there is all that makes up the statesman and the man. The father—the father not only of the nation, but the father of a family—which is the ideal, after all, of all these states of this land which we love.

I have always thought that the people embodied and emphasized the old Latin maxim, *Vox populi, vox Dei*, when they gave him that appellation which, although in its form almost harsh, as it comes down upon refined ears, nevertheless expressed the true idea, "Honest old Abe." In it was the utterance of the love which the people bore for him, a love which consecrated itself in ardent acts of devotion and sacrifice; a love which found vent on many a battlefield, a love which led men gladly from the homes which they loved and from the prattling children at their side, to go forth and face death in all its horrid forms; a love which, after all, might always be translated into a phase of the love that we ought to bear for God, the Father of us all. It is the fatherhood of Abraham

Lincoln that we ought not to forget—a fatherhood which seems to embrace in it all that was expressed in “The father of his Country”; a fatherhood which was willing to lay itself out in utter self-sacrifice; a fatherhood which lived in the midst of those years of war; a fatherhood which went on beating out its own earnest energies in every thought gathered and expressed; a fatherhood which at last found its culmination in the final act of love by sacrificing himself for the children whom he loved. That, my friends, is the fatherhood of Abraham Lincoln.

And we are his children. Let us, in the same spirit in which he spoke on the heights of Gettysburg, where rebellion found its highest limit and where it found its death also; in the spirit of that love which comes from that fatherhood, reconsecrate ourselves to the cause of the Union for which Father Abraham died. Let us simply go on in the way that he marked out, and then, though the coming years may never reach the climax which shall involve such a character as that of Lincoln, nevertheless there shall be men coming up, in every emergency, who shall reflect, in their own persons and in their own deeds, something of the wondrous character of the man whom we revere.

Then out into the future let us press, with something of that same great faith which was his, with something of that great hopefulness, of that great, wondrous optimism which was a distinguishing mark of his character, out into that future of ever-developing glory, out into that future which we believe shall be realized in this country, and which shall be emulated by the nations of the earth; until not only America shall revere Lincoln as the father, but the people of the world, the men whom he has freed, the men to whom he has given the true insight into liberty, black and white, bond and free, shall follow along and realize that he indeed was the father of a principle which, in God’s own good time, shall prevail throughout the whole wide world.

ADDRESS.

BY EDWARD P. INGERSOLL, D. D., PASTOR PARK CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH, ST. PAUL.

(Read February 12, 1894.)

It is not a day we celebrate but a life, and a life so grand, so magnified with the passing years that we already see it belongs to immortal fame. As the centuries have advanced since the dark ages, we have been lifted upon the shoulders of thirty generations, and the horizon of our intelligence has widened and brightened. But higher than by intelligence have we been lifted by those moral forces which hide self and give honor not to prowess, but to the pure benefactors of mankind. Such a benefactor is ours! Grand and Imperishable! Honored and loved name, Abraham Lincoln! Abraham Lincoln, a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of historic worthies!

It has come to me that I can best signalize this occasion by naming and illustrating three or four characteristics of our great war president. The first I name is simplicity of character, blended with sincerity. A man may be simple because he has no brains, a man may be proud because he is without brains, and a man may be proud because he has brains; but, a man of brains and of power, with modesty and simplicity, bears the signet of noblest manhood.

It is not often that such virtues and graces are developed amid the tumult and carnage of war. Noble exceptions we have had. David lost nothing of character while he was chasing the Philistines over the Judean hills; Marcus Aurelius lost nothing of character while he was fighting the barbarian on the frozen Danube; Gustavus Adolphus lost nothing of character when, with that inspiration that seemed to come from beyond the stars, he hastened to the very center of Europe that he might strike a blow for the balance of imperial power; though carnage turned his foe, Gen. Tilly of Austria, into a fiend. Napoleon became sullen and selfish under the power of war; Marlborough, greedy and grasping; and, in our first and second and third wars, there were many men of haughtiness and

imperious character. But there was never so little of these malign characteristics as during the war for our Union. Why? Because it was signally for homes and Christian civilization. It made heroes and not popinjays.

The foremost men who fought, trusted by the soldiers and by the people, for the most part lost the personal in the public weal, and the stars of our flag, "Old Glory," not the stars on their shoulders, were the symbol of inspiration. Looking back through the vista of years, after the lapse of a generation, to those "days that tried men's souls," who is there that is not willing, nay, is not eager to accord to Abraham Lincoln, because of the sincerity which lifted itself into nobility, because of the simplicity which was abiding through all the time of his lofty position, a pedestal which shall stand side by side with that of the Father of his Country, no higher, no lower?

God does not raise a tempest to waft a feather; he does not lash the ocean to drown a fly. When he is to make a man strong to lead the people, he prepares him by great trials. The oak is knit by the blast, "the dross consumed and the gold refined" by the furnace. Such was Abraham Lincoln, the grand representative of a nation's patriotism and integrity.

He was no cameo, he was no effigy cut upon a cherry-stone; he was no colossus cut out of granite, stretching his long legs and pluming his gaunt form over his armies and his fellow citizens; but he was a brother to the stricken mother, he was a father to the boys in blue. All honor to that nobility which came out of simplicity and sincerity and modesty. * * * "Of the people, and for the people;" girded of God for the work and "apprehending that for which also he was apprehended," in the might of his faith and patriotism he took hold of the very foundations of the temple of rebellion and shook it into ruin. God be praised for the loyal strength of such a man!

The next characteristic I name is *magnanimity*. It is comparatively easy to be magnanimous when we have had a good dinner and when the tide of business prosperity and ideal social life and firm health are ours. But to be great-hearted in the midst of such trials as he met in poverty; in baffled ambitions, which were laudable; to be sweet and wholesome and generous all the while and everywhere, was a *test of manhood*, and he nobly met it and endured it. As illustrating this magnanimity, here is an incident, given me by a gentlemen who was a student in Mr. Lincoln's law office in Springfield at the time

of his nomination. This gentleman was an occasional and always a welcome guest at the White House. Just before the convention of 1864 he was there, and, learning that Chief Justice Chase, who had been nominated to his high office by Mr. Lincoln, was likely to be a candidate before the convention, he said to the president: "Mr. Lincoln, I think I have a piece of news for you. There is a new candidate for the presidency." "Ah, ha! who is it?" said the president. "Mr. President, it tries me a great deal, and I hardly like to tell you; I am afraid that it won't strike you well." "Tell it right out, sir; tell it right out, sir." "Well, sir, Chief Justice Chase is to be a candidate for the presidency." "Ah," says Mr. Lincoln, without any hesitation, "Colonel, that reminds me of something that happened down in Illinois." "What is that?" says the colonel. "Why, there was an old man down there who had a nice little patch of corn; he had a boy thirteen years old, and he had an old horse. One day he went out with his old horse hitched to the plow to cultivate the corn; and as they were working on, a gadfly got after the horse, and the boy said, 'Hold on, dad, and let me get off and kill that fly.' 'No, no, boy, let the fly alone, *it makes the horse lively!* Ride on! ride on!'" There was not the least shock to his magnanimity; he went on as smoothly and cheerfully and brightly as ever. It was magnanimity with a "right smart" sprinkle of acuteness!

There was a third point in his character, which has grown upon me; it is this: he *comprehended the issue*. There came hurrying to him (and they were patriots) those who said, "Now is the time, sir, for the downfall of slavery. Make your proclamation." He answered them, "Be quiet, wait." Calmly he stood, but watchful. He was misunderstood, abused, villified, even by those who had helped to elect him; patriotic fools on one side, and scheming vipers on the other side, pretending to love the Union, but seeking the aggrandizement of self rather than the prosperity and perpetuity of their country: With all his might he prosecuted the war for Union. "The Union ought to be preserved, the Union may be preserved, the Union *shall* be preserved."

He delayed his proclamation because he was grasping the great thought that brotherhood and the love and blessings of home belong to all tribes and nations; that wholesome laws and civilized institutions are for all mankind; and he desired so to time the issue of his proclamation that it should reach

beyond the emancipation of the slave. He stood upon the deck of the old Ship of State when she went rolling on in the midst of the clouds as well as the sea (for they touched each other), and the stoutest sailors that had been accustomed to storms, were abandoning the lookout because they could not catch their breath in the face of the gales; but he stood, the captain, firmly, resolutely and trustingly, steering between the Scylla and Charybdis, right on into the very teeth of the wind, that he might accomplish that which was grandest in the sight of God and for the blessing of humanity. And the flag with its "ample folds floating over the sea and over the land," in every wind under the whole heavens, has become the symbol of grander things than it ever symbolized before, because he saw humanity and, in seeing humanity, he brought liberty to the slave.

Down on the Rappahannock there was a day of truce—some of you may have been there—and just as the sun was setting and the darkness was beginning to gather, on this side of the river, a band belonging to some division or regiment, struck up "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys;" presently from the other side was wafted back, "Way Down South in Dixie," and then all the bands on this side and on that side of the river caught up, each, the challenging strain; and then on our side "The Star Spangled Banner;" and then on their side the "Bonny Blue Flag;" and then on our side, "Hail Columbia, Happy Land;" and then on their side, "My Maryland"—and so forward and backward went the challenge. But, hark, the battle of martial strains has ceased. Presently the dead silence is broken, for our boys, in soft and plaintive notes, in tender harmony, have started "Home, Sweet Home." Listen! they the playing it over yonder, and all along on either bank it is "Home, Home, Sweet Home," and all hearts are melted into one. As that grand inspiration of "Home, Sweet Home," came to the leader of one of our bands, so the inspiration that was higher came to him who was seeking the home of humanity in that grand liberty that should touch and quicken and lead all mankind into nobler life.

One characteristic more. Abraham Lincoln was *reverent*. Looking upward he sought God for guidance. Be it said to the honor of his reverent soul, he never made a fling at religion. It is said of one of our great men by the poet,

“He climbed the ladder of fame so high,
From its topmost round he touched the sky.”

Abraham Lincoln did not try by fame to get the favor of heaven; he took the Gospel gate and “the path of the just.” An incident illustrates the staunchness and the nobility of his religious character: Just before the proclamation of emancipation, in discussing the situation, the President said to his secretary of state: “Mr. Seward, I promised God I’d do it.” “What is that, Mr. President? what did you say?” “Mr. Seward, I have promised God that I would do it and I shall do it.”

There was a day, when the grand army came back in triumph to Washington, grim with the stain and dust of battles, and some of the people that looked upon them said, “Ah, here we have the veterans of the war, the heroes and the victors of all the great battles.” But stricken ones knew it was not so. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the heroes came, but unseen to mortal eye, yet distinct to every patriot’s memory and heart, were Winthrop, and Lyons, and Kearney, and Ellsworth, and McPherson, and an uncounted army, heroes of unwritten history, save as their deeds, without their names, had proclaimed their patriotism. They have left to you and to me the legacy of the great work which they did for liberty and Union.

And what is our duty? It is to *pass on the light!* Light means life, and life means liberty, and liberty means the palm-branches of universal triumph.

ADDRESS.

BY HENRY WATTERSON, EDITOR COURIER-JOURNAL, LOUISVILLE, KY.

(Read February 12, 1894.)



No one of you can know, as I do know, what it is to be a man without a country. I have lived through an epoch of sore travail. I was born in the national capital and grew to manhood there. I was brought into close personal intimacy with the men who made this Union possible. I saw the struggle to save the Union and the struggle to destroy it. I saw the good men of the North and South join hands, bravely and nobly, to maintain the compromises upon which the Union rested. I saw those compromises, one by one, sink beneath the waves of passion artfully stimulated for party purposes. I knew the secret springs of private ambition which were playing upon the credulity of the people. I stood by the side of Abraham Lincoln when he delivered his first inaugural address, and, as I looked out over the vast assemblage of excited Americans, goaded to fury by the passions of the time, I knew that it meant war, and the heart within me (boy's though it was) was ready to burst, because I loved my country, its glorious traditions, and its incalculable uses to liberty and humanity. There was no sunshine in the heavens, there was no verdure on the hills; all seemed lost. The demon of strife had taken possession of the popular heart, the dove had taken its flight from the earth, leaving the raven in her nest. But all was **not** lost; God was with us, though we did not know it, and He builded wiser than we knew. For are we not here, tonight, our blessed Union restored, the government intact—having survived all the assaults that would have shattered single dynasties and monarchies—its credit rehabilitated, its faith revived, its flag flying at last as Webster would have had it fly, over land and sea, bearing those words dear to every American heart, "Union and liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable."

As one of many thousand Southern men who loved the Union, and who, when the debate was ended and the fight was on, went with their own side in the arbitrament of arms, I cannot better

illustrate the situation than by telling you a little incident that occurred toward the close of the war, which has always seemed to me, in a half-humorous, half-melancholy way, to be very suggestive. Mr. Meredith P. Gentry of Tennessee was one of the great orators of the old Whig party. He was living upon his farm in Bedford county when a division of the Union army came that way, commanded by Gen. Rousseau of Kentucky. Gen. Rousseau was a great friend and admirer of Mr. Gentry, and meaning to have him come to dinner, he sent for him, but, as a jest, put his invitation in the form of an order of arrest, to be delivered by an imposing provost-guard. The old statesman was brought into camp, fully persuaded that he was a captive, and, when he came into the presence of Gen. Rousseau, still believing himself a prisoner, he drew himself to his full height, and said, in that sonorous voice that has so often electrified the halls of congress and the hustings, "Gen. Rousseau, you know that I love the Union; the dearest aspirations of my heart were poured out as libations upon the altars of the Union; my young manhood was devoted to its service, I grew gray in its cause; but, finally the old stern-wheel steamboat Secession came along, and I saw first one neighbor and then another get aboard, and, when all were aboard except me, and I was left alone upon the shore and they were about to draw in the gangplank, I cried out, 'Hold on, boys, I'll go with you if—you—go—to—Hades.' "

I was taken to task, not long ago, for speaking of Abraham Lincoln as a man inspired of God. I do not see how anybody can think otherwise who believes in the doctrines of inspiration at all. If he was not inspired of God, then was no man who ever lived on earth. From Cæsar to Gladstone and Bismarck, the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers, men who have risen to eminence and power, step by step, by a sort of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following upon the other in regular order, according to well-known and well-understood principles of cause and effect. They were not what we call men of destiny, they were men of talent whose lives had a beginning, a middle and an end, rounding off a history full, it may be, of interesting and exciting events, but stil comprehensive and comprehensible. The inspired men are fewer; when they came or where they got their powers, by what rule they lived and moved and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives, they rose in shadow and they went in mist. We followed them and saw them, but we knew them not. They

came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they passed from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it, leaving behind them a memory half mortal and half myth. There they were, distinctly—the creations of some special providence which folded them round about defying the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, until their duty was done, and then as mysteriously passing them off the stage. Luther, Shakespeare, Burns, even Bonaparte the archangel of war, havoc and ruin,—nōt to go back into the dark ages for examples of the hand of God stretched out to raise up to protect and then to cast down again. Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example? Such is the life and death of Abraham Lincoln, a story which might stand as the prelude of the most imperial theme of modern times.

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding, singularly uncouth among the uncouth about him, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, without name or fame or preparation, to be snatched by unseen hands and entrusted with the reins of power at a supreme moment and given the destinies of the nation. All the great men of his party—statesmen trained and accomplished, men like Sumner and Seward and Chase, sent to the rear; whilst this fantastic being was brought to the front and given supreme command at this critical moment. It matters not whether we believed in what he said or did, or not; it matters not whether we were for him or against him; that during four years embracing such a responsibility as the world had never witnessed before, he filled the vast measure allotted him in the actions of mankind and in the eyes of the world, is to say that he was inspired of God—for nowhere else could he have got the enormous equipment necessary for his mission.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Who smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and saved the life of the German priest? God alone. And as surely as these were inspired of God, raised up by God, so was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years from this, no story, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder or be read with deeper feeling than that which tells the strange tragedy of his life and death.

ADDRESS.

BY JOHN PAUL EGBERT, D. D., PASTOR HOUSE OF HOPE, ST. PAUL.

(Read February 12, 1894.)

We are all better men and better citizens for the life of Abraham Lincoln. Whenever a nation ceases to praise its virtuous men, it ceases itself to be virtuous or patriotic, and I know of no better work that the Loyal Legion can do than to keep the minds of the people attentive to those things that we have tested and found to be great things. The Loyal Legion has done wisely in choosing this day to commemorate Abraham Lincoln as one of our great men, standing side by side with our other greatest men. Without the study of these two, I do not see how any American can be either wise or truly patriotic; and I have no fear of the loss of loyalty or of patriotism while Loyal Legions and Sons of the Revolution keep these themes before the public mind.

We are told, and we all believe it, more and more, that Abraham Lincoln is the typical American. Thank God if this be true, for the type is a grand one. His life was typical of honesty, sincerity, simplicity and that perfect truthfulness of nature which must win the victory or die. In Abraham Lincoln it was to win the victory and die. He told us that he was elected president not to preserve slavery nor to destroy it, but to preserve the Union. But his deep truthfulness of character made him unable to destroy the greater and save the less, to destroy the good and save the evil, when he was brought face to face with the moment in which he had to write the death warrant of the one or the other. Looking out of his own sincerity of character, with that inheritance of freedom through all his life behind him, with all that absolute saneness of mind, saneness of moral character, clearness of conscience, tenderness of heart and soundness of brain, as he put his signature to that emancipation proclamation, he must have felt a joy that could not die, and a thankfulness sure to abide with him forever as he thought of the new song of thanksgiving he was putting in the hearts of millions of others.

We compare him in these days with only one other in history; one other so great that he never can be left behind by any one; whose genius, whose patience, whose calmness of intellect, whose absolute sense of right, whose patient determination, made it possible for us to have a government—not only to win our independence but to secure our constitution and start us on that marvelous journey of life in which we are making such strides today. George Washington will always stand as the Father of his country; but Abraham Lincoln as the Child of his country. Washington did greatly more than any other of the host of men about him to make America what it became. He is easily the first man of his time. America made Abraham Lincoln, and he was easily the first man of his time. The story of Lincoln's life is the story of our national civilization, and his character is the summary of the highest and noblest attributes of our American life incarnated in a person. And so, as the attributes of Washington did so much to create our land as it is, this land gave us Abraham Lincoln as its highest product.

His mother was not a Kentucky woman, his mother was not Kentucky—his mother was these United States of America; and we glory in him because he resembles so much in himself the greatest beauties, the deepest health, the noblest character of his mother. His character was born of the best blood of American life.

Who was his father? Mr. Watterson has told you—God! I mean it, and I say it reverently. If God did not call him forth for his great work, where is there illustration of God's presence in our history? The very qualities which put Lincoln at the head of our nation, and led him on to success of life and of work, are the qualities that God loves to exalt and the successes of them are praises of his name. Is there any other civilization, in all the history of our human progress, that could have enabled a man so thoroughly to contradict all his inheritance, to defy all his environment and to claim all that ever-readiness of power in the development of his resources to fit every emergency while going from the lowest in degradation to the highest in glory and honor, to stand at length by the side of our greatest man, ay, to take him by the hand and claim him as an equal. Abraham Lincoln did it—not some man who was the son of a genius, not some man

who had every possible advantage in his early life—but Abraham Lincoln, out of what he was, being what he was.

The praise of Lincoln, the profound reverence for his character and the honest affection for his person, becoming more and more apparent in all parts of our land, is a promise of greatest meaning and value. The best thing in you and me is that we can love that which is better than ourselves. Loving is always the method of approach in moral life. That which we love supremely, where it is better than ourselves, always leads us upward, and when it has the moral approbation, with the heart's love, it leads to imitation. Why do we honor Abraham Lincoln? Because he was true, because he was faithful, because he deserved all the honor that we could give him. We know that we cannot exalt him, but we are bettering ourselves by the simple approach toward him of our affections and our admiration. The nation's praise of Lincoln is America's recognition of what an American ought to be, because of what the typical American has been.

I believe that the American people have seized upon just those things in the character of Abraham Lincoln which give us the promise of still nobler greatness. Look at some of the sayings, expressions of his own life, he put into circulation among men; how much of good they have already accomplished. Take that one sentence, "with malice toward none and charity for all." It has calmed thousands of hearts, it has brought the sentiment to thousands of minds in the heat of discussion; and, in those days following the war, how much it did to guide men toward justice and brotherly affection. Is it not the echo of that spirit represented in him, enlarged and enriched in him, that made it possible for us to hear, as we have heard here this evening, the message coming to us from what we used to think was the other side, but which we now gladly think is *this* side throughout the whole country? Take that other saying of his, which is repeated in all our patriotic speeches, "a government of the people, by the people and for the people." It was his prayer that these should never end. Do we see the force of it? The highest government is self-government. That is the highest use of all the resources and powers of life, by the purest motive and the highest method for the noblest object. The highest government is the government of God's own self, the perfect self-government. The highest government for men, who are made in the image

of God, is the same government which governs that sublime nature in whose image we are created. What is the highest government for one man, then, is the highest and best for all men. It is the best government for each man, it is the best government for a community of men; if for a community, then for a nation; and that national government which gives to a man not only the best opportunity, but the highest enablement to be his best and do his best, by the highest motive, for the noblest object, is the greatest and best and most abiding national government possible among men. I take it that Abraham Lincoln stands before us all as an illustration of just that government. What other government on the face of the earth would have enabled that man, out of his uncouthness and roughness and poor inheritance, to use his powers, by pure motives, for noble aims, by right methods, until he rose by them above us all, head and shoulders above the greatest among us? Our nation is great not because it is rich, but because it enables every man to do his best and to be his best. And do you wonder, then, that such a man, who had passed through it all, who had worked it all out of his own nature—who had seen it wrought out of God in his own making—when he would honor the men who laid down their lives on that great battlefield in achieving this very opportunity for all men who would come under our flag, should utter this prayer, “that still there might be preserved to the end on this earth a government of the people, by the people, and for the people?”

To lift our government, then, we must lift ourselves; and the government that does not place the responsibility for self-government upon every citizen is simply laying the train which will some day destroy it. But that government which, by its righteous decisions in court, by its righteous teachings in schools, by its righteous teachings in church, by its righteous living in private life, by its righteous execution of all laws, by the righteous living, man by man, of all its people, gives every man the opportunity and the help, without hindrance of the body politic, to be his best and do his best, in this noblest fashion, is simply building life for itself upon foundations laid under the guidance of Almighty God, because it is best developing his children for that kingdom which is everlasting.

Did any man ever see this more clearly than did Abraham Lincoln, the last year or two of his life, say from 1863? I do

not believe that he was made great before he became great; I do not believe that he was fit for the presidency until he became president; I do not believe that he was fit to end his career until it was ended. He was one of those strange, rare men, who came in, as he once said of himself, "made by events"; shaped and guided by Providence through all the intricacies and dangers of life, gathering unto himself the best, the deepest and the most abiding of that through which he moved; and, carrying it on, leaving behind him the ephemeral and the temporary; standing at last, when his work is done, representing to us the permanent and abiding things in the civilization which produced him.

When we present such a man as this for the admiration of our people, we are giving them a blessing. When we teach our children, when we put into our schools, from one end of this land to the other, the fundamental teachings of patriotism, we present the fundamental teachings of character, which will abide not only for the highest and most enduring national life, but will develop that life which fits for citizenship in the kingdom that is everlasting.

And so I think that every meeting of loyal, patriotic men, to venerate and perpetuate the memories of our noblest and best, who fought for truth and right, is but continuing what our fathers began in the Revolution and what men battled for thirty years or more ago; they are but continuing and handing down to others that which they must have, without which they can be neither virtuous nor loyal, neither citizens of their country nor citizens of the kingdom of God.

ADDRESS.

BY MAHLON N. GILBERT, PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP, ST. PAUL.
(Read February 12, 1895.)

I cannot help thinking that such a day as this is a day—if we catch the spirit of it aright—which gives us new courage. If there ever was a dark day it was the day before the war; it was the day when the incubus of that awful curse of personal thralldom rested upon the people, and men went on saying, “What of the night?” There never was a greater time of depression, it seems to me, than those few months preceding the war; and then—up out of the midst of that Egyptian darkness, like the Moses of old, out of the common people, out of the very principles lying enshrined always in the heart of a free government—arose this great man and gave the name, and focalized and incarnated in himself a great feeling of hope; for men from that day went on, knowing that this country would be safe, knowing it because of the self-reliant hopefulness of Abraham Lincoln.

We catch that spirit today. We sometimes despair of this country—I have had my moments of despair, when it seemed as though the principles of liberty were being ploughed under; but though they were being ploughed under, they were like a fallow soil out of which the seed again should spring. And looking at it from the standpoint of such a day as this, it is impossible for us to retain feelings of despondency; we believe that the land shall be saved by the power of men—not so great as he but born with the same spirit. It is this power born of the inherent principles of American life that makes this time after all, all-hopeful. And when the time comes, I care not how fraud may rule, I care not how far political corruption may have carried us down, I care not how the genius of destruction and anarchism may seem to hold high carnival; nevertheless, when the time comes, the great heart of the American people, through its leaders, who are made for the occasion, speaks, “Hope on, this country is safe!”

This is always the great thought which comes to me on such a day as this, the thought that, no matter what may be

the conditions of despondency surrounding us, nevertheless, there is, deep down in the American heart—what? Patriotism—love for the country. And when you touch the feeling of love, whether it be for woman or for children; whether it be for God or for country, you strike a principle which moves the universe, you strike a principle which binds men together; and in unity there is strength, and such strength, as it marches on down the ages, like some great giant, armed *cap-a-pie*, always brings victory.

While I could dwell on such a thought as this, I will not; yet, as I look forward into the future, from the high standpoint of such a day, I catch glimpses of the ideality of this republic realized more and more; I catch glimpses of the spirit which breathed into you men as you marched forth, not knowing whither you went and not knowing how great you were; and I see it gathering in force as the years go on; I see it overcoming fraud; I see it assimilating within itself all the vast hosts of the world as they pour upon our shores; I see it making possible all the possibilities of the constitution and of the Union. And so looking on, the world seems brighter, because of our country and its principles.

ADDRESS.

BY CYRUS NORTROP, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

(Read February 12, 1895.)

I have been remarking tonight that most people can die without the world's being very much afflicted; it is a kind of vulgarizing practice, a bestial condition of things, when humanity can see all of humanity but itself go down into the grave without a tear. And I, for my part, thank God that, along the mountain tops of history, there are still to be seen men standing so high that the rest of the human race *must* see them and look at them, whether they will or not, and mark their disappearance when they go beyond the horizon into the unseen world. And now I thank God that there has come to our country such a man as Abraham Lincoln, and that he stands in history just where he does.

I want you to note one fact: There were, formerly, in the United States senate, men of very great prominence. Just run over in your mind, what kind of men they were. There was John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky; John Bell, of Tennessee; Geo. M. Berrien, of Georgia; William P. Mangum and Geo. E. Badger, of North Carolina; Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland; and John M. and Thomas Clayton, of Delaware—all these from the southern states, to say nothing of the men from the north. Great men and men of power. How many of them live in the memory of the present generation? Nine-tenths of them are covered by the waters of oblivion, as completely almost as if they had never lived. The student of history gathers up their names; men who lived when they were in the senate remember their speeches, but they are going to be forgotten and buried in the oblivion of time.

No such fate awaits the name of Abraham Lincoln. Why? Was he the greatest man intellectually that this country has produced? Not at all. Daniel Webster had a mightier intellect than Abraham Lincoln, if you look at it as a matter of pure reason. Was he the godliest man that this country has ever produced? No. Was he the only man that was patriotic? No, no, no. There was not a true soldier who marched under

the flag to face death who had not as much patriotism in him as had Abraham Lincoln. Was he unselfish—utterly unselfish like a Christ? No, he wished to be United States senator from Illinois and he tried hard for it; and when he could not get it, he wanted to be president and he got it—a noble and an honorable ambition bravely carried out. This man, I tell you, was eminently human, he was no god; no divine creature, but he was so human that he will live as long as the human heart shall live, because he was so true to it; and when you sum up Abraham Lincoln, what is it that makes him live? What is it that makes the heart warm to him? When I left that banquet hall in St. Paul two years ago and was met by a prominent Democrat and he said something to me about it, I said, “I loved Lincoln.” Said he, “Didn’t we all love him?” Why is it that we all loved him without regard to party? Well, I will tell you: It is the secret of winning love anywhere, it is the secret of love in high places or in low places; it is the secret of a successful life; it is the key-note to a vital humanity; it is a star of Bethlehem pointing to the progress of humanity. Abraham Lincoln lives and will live because, with a great intellect, with a patriotic heart, with devotion to country, with wisdom, with all those qualities which mark a statesman and prepare a man for leadership, he had also a great, loving heart which, touched by all the affinities which bind heart to heart, made him tender to everyone and anxious for the peace and joy and happiness of every one. This is Lincoln, the man “who did not sleep Thursday nights because Friday morning was the time for execution,” and he wanted to be ready, if it was necessary, to save a man; and whether it was or not, he could not sleep with death impending over men over whose life he had control. That is Lincoln listening to the words of little Blossom pleading for her brother who was to die because, after one night of exhaustion in watching, he undertook the duty of another suffering boy, and slept on his guard and was condemned to die. That is the Lincoln. Lincoln telling stories to the reporter while waiting for the news to come from a battlefield; Lincoln retiring to his room, praying that God will give victory to the armies of the Union and confident thereafter that victory will come.

You cannot take this man in and bind him to any church. No church can claim him. The agnostics cannot claim him; no mere sect can claim Abraham Lincoln; and I am glad it is so. I am glad he was not a Congregationalist, as I happen

to be; I am glad he was not a Presbyterian; I am glad he was not anything that any particular denomination can take and claim, but I am glad also that he was not the man mentioned in the Bible who said in his heart, "There is no God." Nobody ever did say in his heart, "There is no God," except persons of that class mentioned in the Bible, and Abraham Lincoln did not belong to that class.

Reverent, reverent, reverent! Oh, he knew what was meant by the God of battles; he knew what was meant when armies were going into conflict, clashing against each other, and death was in the air, and the nation's life hung upon the result of the conflict; he knew that there was a God; and the man that in that time of trial came to stand in a closer and more reverent relation to the Builder of the Universe is a man over whom it is not necessary for us to fight any theological battles. He knew God and he worshiped Him, and when he went from earth, God called him home.

I have never in the least despaired of the republic. I do not share in the view of those who are continually pointing out the possibilities of this nation's going to pieces, of this Union's being subverted by revolution, one element striking against another until we have confusion worse confounded and anarchy comes in like night and closes the scene. I take no interest in any of these prognostications. Here is a nation, it is founded on justice, it is founded on the principle of equal rights; every man in theory and before the law has the same rights. You cannot make anything in the way of government that is more fair and equal and just to all than this. This nation was founded, in every part of it, by men who believed in the rule of divine Providence and the power of the world to come, and those influences are still with us. You may laugh, you may sneer, you may go out on the street and talk in a pessimistic and agnostic way; you may make a spectacle of yourself as an unworthy son of a noble father, but I tell you when the hour of trial comes, when the bell rings and the call is made for all that is honorable and manly in America to stand up and be counted on the side of law and order and justice and right, there will be such a response every time as will establish your hearts and make you feel that the glory of the days of Lincoln has not departed.

And now, in conclusion: If you talk pessimism you are an apostle of pessimism, whether you believe in or desire pessim-

ism or not. If you go around insisting that things are getting worse all the time, you are creating a public sentiment that helps things to grow worse all the time. You can take your friends into your cellar and keep them there, if you wish, and they will, after awhile—if they ever come up—come up looking very much like the potato vines that have gradually come out from the potatoes you have carefully placed there for your comfort and convenience. But do not take them there; take them into your living rooms, take them into the rooms where the sun shines in—where everything is bright and joyous and cheerful; let them feel with you that God is there and that the atmosphere is good and that things are bright and promising, and you will create a sentiment of this kind which in itself will be helpful and healing and to a certain extent will remove the evils which now threaten us.

Am I not right? Do you not know it? Every man that joins in this cry of "Everything is going to the dogs," is doing an injury to the country, and to society and to peace. I tell you things are not going to the dogs. I am not going to the dogs myself, if I can help it. I do not mean you shall go to the dogs if I can help it. Everything is going to grow better if we will only let it grow better and be helpful to it. All we want is faith and hope and charity; all we want is brotherly feeling, a kindly regard for the interests of humanity, a willingness to live and let live, to be helpful, to do what we can to lift one another up. Gracious heavens! we want the spirit that was in Jesus Christ and the spirit that was in Abe Lincoln, and then this country will do well enough, in spite of all the legislation that an unusually idiotic congress could possibly produce.

ADDRESS.

BY GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK, U. S. VOLS.

(Read February 12, 1897.)

Within this century curious archaeologists uncovered the ruins of Asia Minor and brought to sight monuments and inscriptions of vast nations who once dwelt there and filled all the earth with the pageants of power and pomp.

On the walls thus rescued were found the inscriptions and records by which the vanished sought to tell their highest claims to human remembrance and regard; chapter after chapter of woe and ruin; captives in chains; awful lists of the dead; on the cumulation of all which rose the ghastly ghosts that pleaded with us for remembrance. Thank God that they perished before the whole earth was desolated! That their bloody days died ere we were born, and that the cycling ages have brought us to the higher planes whereon he who pleads for recollection must show himself in peace or war a lover of his kind. We have changed with the times.

The pens of our historians and of our poets have been very busy since April of 1865; all over the land thousands of orators have in ceaseless emulation told the story; from the capitol to the borders of the seas Phidian genius has reared monuments, and affection told in bronze and granite the claims of Lincoln for remembrance. Not on one lip; not in one line; not on one tablet, rests that fame of needless slaughter; but always from the accessory pictures of conflict and the sounding tales of brothers' battles, the ascriptions and the love are to one great figure which even in the midst of struggles, towered aloft with sad glance and tear-dimmed eyes; mourning the stricken of the hosts; consoling the woeful homes touched by war, striking the chains from human limbs, preserving ever with the tenacity of devoted love, the union of the states; the figure, not of a conqueror or partisan or chief, but of Father Abraham.

I wish I could recall to you, tell to you, all that those two words meant in the camps—and to the fighting men; the army knew that while Father Abraham was in Washington all the

energies of the American nation were at their backs; that while Father Abraham was commander-in-chief, the volunteer had a friend and the regular a merciful chief; each officer knew that he was expected to do his best and to implicitly trust for recognition and support to Father Abraham. And so they came by millions. And while one of that vast host of the Union on land and sea survives, there will be found a man who cherishes, loves, and honors the name, the work, and the glory of Father Abraham.

But those days are memories. We are in a new presence; among people who were not born when we were soldiers; let us teach them the story of our chief that it may be heard forever.

The old South was a very pleasant land! Sunny, forest-covered, stored with fish and game; fertile and producing abundantly to labor; men and women loved it and yielded to its lifelong spell. How potent was that spell those only know who have felt its thrall; it colored the ideals of life; it shaped the habits of men and accented the speech of all its dwellers; it knew its own weakness and became fiercely antagonistic to all who did not declare its weakness strength, and worship at its intolerable shrine; there was but one alternative to a free man dwelling in the whole region which slavery occupied, allegiance or exile! Slavery was exclusive; it wanted to be let alone, it did not favor emigration nor travel nor local movement; hence the great trails of emigration usually moved outside it and thus had to cross from east to west the borders of Illinois which, based on the Northern line of liberty, projected like a mighty promontory far towards the center of the anticipated empire of slavery. From this it resulted, very early, that many restless and "misfitted" peoples, those who loved the cause of freedom and who had begun to feel the glacier-like pressure of slavery, moved from their native seats, and fleeing from the invisible presence of bondage, begun their exodus across this lovely land; they were attracted by its popular government and, perchance, were deterred from further journeying by the mystic terrors that sentineled the middle west; that patrolled the trails and vast solitudes stretching from the Father of Waters to the far Rockies—and thus, many of them stopped in Illinois.

They found that an ancient civilization had preceded them; the trails of the Canadian on his way from Quebec and Mon-

treasuries to the Arcadian recesses of Louisiana had run north and south there for nearly a century; the voyagers had lingered at Kaskaskia and Cahokia and around the abandoned monuments of the mound builders. Slavery—with them a patriarchal institution—they attempted long before Illinois was a separate territory to set up beside their domestic altars; in the new arena in the solitude of a region more remote from the center of affairs than is Alaska now, they renewed the old fight for the possession of the world; in the contest freedom and slavery grappled for control and slavery lost. So the travelers of later days found written over the gate of every trail and highway that led into the state—"Dedicated to Freedom!"

And so it was that early in this century Thomas and Nancy abandoning their humble Southern home and seeking the Northwest, came to Illinois. The earth was colder, more stubborn, less inviting where they rested, than whence they came, but it was free.

The world had much in store for that young household. A few years before (it is eighty-eight years now) the mother, in a rude cabin, in the midst of a clearing of a few acres, made by the toil of her absent husband, had brought forth in agony of maternity, in the solitude of the Kentucky forests and in the only presence of her God, the man child whom all the ages are to rise and reverence.

Slavery with its plaited scourge drove forth this little family, and by and by the infant whose cradle had been rocked in the near sound of chains arose and wrested away the scourge and redeemed his birthplace forever.

No origin was ever more honorable or humbler, not even that of the camel driver of Arabia, or, let me speak it reverently, the stable-mangered Babe of Bethlehem. Yet, when I look over the array of the sons of men whose influence endures forever, it occurs to me that those who have greatly benefited mankind have always been those who have sprung from the depths of the world, and grown upward through all pressure with tremendous native power, until, when in their full stature, they are part and parcel of all that is beneath them; to do the world's work a man must know the world, from those depths which we rarely see to the surface brilliant with foliage and flowers.

The family began the struggle for existence, absolutely without advantage; the child continued it until he was a man, his bare feet

on the bottom rock; without money; without education; without an alleviating circumstance, he grappled the hand of the sympathetic democracy about him, of which he was part, and begun his slow upward way. His first struggles and triumphs were all physical; he was a good boatman and a fair traveler; he was a good axeman and a faithful clerk; he met all comers in the village ring and was the matchless wrestler and all-conquering athlete; by his sinewy strength, exercised not in vindictiveness, but in rustic rivalry, he won the first place among his simple peers, maintaining it in many peaceful and one warlike campaign.

I will not try to trace the development of the inner young man; let it suffice that on his humble head and into his humble heart were poured by turns the passions of love, despair, ambition; the wish for approbation; the worthy desire to rise in the world; at last the longing to exercise the full measure of leadership among men. And to this end he entered the law; that broad but steep and dangerous highway over which so many have passed on to ruin or to fame. It was during his practice of this chosen profession that I—then a boy—first saw and knew him, and I ask your indulgence while I briefly sketch his surroundings.

The annual session of the circuit courts drew to the court houses of the respective counties the brightest lawyers of the entire circuits; they rode with the court on its rounds; they were in constant forensic struggle with each other; and studied the common law, that perennial stream from whose richness come constitutions and statutes, and the varied safeguards of property, person and liberty. They journeyed by the old stage or by private conveyance, often on horseback; they were out in the free wind, and breathed the free air, and saw the free sun, and looked upon the opening days of a free and unsubdued land; they were part and parcel of a young free commonwealth; their three great landmarks were Magna Charta, the Constitution, and the Ordinance of 1787. They demanded that their leaders should be worthy of their environment, and they were.

It was a matter of universal moment that the court should be treated with all honors; its great lawyers sharing the respect tendered to the judge; yet how simple and unpretending was every step taken in the public gaze. When the great assize day arrived, the judge came and the lawyers in his company,

each known to youthful eyes, and conspicuous among them Mr. Lincoln in simple garb—often a linen coat and rusty black garments, with rough boots, and a slouch hat to complete his attire—greeting every passerby with hearty speech, mingling familiarity and pleasantry with all the people on the streets or in the hotels or in the court house. I most vividly recall him as a figure in the court room, when, with slow stride, he moved back and forth, outside the bar, but in the view of all, his tall form stooped, his hand behind his back grasping the opposing elbow, listening, observing, thinking, known of all, regarded of all, and, years before the first thought of great honors turned towards him, called Honest Abe; powerful then alike before court and jury for his honesty, ability, his knowledge of the people and their law, and taking that place in the common heart, from which he was never to be driven.

I remember well other great actors on the civil side of that period. Judge Trumbull, cold, passionless, an impersonated intellect, winning by the mere force of brain; never dear to the people, yet always regarded by them, whose high fortune it became, after Lincoln and Douglas had passed away, to secure to the world, by the framing of the fourteenth amendment and the civil rights act, all the results of their struggles. Judge Douglas, whose massive head, broad bosom and electric eyes presented him to the fascinated gaze of men as a mighty ruler, a Titan in a struggle, a measureless force in action. His name was familiar in all our households and known to thinkers everywhere; his superb genius, resting upon a solid character and united with a warm heart and personal fidelity to friends, made him beloved to associates as few men ever have been. He laid an unbreakable charm upon those about him. To this day old men who knew him two generations ago will tell with kindled faces the story of his acquaintance with them as the precious reminiscences of their lives. And Douglas loved his country, and believed that only by the triumph of his policy could it be preserved. Yet when that policy was rejected by the people he subordinated his own judgment and linked his high fame to his rival; the part that he performed was only less important than that of Mr. Lincoln himself. For had Douglas halted in his country's peril, who can foretell what would have followed? He did not hesitate; in the supreme hour he forgot all but country. He, too, lives forever!

But not yet did these two men, or either of them, measure the majesty of the careers that destiny was opening to them, or understand that in the near future they were to be the foremost figures of a great era. They were at work, in the same state, each loving his country and his fellow men, each striving for preferment and honor, each a rival of the other. Douglas was easily the first man of the American senate; he was the great conservative leader of the time; he was renowned at home and abroad; it recalls the stories of chivalry to hear how in 1856 and in 1858 the country-bred lawyer whom I have pictured to you challenged him to a contest that should be mortal to the supremacy and the ideas of one or the other.

But the times were out of joint. The irrepressible conflict was forcing its way to the front; it was in vain that men and women everywhere deplored the situation; that the churches prayed for concord; that the press declared there was no necessary trouble; that state conventions and legislatures and congress passed votes of confidence and enacted ponderous compromises; resolutions do not arrest the laws of gravitation, nor stay the loosened passions of men. The conflict had been inherited by those who had to fight for the constitution when adopted, who declared its purpose to be to extend and perpetuate the blessings of liberty, yet at the same time bound the national authorities to protect slavery and surrender the slave! It thus inaugurated the contest—at first an amiable discussion, but waxing fiercer and fiercer as opposing civilizations under one flag stretched out their joining borders into new lands, until all citizens were irresistibly drawn into hostile ranks. Everywhere aspirants for the distinction of leadership arose. In the congress it fell to Seward, but the people not satisfied, withheld the baton, awaiting the coming man, they knew not and they cared not who, but he must be a man as wide in his purpose as their own; as instinct with humanity; as resolute for the prevalence of right, as devoted to the union of the states. He must be a man who could plead at the bar of the Eternal for justice; who could know and feel all that he said; could cry up from sorrows with a voice that should carry to the Lord God of Sabaoth the whole infinite cry of the oppressed, and yet be so loving that the oppressors should go unharmed. Who was this man and whence would he come, and what should give him opportunity? And to this the answer of the people came:

Lincoln, an everyday man; not in the front of his company, but on its right, preserving the alignment of the people; abreast of them; touching elbow with them; moving and halting with them; rejoicing and mourning, shouting and crying with them; all but divinely wise to their needs and wishes and so their highest oracle and the best instrument for the designs of Providence; so plain; so simple; tall and stooping, with sad face and earnest eyes. An American, a pioneer, a backwoodsman, a most tender and earnest and eloquent man.

He will pass soon forever from such portraitures. Art which loves the beautiful and worships the great, will chisel his homely face anew, and in the future American pantheon he will be majestic, but not art nor time will change that loving heart nor that grand character; they will endure in growing grandeur; to them "all time will be a temple and all seasons summer." One refulgent sentence will ever crown his head, "With malice towards none, with charity for all."

Behold then the occasion and note the leader to be, but all unconscious of the waiting majesty and glory. When the campaign of 1858 closed, Mr. Lincoln, although beaten, was easily one of the foremost men in the Union, because he had recognized the irrepressible, because he had proclaimed the truth, because he had brought to the American mind its clearest perception of the shrouded issue soon to convulse the Union.

I pass over all details; two rushing years—and swords were flashing and the cannon's opening roar had called the land to arms. How awful it was in that day to stand on the brink of that red sea and strive to find the way of divine deliverance through its misty waves, and to mark through the future clouds and tempests, safety for the Union and the people and liberty on the farther side! Who could foretell the issue of war? Who knew where victory would abide? Who foresaw what would happen when already the bayonets were massing from the Potomac to the gulf, and the cries of rebellion were being echoed across the Atlantic by sympathetic tyranny? The peaceful and unarmed Union taken by surprise, blinded and confused by the fierce blows, gasped and trembled and turned to the president.

Never was human need sorer; never human duty greater than when on March 4, 1861, the president, having communed with the divine ruler, and having listened to the voices of the

people, spoke the purposes of the hour. In his inaugural he was historian and prophet; citizen and ruler; the beseeching brother, the unyielding commander-in-chief into whose hands the people had placed the constitution and bade him observe it, the Union, and bade him preserve it. Patriot, loving fellow countryman, and president, he faced the tempestuous future, as it rushed on the present, and declared the uncompromising, sorrowing, inexorable purpose of the people; in that high hour he spoke the whole unalterable scheme of war and peace; he surveyed the stormy sky and through the furious clouds, perceiving the fixed and steadfast star of duty, by that laid the course and charted the journey of the republic. Turning to the world he said:

“A disruption of the federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that in the contemplation of universal law and of the constitution, the union of these states is perpetual. I, therefore, consider that in view of the constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the states.”

Then came the pleading with the rebellious people:

“You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You can have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.”

And then that appeal to the spirits and glory of the great dead and to the loyal living:

“The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

Not yet, my companions, has the full majesty of that inaugural address been measured; it will be part of the historic lore of the republic to latest time.

And now the citizen became the president; from that hour of inauguration until the end he moved in the sight and the hearing of the world.

If Mr. Lincoln was a sincere man he had one paramount and all-controlling mission; he felt and knew one great duty; he had in view one end; to that everything was subordinate; all things existed for that; all was done and spoken for that; so his inaugural declared, so subsequent events and speech testified. Believing that he was sincere and earnest, the study of his future career becomes an inspiration. We can track the man as we do some star that rises and moves about us in an unclouded night.

How great and portentous were events in the first years! Unmerciful disaster crowded on disaster; defeat upon defeat; the loss of Sumter; the first Bull Run; Virginia a slaughter pen; her rivers red with blood; her hills covered with unyielding fortresses; the flag of rebellion close and defiant over against the very capitol; the Mason and Sidell affair involving all but war with Great Britain; France and Austria intriguing for a renewal of empire on our Southern border; the awful losses in the Chickahominy swamps; the seven-day battles; and Fredericksburg; and the campaign about second Bull Run; a great people, stung to frenzy by unmerited defeat, dragged to the verge of despair by losses they could not comprehend and would not forgive; withdrawing the full measure of their confidence and threatening to transfer their fealty; doubt and disaster and gloom and storm, lightened only by the steady roll of the drums that went down the Mississippi and in the West far from the capitol and the nation's life, while about that capitol, aye, up to its very gates, pushed the grey-coated victors, led by their triumphant chiefs!

And through all these months of agony the president, on whose heart fell every blow, wrestled with fate, watching, urging, restraining, cheering! Over him on guard, the long night dragged on and the gloom was deepening. Not yet had it seemed to him that he must give its final color to the war; not yet draw from the arsenal the tremendous reserve power of emancipation; but his resolve was made when our broken regiments returned for safety in the late summer of 1862 to the banks of the Potomac and he determined that if victory did crown our arms again, he would in its light proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof.

He told the world why on the 22d of August:

"I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the constitution. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless at the same time they could destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union and is not to either destroy or save slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it, and if I could save the Union by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone. I would also do that."

On the 18th of September was won the battle of Antietam and four days thereafter came the preliminary proclamation with its hundred days' notice and then on the New Year of 1863 the grave and majestic act by which liberty was restored to four million people and their children yet unborn. Study it well, oh, children of the oppressed! Oh, children of the free—oh, all ye that love mankind! For greater words were never breathed by man into the trumpet of immortality.

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, 'proclaim freedom.'

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

No doubt he felt the individual sublimity of his act and yet he performed it only as a part of the struggle to keep and preserve the Union. Public sentiment would not have tolerated its earlier enforcement; the attempts in this line made previously by Hunter and by Fremont had failed of popular support; now was the appointed hour, waited for by the bondsmen through all the ages, now the boon to the slave was the victory to the free; now the clash of falling chains was echo to the musketry's sharp roll; now the armies of the Lord

broke their reserve and moved with the nation's blue batallions; now those blue batallions sang with fervid voices the battle hymn of the republic; now the sunshine of justice lit the flag of the free. Up to this hour the burning heart had yielded to the cool brain, but when the time did come, how wondrous must have been the thoughts of this mortal—patient, regardful, wise, who cast the thunderbolt prepared through ages of wrong into the field of war—and as its vast explosion cast down the defenses of slavery, what must have been the triumph and the agony mingling in his breast!

He had labored with his hands for his livelihood; toil was his early need and he knew those who ate bread in the sweat of their brow, for he was labor's child and product; in his individuality was the personification of labor; labor all around the world was watching the outcome of the war which had become his own cause; it was labor which in Europe so sympathized with the loyal cause that it held in check all demonstrations of aristocratic accord with rebellion. Labor knew that Lincoln was its greatest champion and he knew that the eyes of the poor were on him everywhere.

And thus he who when a flat-boat man had with horror seen a slave auction in New Orleans, who had seen the efforts to annul the ordinance of 1787, the charter of liberty to the Northwest; who had seen foreign strife add to our domain enormous territory subject to slavery; who had borne a part in all the agitations over its extensions or its restrictions now in the midst of the great war spoke its doom; saw it perish by the decree of a fugitive from its blight; saw his own act unite the purposes of eternal justice and of the national life and saw this continent reserved for the triumphs of free men. For such surely is the great result; here by human sacrifice has been made ready a continental field wherein labor and law shall attain in harmonious ways their highest development.

Accursed let him be who shall stand in the way of these great purposes or who shall by sowing discord, prepare the harvest of sorrow for the toilers of the world; or embroil the children of America in fratricidal strife; we are one in heart and destiny; one in interest and purpose; diverse in our duties and opportunities, but one in the glory of peace.

From the proclamation until the end, reached as that end was in spite of great and devoted opposition, presented by gallant foes, striving as they believed for their most dear

country and their sacred rights; although the mountains were filled with passes sturdily defended as was Thermopylae, and a score of plains were like that of Marathon, yet despite all misguided valor, devotion and sacrifice, unto the end the Union cause moved resistlessly, checked here, retarded there, it moved on, on, on, and at the last vindicated anew the eternal law that good flourishes even out of evil and will in the end prevail.

I am not here to show how on land and sea, for four years, a gallant foe withstood our progress in more than two thousand five hundred contests and battles; how never by day or by night did the guns cease their thunder or the vast armies rest. I will not dwell on the mutual American virtues of bravery and devotion; but through it all the president seemed the animating presence; he restrained rash adventure; he cheered despondent defeat; he urged the laggard; he praised the worthy; he honored the victorious brave; he wept for the beloved dead; he sympathized with the mourning millions, and while so doing his duty as man and citizen, he planned great campaigns, criticised failures, rewarded success, punished cruelty and with merciful hand struck strong blows when needed; he was commander and at the same time chieftain; his loving sallies of wit routed dull care and brought a smile to the nation's face; his speech made the ranks stand fast or move to the front; his sayings were told in every home and by every camp fire; and in them all not a bitter word, not a word of hatred for the foemen fell from his lips or pen. I know there is present in your memories that classic of classics, the speech at Gettysburg, and I read it to you now:

“Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who give their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

“But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The

brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Did mortal man ever more truly tell the sentiment of a great people, or pay a more majestic tribute to the dead? This was the frontiersman's, the rustic laborer's appeal to immortal history. This commander was telling the sentiments of the army. This president was voicing the iron purpose of the nation. This orator was speaking all the hope and love and desire of the present to the unborn millions yet to be.

From the speech at Gettysburg, delivered at the culmination of rebellious effort, until April, 1865, there was the uncontrollable decline and fall of the Confederacy, whose end was reached at Appomattox, when the Union, triumphant over every obstacle, burst resplendent from the clouds of strife, to move, let us hope, forever, undimmed on that highway where glory waits on honor and has due regard for the rights of men.

Many swift years have gone since the last note of war died away; the vast edifices of peace are builded where the fortresses frowned; the railroads stretch where the armies marched and their whistles waken the echoes that once answered the call of the bugle. A peaceful era usurps and obliterates all traces of destruction; even the stubborn hearts of men acknowledge the wisdom that brought the great cause to success and children cry out, "This is history! Close the volume traced by the sword and open that new one, wherein the pen of love shall tell the greater glory of our beloved land." So mote it be! For this we fought, and this being

done, arms and the flags of war rust and drop their silken tatters on the grave of every passion.

From this high point we, all the American people, may look back without bitterness to the day and the place when the great president fell, his work done, his course complete, the last and greatest victim of strife.

The end was reached of strife! Insane malice, choosing the most illustrious victim, plunged the whole land, North and South, in sorrow and deep horror.

What a horrible dream that 14th of April seemed! Peace had come—the battle banners were furled; the lines of hostile camps were broken, and blue and gray, stern survivors of the tempestuous days, were forgetting and forgiving; foemen were tracing anew the familiar lineaments of each other's war-worn face to find in them brothers' looks. The flag was spread abroad in joyous splendor over the whole American land, unchallenged, unchanged, triumphant. The hearts of the great hosts of the Union were yearning for the gay, glad time of rest at home, and in the hour of success, amid their rejoicing and civic pomp, amid the roar of guns celebrating victory, the whole people echoed and re-echoed the last words Abraham Lincoln ever spoke to that whole people:

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, and to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

And while these high, tender, immortal words still were being wafted about the globe and to every shore, after them sped the news of the death of their most consummate author, dead in the hour of highest fortune; dead while his heart glowed for the returning children of the Union; dead without bitterness; dead while still his busy thoughts were running on from the passing shadows to the sunny future wherein he foresaw the whole vast united nation in concord and content; dead by a maniac hand. Then fell the best and wisest friend of the South; who can say how her fortunes would have been affected had the mantle of his great authority been spread above her stricken form?

As his towering frame fell, all the people North and South, all the world, caught and lifted him on high; laid him to rest with the unforgettable few whose names are dear in all lands and all times; clothed him with the panoplying robes of utmost pure renown and kindled at his mighty pyre the torch that liberty and civilization ever bear onward in their ceaseless progress.

“Oh Captain, my Captain, our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought
is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting
While follow eyes the steady keel the vessel grim and
daring,
But, oh, heart! heart! heart!
Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen, cold and dead.”

For him then to die was gain; it would have been nothing to have lived on a few brief years of toil and fierce contention, nothing, that pleasant days might have crowned his age; nothing, that gentle hours might have garlanded his brow. That for which he lived was established. The Union was saved and every man was free.

He only preceded the vast hosts that he had summoned to battle from all of freedom's domain; at their head he entered the sunny plains of rest and glory. Fancy has placed him there in their midst. “On the other side of the river amongst the trees.” A name that human weakness might have tarnished is safe and bright.

On this side, we who remain, and those that shall follow us, when weary with petty striving or beset with doubt, may raise eyes, from temporary glooms and mists, and shall see, on the receding horizon of that great time, uplifted on the splendid mountain tops of our history, in its middle morning, the grave, heroic, loving figure of him who was the saver of the Union and emancipator. While all about him, as he stands near to the father of the country, the clamorous ages in their eternal march shall say:

“This man was Liberty's martyr!

This man was Humanity's Friend!”

ADDRESS.

BY JOHN IRELAND, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP, ST. PAUL.

(Read February 12, 1897.)

It is well for a country to have its heroes. Their memories raise us up higher ideals and spur us on to deeds of valor. Fortunate is the nation whose heroes are Washington and Lincoln. It is impossible for us to even mention their names without being impelled to better things. Abraham Lincoln, today thy name has been spoken from the Atlantic to the Pacific and because of the sweet influence that has gone out from thy memory the republic feels stronger and more hopeful. Thy name symbolizes patriotism, generous, sublime, disinterested.

Abraham Lincoln lived for his country, and no obstacle was allowed to interfere with his great work. He sacrificed everything, even his very life, and it is this high, disinterested, sublime patriotism that we must learn if we would fitly commemorate his memory. There is need today as there was thirty-six years ago of the patriotism of Lincoln. We often ask ourselves, Is this republic of the people for the people, by the people, this personification of democracy—is this republic to live? The very fact that we love the republic so deeply causes us, sometimes almost in timidity, to put this question to ourselves. We know the perils that always surround democracy, especially when we shall soon come to a population to be numbered by a hundred million. Democracy is surrounded by many difficulties because, to its peril, it is a government by the many, and in order that the country may be governed well it is necessary that the many be ready to make sacrifices, to imitate Lincoln, to be sublimely patriotic. As the nation advances through the years the perils increase. Let us not try to disguise the fact as we increase in population, as wealth increases, as we witness the economic revolutions, results of the great inventions, discoveries of this age. What is it that enables us to rise superior to all these perils? What will bring us to the point when we can bid all passions be silent, when we can sacrifice our very lives?

Patriotism! When we can say our country, first and last, America is safe.

It is well to recall the deeds of heroes. It is well to look often at the flag and remember that it signifies liberty for the nation, liberty for the world. In seeking the best for our country, opinions will always be divided. There will always be political parties. But all is well if, whenever the country calls we are able to put aside party for country. I say cultivate patriotism, and hence I salute those grand organizations, the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion. They are schools of patriotism. It is the nature of men's souls to love dearly the things for which sacrifices have been made. Companions, it is difficult for others to feel the warm love that we feel for the flag, because we have followed it over gory fields and its battles have been purchased with the offering of our heart's blood.

War is dreadful and no one knows it better than the old soldiers, but one of the results of war is to stimulate patriotism. I do not say—understand me well—that we must desire war for the sake of the patriotism it begets. Yet when war has come let us acknowledge that it is a fertile fountain of purest and most generous patriotism. History will proclaim that one of the greatest results of the civil war is that we have since been a united people.

It has said that arbitration has come. God grant it, for it opens the way to the settlement of all difficulties by simple justice, without justice having to call upon force. Let us hope that the dream may become reality. But terrible as war is, there are other things more terrible—loss of the integrity of the nation, of the national honor. If arbitration can eliminate all these evils, be it so. But rather than that the nation shall suffer in her least particular in its life or in its honor, rather than that men should live unworthy of their country, let war come.

I salute the attempt at arbitration. It will be a lesson to all nations. It will help Europe put down that terrible militarism which keeps millions in camp or fortress. But with all my love of arbitration, I love my country best, and if through this treaty we expose to the slightest peril that policy of the nation by which the United States claims the continent of America for Americans and American principles and American liberty, if the Monroe doctrine is exposed to the least dan-

ger, let us have no treaty. I am glad the senate has paused and has asked before approving the treaty, "Is the Monroe doctrine safe?" Let arbitration come with due respect for America, but we cannot submit to arbitration things which cannot be left to a few men, even if some of them be Americans. There are certain great policies which can be settled only by the nation itself.

While I hope for arbitration, we must not go so far as not always to be in sufficient readiness for war. Humanity is imperfect on many sides. In the name of the American people and American liberty the army and the navy must be sustained and increased. As we grow into a great nation and assume to a higher position than any nation of the earth there will be perils which no arbitration can settle and which will endanger us if we are not prepared.

Old flag, to thee I pledge the tribute of my gratitude and love! May it wave over America's happy homes. Wave in peace, if it be the will of God, but if bloodshed come, old flag, shelter thou us!

ADDRESS.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD S. BRAGG, U. S. VOLS.

(Read February 12, 1898.)

It is most meet and fitting for this order, as a representative of the brain and brawn of the people, on whose shoulder the Union rests, and who went down to the jaws of a very hell to proclaim to the world that the American republic was not a failure, that in peace and in war there would always spring forward in defense of her honor, her integrity and the flag of an undivided nation patriotic sons, from the hovel and the palace, from the city and the hamlet, from her valleys and mountain sides, singing as they did before, when they went to death, to prison and to fetid hospital:

"We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"

It is not only the birthday of Abraham Lincoln that we commemorate, but it is to us the birth of the great commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, whose children we were during the dark days from '61 to '65, bearing arms for the integrity of the Union, and ultimately wiping from the flag of a free people the foul stain of human slavery, protected and conserved by constitutional law.

There is another propriety in this place of commemoration peculiarly applicable. We are dwellers in and children of the West. Mr. Lincoln was a child of the West, a boy of the West, a man of the West, a type of character too fast fading from view before the pushing advance of a class whose god is in their bank account, and whose polished address and manner of speech is too often acquired at the expense of the sacrifice of the hickory, rough though it might be, which was the "sine qua non" at the base of the character of men like Lincoln, and the early pioneer of his type. They will stand in American history as representatives of God's manhood, not needing the conventional polish of society, or the agnosticism bred from too much school, to mark them as men worthy of the trust and confidence of a people deserving to be free.

Hero worship stands out as a prominent attribute in American character, and next, in close proximity to it, on the chart of delineation of our character, is a marked tendency to Athenian fickleness—bays and laurels for today, cups of poison hemlock for the morrow.

Mr. Lincoln died when his glory was in apogee—when every loyal American and every lover of manhood and freedom, wherever God's sunlight shed its rays, in sorrow and mourning bowed its head in reverence, almost in worship, as the body was given back to its mother earth, and the spirit, freed from care and sorrow, sped away from its earthly tenement and nestled with the souls of the just made perfect in the bosom of its God.

Do not shudder at my words! I but use the language of one of the dead martyr's bosom friends and admirers, in the Philadelphia Times, as expressing the idea I have endeavored to give you—"Mr. Lincoln was fortunate in the opportunity of his death." He escaped the politicians' intrigue and filthy smirch, that made the name of his successor and fellow-worker "a hissing and a byword" upon the tongues of the populace harped on by a partisan press, inflamed to advance the ends of an unscrupulous cabal.

The story of his life, his education, his character, his virtues, his peculiarities, and his great big tender heart, overflowing with kindness, without stint, making at times all other marked attributes of his character bend gently before its outflow, to evidence his love for all, and a humanity worthy of a god, is an oft told tale. His hopes, purpose and rule of action as chief magistrate, resulting from war as a necessity for preservation of the Union, are best preserved in his own simple language in his second inaugural address:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it shall continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's 250 years of unrequitted toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid, by another drawn by the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

And then, giving utterance to sentiments bubbling up from a different fountain of feeling in the heart, he proceeds:

“With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

In the volumes of adulation of Mr. Lincoln in the early years following his murder, there seems many times more fulsome gush than the plain truthful talk he himself always used and delighted to listen to, and upon no subject did this manifest itself more than in his attitude towards slavery.

Mr. Lincoln was never a slave-holder. Nor was he an Abolitionist, until the time came when the preservation of the Union depended upon it. The emancipation proclamation that struck the shackles from the bondman, had not for its motive cause the wrongs and the sufferings of the slave; that good was an incident, nothing more! It was a necessity, as it seemed to him, to prevent foreign interference and largely increased the safety of the Union.

The light, of the times when events happened, is the only light that shows the right rule in which to consider them. At the beginning of the Rebellion there were few of either sex in the United States who believed, to use the language of a great orator and philanthropist of Massachusetts, that the constitutional recognition of the right of property of man in man “was a league with the devil and a covenant with hell.”

It may surprise some to know that Mr. Lincoln was not an Abolitionist, nor was he a believer in the divine right of slave-holders. He believed with the great majority—“That within states where it existed it was protected by the broad shield of the constitution, and without violation of organic law, it, though an evil, could not be reached but by the consent of those whose property would be affected by its abolition.”

He states his position and that of his party, in his first inaugural address, in these explicit words:

“I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states

where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated me and elected me did so with the full knowledge that I had made this, and made many similar declarations and have never recanted them; and more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution, which I now read:

“‘Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state, to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed forces of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the greatest of crimes.’”

Having thus announced the faith and purpose of himself and his party, he boldly and clearly declares:

“If the United States be not a government proper, but an association of states, in the nature of a contract merely, can it as a contract peaceably be unmade by less than all the parties who made it? * * * In legal contemplation the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself.”

The single purpose of this bold brave man was to save the Union he loved, and for which he gave his life. In his letter of August 22, 1862, to his friend Horace Greeley, who at one time spoke of the rebel states in the kindness of his heart, following the dictates of an impracticable philanthropy, as “erring sisters,” and added, “depart in peace,” he says:

“My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. * * * What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.”

When the time came, when this silent, thoughtful, conservative man reached in his own mind the conclusion that the day for the harvest was nigh, that the life of the Union de-

pendent upon the execution of the moral law against human bondage, he shrank not from his duty, as current events marked out that duty on clearly unmistakable lines. He sounded the note of warning on September 22, 1862, to the inhabitants of the states in rebellion, by a proclamation tendering the olive branch in one hand for their acceptance, with the preservation of their property, upon their resuming again their position in the Union before the first day of January, 1863, or in default thereof on that day the proclamation of freedom to the slaves would be made. Vainglorious in their pride, devilish in the purpose of their leaders, supported by the ignorance of the masses, the inevitable result of the slave system, they scoffed and railed at the warning of their friend, many wondering in the density of their ignorance whether the Yankee president was even a white man! The emancipation proclamation came, and war without gloves followed; blow after blow in quick succession was given. They fought as men of our own blood only can fight; sometimes victory upon one side and then again upon the other, but the sturdy Northmen, children of free men, faltered not!

"We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more," was the cry and at last victory perched upon the eagles of the Republic and depopulated country, with villages laid waste, blackened chimneys standing to mark where the besom of war had swept, desolate homes, cries of the widows and the fatherless, and thousands of hillocks showing the resting places of their dead, were all that was left to represent the great government with slavery for its chief corner stone, that was to have been.

"Old Abe! God bless him," was the ejaculation that went from mouth to mouth of every lover of the Union! But, lo—there came as a thunder clap in a clear sky the news of the assassination of the president, and the heavens were hung with black, and the voice of mourning filled the land! The murderer was not a Southerner, but was imbued with their ideas and convictions, and fired the fatal shot that sent to his grave the man the people of the North were fast learning to call "the second Washington." not the "father of" but the "savior of" his country, shouting as he did so, in his devilish frenzy, "Sic semper tyrannis!"

It was the last blow of slavery, but it struck a shining mark.

The character of Mr. Lincoln without the embellishments of word painting, should be the study of every young American. He had no advantages, so called, to equip him for his battle of life. His capital was honesty, integrity, truthfulness, and continuity of purpose, to do well what was given him to do, and with a firm trust in God that justice, right and well-doing would sooner or later meet their reward. He recognized from earliest boyhood the dignity of honest labor. His opportunities for mental culture were few, but what they were he seized with avidity.

When asked for incidents of his early life, he replied: "You can find the whole of my early life in a single line of Gray's 'Elegy'; 'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

Poverty has its advantages as well as its drawbacks to an education. Success is not always to him who reads most, but more usually awaits him who reads well. As a good appetite not clogged by over-indulgence in sweets takes with zest and assimilates strong, hearty food, so does a vigorous intellect, not surfeited with variety, absorb and adopt what is given for mental food; not blunted in its taste, not overfed, it drinks up what it finds to feed upon and makes it its own.

The Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Aesop's Fables" were Lincoln's early text books—and the impress they made upon his method and lines of thought, are perceptible in his early conversation—with Shakespeare added, which he dearly loved to read, and, later, the life of Washington. These made his library for literary culture in his early life. He read not so much, but he read it well.

His quaint sayings and anecdotes, to teach a moral or to point an argument, are cropping out of his Aesop. He stood not upon words for style of expression; his thought always seemed to be not to talk over the heads of his hearers, but to use language they could readily understand.

In his message to congress at the extra session in 1861, he used the expression, in speaking of the methods used to cover up the real purpose of the secession leaders, "With rebellion thus sugar-coated," and was appealed to to change the phrase, as undignified. He declined, saying that "word sugar-coated expresses my idea, and I am not going to change it." The time will never come in this country when the people won't know exactly what "sugar-coated" means.

Bancroft, the historian, writing of his fitness for his office and his qualities for leadership at the time the executive mantle fell upon him, said:

"He was one of the mass of the people, the class that lives and thrives by self-imposed labor, felt that the work that was to be done was a work of their own—the assertion of equality against the pride of oligarchy; of free labor against the lordship over slaves; of the great industrial people against all the expiring aristocracies of which any remnant had tided down from the middle ages.

"He was of a religious turn of mind, without superstition; and the unbroken faith of the mass was like his own. As he went along through his difficult journey, sounding his way, he held fast by the hand of the people, and tracked his footsteps with even feet, his pulse's beat, twined with their pulse."

He was, indeed, a leader of men, a great tribune of the people, to whom they gave their trust with their hearts. There was with him none of the arts and clap-trap of the demagogue to catch the ear, or the false lights held out to lure the unwary to ruin, which so mark our present decade. His words and teachings were of honest, sterling worth, and not highly polished brass, whose only value is the glitter of its worthlessness.

He was a man of peace and hated war, and yet there fell upon him the responsibility of the greatest, cruelest war known in modern history. How his great heart bled! What prayers, with sobs, went up to his Great Master from his private oratory, "that the cup might pass from his lips," are known but to the Master, "Who doeth all things well." He was commissioned, as it were, to break the fourth seal of the apocalypse, and "behold a pale horse; and his name who sat upon him was Death, and Hell followed him." This man, so gentle, so peace-loving, bowed his head and accepted the trust, and with a stern, immobile face, concealing the inward struggle, anxiety and suffering, was given also a faculty of speech to thwart the too inquisitive mindreader and thicken the cover under which real purpose and convictions were hid.

I do not believe in his inspiration. I do not believe in his canonization. He was a man with all the attributes that enter

into manhood. He had all the tastes, ambition, longings and passions of other men, but he had them under complete control, so that they might be used for the benefit of common humanity and not alone for self-gratification. He curtained his thoughts and intentions; not for the purposes of deception, but simply to guard against the plucking of unripe fruit.

Emerson says of him:

“His broad good humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man, and every rank of society; to take off the edge of the severest decision; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion, and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. * * * This faculty to a man of severe labors in anxieties and exhausting crises is a natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the over-driven brain against rancor and insanity.”

He was not over-careful of his dignity, because he felt that his dignity would care for itself. He waived ceremony, and cut every knot of red tape and rule of precedent, when necessary to do a good deed by the most expeditious route. It is said of him that once upon a great and sudden emergency, in the night time, without any robe of state save a cotton nightgown of scanty proportions drawn about his ungainly form, he met his counselors and discussed matters of state. He could be and was, when necessary, as stately, cold and dignified, with eyes dilated and flashing, as if the blue blood of generations of title-bearing aristocracy coursed in his veins. But of a truth, “it was not into ancestors’ graves that Abraham Lincoln dug for the clothes that were to clothe him in the garb of manhood; he studied the laws of his Creator to find the material,” and he received the patent of his nobility from God.

The lesson of this life of Abraham Lincoln to the young American is not to grow despondent and faint-hearted in your struggle to reach eminence in life, because fortune does not smile and society frowns upon you. Had Abraham Lincoln been despoiled of honor and power and been introduced as the honest, homely man he was, into that society of Anglophobists “that seeks the tracery of a ducal coronet on its escutcheon

and obtains its principal sustenance from the phosphorescent light emanating from the bones of long buried ancestors," he, as well as you, would have been thrust out as an unwelcome guest.

Mr. Lincoln was racy and humorous in conversation, with the habit of upsetting a pendency or a sophism by an epigram or an anecdote. When he was once pressed by influential friends to avert the storm of rebellion by concession, and it was explained how easily it could be accomplished by reconciliation of the dissevered wings of the Democratic party, he replied:

"I once knew a good, sound churchman, a member of a committee to build a bridge over a dangerous and rapid river. Many architects had failed. At last this committeeman said to his associates, 'I have a friend who has built several bridges and can build this!' 'Bring him in,' said they. 'Can you build this bridge, sir?' was the question. 'Yes, I can build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary.' The pious committee were horrified at his reply. But his friend in defense of him said: 'He is so honest a man and so good an architect that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to Hades, I believe it—but I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side!'"

So Mr. Lincoln added:

"When politicians say they can harmonize the northern and southern wings of the Democracy, why, I believe them, but I have my doubts about the abutment on the Southern side!"

That this great man who told stories and was at times undignified in the conventional meaning of the word, could in his plain, terse style of speech, overshadow the ornate and studied sentences of the schools, you can learn if you sit with me at Gettysburg, as on Nov. 19, 1863, when this plain, simple man was shown in contrast with the most polished and finished orator that the schools had yet given to the world. Man against art, they stand side by side. The oration of Everett was a gem in beauty, and for the moment its brilliancy threw the plain words of the man of the West into a shadow, but

not for time: The brilliancy of one was the glitter of the icicle and it melted away and is forgotten, while the other is an American classic, and will live so long as the memory shall remain of the heroes who fought on that field and to whom, living and dead, the monument at Gettysburg was that day dedicated. Mr. Lincoln said:

* * * We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living or dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on; * * * that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It is for us, companions, children of the flag, to keep to the full extent of our power, by word and example, the sentiment of these noble words, a living, ever-existing faith and practice among us and the people, that they be, "the pillar of fire by night" to guide and direct our loved union in times of trouble and danger.

I conclude my reflections, already too far extended, with the sentiment that every loyal man can approve:

"Abraham Lincoln, God bless him!"

ADDRESS.

BY GENERAL ROBERT N. ADAMS, U. S. VOLS.

(Read February 12, 1898.)

We are assembled not in obedience to a time-honored custom, but in response to the universal and grateful sentiment of a patriotic, loyal and liberty-loving people, that we may in fitting ceremony honor ourselves and bless posterity by keeping alive or perpetuating the memory and deeds of him, who under Providence, led the nation in triumph through the bloody sea of a gigantic civil strife.

When the conflict was on, we measured men by the success that attended them; and in those stirring times, as General Sherman once said, "men were made and unmade in a day." But now, with calmer scrutiny, as time slowly adjusts the focus, we are able to study and review the public policies of 1861-5; to give to the great events of the war their proper shades and places in history, and also with precision to analyze the characters of the great leaders of that period and unite in the coronation of those whose genius, motives, sacrifices and deeds deserve immortality. And in so doing we in no degree detract from the honors due to many who served and suffered and sacrificed when the great leaders, by the record of their deeds, and by the luster of their acknowledged inherent greatness, are made to stand transfigured before the eyes of the people.

At rare intervals, however, in the history of the world, there have appeared here and there colossal figures, marked and unique personalities, geniuses of transcendent mold and merit, who have easily stood first even among the great ones in the ages to which they respectively belong. At the head of the list of honor, in the nineteenth century, stands unchallenged the name of Abraham Lincoln.

Hence it is, that in the recent years patriotism and gratitude have been diligent in gathering even in minutest detail the incidents of that wonderful life and in making clear and manifest and familiar the record of the great events in our national history that are linked eternally with the name and fame of that

great soul. I believe the following incident has never been so far related: A few days after the birth of that child of glorious destiny, a neighbor of the family called to see the proud mother and her child. In the course of conversation the mother was asked whether or not they had given a name to him. "Oh, yes," she responded, "we named him before he was born." "And what do you call him?" inquired the visitor. "Abraham." "Abraham!" exclaimed the visitor, and then added, "What a name for a baby! Why, it seems to me the name is bigger than the baby!"

How is it now? There is such a thing as *making* a name and there is such a thing as *growing up into* a name, and in this instance how marvelous the ascent! From deepest poverty, to the highest honors and emoluments of the nation that, we believe, the greatest. From almost absolute obscurity to world-wide fame; through honest industry in the way of common toil to glorious immortality. Who now questions that the child, the boy, the man, the statesman, the martyred president, the sainted and crowned king has not grown up into the greatness of the name? Abraham! Father of a multitude! Savior of a nation! Emancipator of an oppressed people! Child of nature and of God! The grandest exponent of popular liberty of any mere men whose names glorify the pages of human history.

ADDRESS.

BY PLEASANT HUNTER, D. D., PASTOR WESTMINSTER CHURCH,
MINNEAPOLIS.

(Read February 12, 1898.)

Lincoln's birthday is an educational institution in which all the generations to come should be schooled. The history made during the four years that he filled the presidential chair is a part of our national wealth. It is very fitting, therefore, on this his anniversary, that we recall the story of his life and work. But, believe me, the feelings awakened here this evening amount to little if they do not lead to greater consecration and devotion to the country for which he lived and died. We honor him not so much by what we say about him, as by what we do with the heritage which he has left us. The patriotism that was in him is the patriotism that should be in all; and such patriotism will find abundant opportunities for service today. One of the most practical ways in which it may serve is in seeking to invest citizenship with greater dignity and responsibility. To be a citizen in our republican form of government means to be a ruler. All power here resides in the people and all questions are settled at the ballot-box. It is true our national policy is determined and our laws made by the chosen few; but to decide who that chosen few shall be is, practically, to decide everything. Men represent measures, and in passing upon the one we pass upon both. To exercise the right of suffrage, therefore, means more than saying who shall do; it also means saying what shall be done. Voting means more than casting a ballot on a certain day in the year; it means taking part in the administration of government throughout the entire year.

Looked at thus, citizenship is a thing full of dignity and responsibility. To say that we cannot secure the best results until this is recognized by all, is to say what must be self-evident. Our nation can reach the highest condition only when it enjoys the best rule, and can enjoy the best rule only when its rulers are in the best condition. To say that many are not in that condition is to say what must be painfully manifest.

The number who appreciate the dignity and responsibility of citizenship is comparatively small. To the remedying of this evil, all good men should give themselves without delay or reserve; and one of the first things to do is to see to it that the men who occupy what we call the first positions in life shall attach more value to it.

In his great work *The American Commonwealth*, Mr. Brice tells us that there are three sets of people in England; those who make opinion, those who receive and hold opinion, and those who have no opinion at all. The first set, he tells us, is extremely small in this country. The statement, as he intended it to be understood, is true. As he further explains, opinion is not made here, but grows; the conditions of growth, however, are supplied by men, and some make larger contributions thereto than others. Some men, in virtue of the positions occupied, have a larger influence upon public opinion than others. This is notably true of the successful merchant, the professional man—lawyer, teacher, or physician, the man of large property interests, the man of high social standing. There is not a single reform needed today for which men in these positions may not do royal service. Particularly is this true in the matter under consideration. The men who live in the first walks of life may do much to lift citizenship to a higher plane for those who walk in the humbler walks of life. How? By themselves taking a greater interest in the affairs of state and showing that they are moved thereto by the highest considerations. The strongest argument in favor of taking a large view of citizenship is the men in the first walks of life who take such a view of it. By exercising all the rights of a citizen, such men show that it means something to be a citizen.

That there is a lamentable failure at this point today I think is manifest to all. There are many who take practically no interest in the caucus, and some who even slight the general election. The result is not only to give the reins of government over into dangerous hands, but to give the impression that the whole thing does not amount to much. In business, professional, or social life these men lay hold on everything they regard as important, and their failure to do so in matters pertaining to government begets the feeling that they do not so regard it. The result is not only bad government but low views of citizenship. The only way to right this evil is the

practical way. The only way to lead men in the humbler walks of life into a right understanding of what it means to be a citizen is to give them to see in the first walks the right kind of citizens. Believe me, the more the rights of citizenship are slighted by men who know how to appreciate them, the less value will they have for men who need to be educated into appreciation. Great reforms always work from above down. It is the same here. Reforms must begin at the top. Before we can get men in the humbler walks of life to think of citizenship as a dignified and responsible thing, the men in the higher must themselves so regard it.

Another thing essential is higher qualifications for citizenship. A low standard always cheapens. The higher the requirements of the college for entrance, the higher it rises in public esteem and the better the class of students it secures. The more careful the secret organization is in its election to membership, the more strength it has. The truth contained in these illustrations holds with regard to citizenship. The only way to raise the character of citizenship is to raise the standard. The only way to have more men at the ballot box is to insist upon more men on registration day. Wholesale naturalization is a curse. Intelligence and righteousness should always be insisted upon. No man should ever be allowed to promise that he will support the Constitution of the United States until he gives satisfactory evidence that he is capable of reading that Constitution. Do I hear someone say that to accept only such as can stand a certain test is to discriminate against and manifest a spirit foreign to that of our free institutions? I answer, no. The higher rights of life grow not out of simple being, but out of character. The ignorant man is not allowed the same privilege in the courts as the man who is thoroughly familiar with the law. He has being, but not legal character. The man with the smallpox is not allowed the same liberty as the man thoroughly well. He has being but not physical character. The criminal is not allowed the same rights as the man who is honest and law-abiding. He has being but not moral character. Rights grow not out of simple being but out of character. Any other rule in life would mean chaos. Imagine every man who would go into our courts and practice, regardless of his mental qualifications. It would soon mean the overthrow of law. Imagine all men allowed to go up and down our streets, the men who have a

contagious disease, as well as the men who are well. It would soon mean the prevalence of disease everywhere. Imagine the criminal allowed the same liberty as the law-abiding citizen. It would soon mean the loss of respect for law. Any other order in our political life means danger. The only safe citizenship is that founded upon intelligence and righteousness. Sound it into every land that America is still "the home of the free," but let it be of the intelligent and righteous free. Emphasize it, forever emphasize it, that America gives asylum because of sympathy, but citizenship because of merit. "America for Americans" should be the cry of the hour. This does not mean that we will confine citizenship to all born upon our shores, but it does mean that all coming to us who are not right when they come shall be politically born again.

Just another word, that is—we should insist that citizenship carries with it the idea of obligation to the state. There is no word made so much of by the American people as "Liberty." I am not sure that we make too much of it, but I doubt if we make as much as we should of the word "duty." The great majority of men think of citizenship only in relation to self. It gives them a voice in the administration of government, and secures to them the protection of the state. It is all right to think of these two things, but along with these should go recognition of the obligation under which it puts one to the state. The closing words of that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, are these: "And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our own sacred honor." That wording of that document secured to every signer the support of every other man. At the same time it committed him to the support of every other. The same is true of citizenship. And there is no truth that we need to recognize and teach to our children more than this: That citizenship is a partnership; that the man who becomes a citizen owes something to the country which protects him as truly as to the grocer who provides him with the necessities of life; that every citizen is under the same obligation to look well to the highest interests of the state that the state is to look well to his highest interests.

It seems to me that on this sacred evening, one thing above all others should stand out clearly before us, and that is the

need of meeting well our responsibility as citizens. Lincoln did well his duty in 1861 to 1865. If we meet the issues of the present day in the spirit and with the fidelity with which he met the issues of his day, the future of this country is assured.

It is said of Charlemagne, that one day he stood looking off upon the waters of the Mediterranean and saw in the distance a fleet approaching. "Whose vessels sail yonder?" said he to his courtier. "African merchantmen, no doubt," he replied. The old king hung his head, was observed weeping, and someone said, "Why those tears?" He overheard it and said: "No, those are not merchantmen. Those vessels carry the fierce Northmen. I do not fear them myself, but I am weeping to think what they may do to my country in years to come."

We look out upon the political sea today and while in some respects there is calmness, there is a fleet hovering in sight and there are dangers in it. That fleet may not bring trouble during the days of those farther along in life, but unless judiciously dealt with there is trouble coming. And what is needed is that good men, irrespective of party, shall bury the issues that are dead, forget the differences of the past, and unite and meet the issues of the day. Righteousness, and righteousness alone, can save us. Righteousness, and righteousness alone, can make us a free, prosperous and happy people. Let the flag and the cross keep close together and all will be well.

ADDRESS.

BY ROBERT G. EVANS, UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY, MINNEAPOLIS.

(Read February 14, 1899.)

It is not an easy thing for me to speak about Abraham Lincoln. In common with all of you; I have that feeling which his name always brings to the heart of every American citizen. I was born at the mouth of a little river in southern Indiana, where, in the early twenties, Abraham Lincoln, the boy, earned a livelihood by ferrying across the river, and it was my fortune to be raised in that county in which he spent the early years of his life when coming from Kentucky, and where he laid in silence and solitude the best friend he had ever had—the best friend he ever had in all his life—among the oak trees of my native state.

I have known men and women who knew Abraham Lincoln as a boy in Indiana, and from them, with that boyish enthusiasm and reverence and love which his name and his deeds ever engender, I have heard stories of his childhood struggles that you have read, and they have given to me a tender sentiment which always comes welling up in my throat when I speak the name of Abraham Lincoln. Someone has said that there is more of sentiment about the name of Lincoln, and about his memory, than that of any other historical character. I think it is true. We who look at him across the short span of a short life hardly realize that he is of the past. We look at the bare hills in Kentucky which received the first imprint of his childish feet; we follow him through the struggles of childhood and youth into young manhood and early manhood, until he became a national character, and we see a man of the plain people, imbued with all their impulses and with all their integrity and their hardships; when he has come into the highest gift of any people anywhere, he does not forget the lowly depths from which he rose, nor his companions and associations in youth, and that memory does more to strengthen him in the days of trial than everything else that he could bring to himself.

It is difficult to separate one's self from others in speaking of Lincoln, and yet I have thought that it might not be uninteresting to you to have me, in a casual way, review what all will concede to be the greatest act of the greatest American—his handling of the Slavery Question. Lincoln was not a man of prejudice. He was a man of reason. He had learned to give and take. He had learned it on the green sward in Illinois where he pitted his strength against his fellows. He had learned to be charitable, and yet he was a man of honest purpose, if there ever lived such a man. A man of deep impressions—a man whose heart received impressions which remained upon it as long as he lived, and a man to whom the appeals of the downtrodden and oppressed went with unerring accuracy—the very center of his being. When he first came upon the scene of public action he was impressed with the great central thought of his life and administration, and that which will hand him down to history more than any other one thing—the condition of this country in regard to the great question of slavery.

In 1858 Lincoln was comparatively unknown. In 1856 he received some votes, in the Republican convention held in that year, for the office of vice president of the United States. They were given to him by men who knew him personally, and by those who could be influenced by such personal acquaintances. But in '58, pitted against Stephen A. Douglas, the little giant of Illinois, and of the northern Democracy of that day, he first came into public notice. The great question agitating the mind of the people of that day was the slavery question. They became candidates of their respective parties for the office of United States senator. They went before the people nominated in the state conventions of their several parties for that office, and there followed the greatest contest of debate ever waged upon the stump in this country of ours. Many men here remember how much interest was attracted to the territory over which these two great intellectual giants waged a warfare, the results of which were not seen until '63, when, by the Emancipation Proclamation, the shackles were stricken from the arms of four million slaves.

Douglas was the idol of his party, and he well might have been—a man of genius and intellectual force, who attracted the admiration and won the affection of all those with whom he came in contact. He had but recently passed through stirring

scenes in the United States senate. The Missouri Compromise Bill had been repealed, and following upon it, in order to meet the demands of the North, Stephen A. Douglas had introduced and passed in Congress the Kansas and Nebraska bill, which was the popular Sovereignty bill, as known in that day, giving to the people of each state and of each territory the right to say whether that state or territory should be free or slave. It was followed almost immediately by the Dred Scott decision, handed down by Chief Justice Taney, in which the Supreme Court of the United States held that under the constitution of this country the territories were subject to slavery, and could not be taken from under its ban by the voice of the people. Thus there came a contest between Lincoln on one side, who believed in the non-extension of slavery—in its restriction, and in its ultimate extinction; and Douglas, on the other side, who believed in leaving the institution as it was, restricting it within reasonable limits, and leaving the ranks of his party in the South, as well as in the North.

Lincoln announced, in the first speech that he made, his ultimate purpose, his ultimate belief—his ultimate platform, if you may say—upon this question, in that great speech best known in history as the “divided-house speech.” Said he:

“A house divided against itself can not stand. I do not believe that this Union can endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved,—I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will be all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will prevent the further spread of it and force the public mind to believe in its ultimate extinction, or its advocates will press it onward until it becomes and receives the sanction of the law alike in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South.”

He saw the inevitable conflict and from that day Abraham Lincoln was morally attached to the extinction, by lawful means, of slavery in the United States.

I think he little thought then of becoming president of this great country, but that was his belief upon that question. Two years afterwards, in the providence of God—because it was in His providence—he was called to head this nation in the hour of her distress. He represented a people divided in the North

as well as in the South. In the parties as aligned in that day there were men who believed in the institution of slavery who lived north of the Mason and Dixon line, and who insisted on the perpetuation of its so-called right.

When Abraham Lincoln took his oath of office in Washington, more than a month had elapsed since the secession of seven of the southern states, and the election of a president of that Confederacy. No other man was ever called into a position of so much responsibility as that which he held,—under such circumstances as met him. He realized that out of the conflict then impending there would come a change in the institutions of this country which would either destroy the Union and perpetuate slavery, or destroy slavery and perpetuate the Union. He saw, as he believed, that the conscience of the people of this country, as well as the conscience of mankind, and the providence of God would lead the stars and stripes to victory in the end. And that hope buoyed him up in the affairs which he met. And yet, as I say, no man had a task more severe set before him than that which met our martyred president. There were radicals in the Republican party which elected him president of the United States who wished him to at once issue an Emancipation Proclamation, striking by its edict the shackles from the slave. There were others who insisted that if slavery was the question of battle—they were not interested in its results; and all over the United States there was a division of opinion which made it impossible for him, as president of the United States, to take any decided position upon the great question of ultimate extinction of slavery, without running the risk of alienating from the Union some of her strongest defenders. He was not radical enough for many who supported him for the presidency. He was too radical, or might be too radical for many thousands who must be depended upon to carry the Union cause to victory.

That condition met him. You remember that at the beginning of the war those who opposed it and opposed Mr. Lincoln, called it an Abolition War, and you will remember that Abraham Lincoln declared that it was not an Abolition War, it was a war for the preservation of the Union; and he waited with the greatest care, resisting all urgings from every source against any affirmative action, until the flag of the Union was fired against in the harbor at Fort Sumter and the Union itself attacked, and then Abraham Lincoln called for

seventy-five thousand troops to defend—not to put down slavery—but to defend the Union. Yet all the time in his great mind this great moral question was being considered. Men were urging this and that position upon him. He saw the situation, and he saw the difficulties that surrounded him. If he had listened to the radical advisors that were at his elbow, no man can today tell what would have been the result.

Seward, his secretary of state, who was the most popular man in the United States at that time, came to the convention its most popular candidate; but the convention was held in check. He was called to the Cabinet, bringing him under the shadow of Lincoln and within his control, rather than leaving him in New York, or Chase in Ohio, or Cameron in Pennsylvania, to differ with the administration. When the administration was a little more than a month old, Horace Greeley wrote Mr. Lincoln in effect that it had been a failure, and that the radical means which men believed in had not been adopted; and yet it was not until May, 1862, that Lincoln dared to take any steps upon that question, and then he advised the co-operation plan of emancipation to Congress, and it was adopted by a resolution of both houses. At the same time he declared, so as to allay excitement, and prevent those who were opposed to a Union for the purpose of destroying slavery, that it was not the intention of the United States to make war upon that institution.

A little later, in that same year, General David Hunter issued a proclamation, by which he declared the slaves within his jurisdiction, as a military action, free. Mr. Lincoln issued a statement in which he denied any knowledge of any authority for such a proclamation on the part of Gen. Hunter, and in which he held it to himself, the right—and stated in square and fair language the right—to determine this question of emancipation whenever it became a military necessity.

He called the attention of the South to the resolution of March 6th, and, in language the most plaintive, appealed to them to heed the words sent out from the Congress of the United States and the offer of the people of the North, and co-operate with them in removing this great cause of disturbance. No man has ever read a more pleading appeal to a people than that which the president made to the people of the South at that time. He besought them to give it a fair consideration, ranging far above partisan politics. He

told them that it was for a common purpose, urged in a common cause. He blamed no one, yet he did not want them to feel that the North was holding up its hands in holy horror against their institution. He told them that the opportunity was presented to them to do more good than had ever been presented at any other time in the history of the world by any other one act, and he besought them to heed the appeal of the North; and finally he wound up by saying, as I recollect it, "May not the vast future have cause to regret your action in this matter."

I doubt not that he had in mind then the countless graves, the widowed homes, the orphan children, which were the result of a prolongation of that contest. This, I think, was in May, 1862. In September of that year he saw that the time had come when some definite step must be taken, and he saw it for this reason: We had been having losses in battle; foreign nations were looking to the Southern Confederacy with the purpose of recognizing it as an independent nation, and Abraham Lincoln felt that he knew—and that he did feel there can be no doubt—that the moral conscience of the people of civilized foreign lands would not allow them to recognize, as an independent nation, a nation which was basing its opposition to the government solely on the institution of slavery. Recognizing that fact, he issued his proclamation of the 22d of September, 1862, in which and by which he stated that in all states and parts of states in which rebellion existed on the first day of January, 1863, those men who had been held in slavery should forever thereafter be free. At the same time he declared that the war thereafter, as theretofore, should be conducted for the purpose of restoring the constitutional relations theretofore existing between the United States and the seceded states, and that it was his purpose to call the attention of Congress to a plan of emancipation which should carry with it pecuniary aid to those who lost their slaves.

See the wisdom of it. Upon one side he was dealing with a heated people, who would listen to no appeals, and who spurned them whenever they were given. The resolution of March 6th was met with jibes in the South. The resolution of September 22d was met in the same way, and, though it showed, as his first inaugural showed, the fairness of his intention and his great heart toward that people, it also showed to all the world, and particularly the people of the North, that

what the South was fighting for was the institution of slavery and the destruction of the Union; and it removed those prejudices which had before, in a great measure, existed, and made clear the way, and caused to march to the south-land a hundred thousand men who would have gone for no other reason, as history tells us.

Shortly afterwards congress met, and he sent to it his second annual message, in December, 1862, in which he proposed a plan for gradual emancipation of the slaves, which carried the whole question over a period of thirty-seven years, and pledged the bonds of the United States to the holders of that property, as payment for their losses. Mr. Lincoln, I do not believe, in his own mind believed at that time that suggestion would be received, and yet he made it in the utmost candor and in the utmost fairness; he believed in it with his whole heart; he therefore tried such measures upon the South. But, following the suggestions which he proposed, was one of the greatest arguments, one of the strongest arguments addressed to the people of this country against the divisibility of the Union that the mind of man ever penned. He showed how impossible it was for any one section of this country to be divided and cut off from another. He showed that the question of slavery was simply a question between generations, and that this question of contiguous soil and climate would override every other, and, that whatever might be the result of the war, in the end this would be a united nation—that it must be so.

The South received this proposition in the same manner. The North received it as another offer of this great man of history to show the fairness in which he stood in relation to that question, and Abraham Lincoln, by the message of December 1st, 1862, removed the last straw of opposition, you might say, in the North, against the conduct of the war upon whatever lines he deemed, in his wisdom, it should be conducted.

Then followed victory and defeat; and on the first day of January, 1863, he issued his message of emancipation, invoking upon it the considerate judgment of mankind, as a military necessity, and the blessings of Almighty God.

When we look back in retrospection upon the vicissitudes of that time, and the various opposition that assailed him,

the advice that he had on every hand, the kinds of people with which he had to deal, the sentiment which he had to build up here, and the opposition which he had to allay there—all arising out of a tenderness of this question of the freedom of the slaves—he met with a united sentiment in the North; and we can now see, if we never could see before, the wisdom of what at that time was seemingly a vacillating policy; and we now admit, if we never would admit before, that in his handling of the Slavery Question with Congress, and before the country, Abraham Lincoln showed his greatest genius, and his greatest power.

ADDRESS.

BY L. H. HALLOCK, D. D., PASTOR PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH, MINNEAPOLIS.

(Read February 14, 1899.)

I have held in my hand a manuscript that never saw the light of publicity—that was presented by Abraham Lincoln's own hand to a boon companion, who last March took his flight to join his comrade—a manuscript written in that familiar, legible, clear hand of our president, being in itself a lecture. My friend was offered a thousand dollars for the manuscript, and he said, "No, I am not so poor as to take a thousand dollars for that."

And its first sentence was this: "All the world's a mine, and every man a miner." I should not assume myself, on this occasion, to seek to find any vein of rich wealth in the character or career of Abraham Lincoln that has not been fully explored and thoroughly worked, and for that reason, since the finest minds have analyzed and constructed his character, and the finest pens have written his eulogy, I shall not speak in eulogy of this man, who, of all Americans, America best loves. There are no words left unused with which to grace a character so honest and transparent, so born of God and filled with his wisdom, that I might use to add one star of glory to his crown.

But I recognize this fact—that what Abraham Lincoln was, he was because he was of the people, with the people, and for the people. It would not then be amiss if I should say just one word or two concerning the American people and their present and coming history, for I should not go wide of the mark, since the personality of this man has interwoven itself into the very texture of the American people, and whatever we do hereafter will be redolent with the name of Abraham Lincoln. I remember that in history we are told that there was a time when to be an American was to be provincial and narrow, for the American then lived on that narrow ledge of poor land that lay upon the arm of the blue Atlantic, bounded on the east by its billows, and on the west by a wilderness. But by and by expansion struck her, and she moved on to

take the Connecticut Valley, and then the Ohio Valley, and then the Mississippi Valley. Then she crossed the Rockies and conquered the Columbia, and left her flag on the great territory of Oregon. And then she went down and caught to her arms the Golden State, with golden dust and golden flowers, and a golden future; and then of course she got by the way Louisiana and Florida, and, at length, not *provincial* was the adjective, but *continental*. But continental will not do today. The United States has laid her great palm face down on these central territories, and at last she holds under her thumb spread the gem of the Antilles, and her little finger reaches up to Alaska, and her next finger reaches for Honolulu, and she stretches her long central finger and finds the Philippines. And where the flag stands, there the flag stays.

I will introduce you to a trinity of power, and guarantee that not one of the trinity is not dear to every loyal heart. You know that is the great man who, in the midst of fogs and uncertainties is able to discern the pointing finger of the great arbitrator and see that which common minds do not see; and the father in this trinity is George Washington, who, with his splendid aristocracy and fortunes, all consecrated to patriotism, was willing to come out from his luxury and be himself in sacrifice the father of his country; he saw in those trying emergencies something of its future, and he led its arms to victory.

The next man, the central man, must, of course, be the one whom today we celebrate. A man who came with a great weight of responsibility on his soul to the White House. A man who, more than all other men perhaps, became a worthy sacrifice for his country; who lived his four years in the White House with a magnificent service, who won the hearts of the people all, who lived in perpetual harmony and close contact with the people, and yet so near to the God he honored that he could see what few men saw. Yes, he, when he lay down his life for the American people was the second person in our goodly trinity. And he did one thing—made and kept the country a unit, and, being a unit it still had, when it was right, the power of a new expansion.

The third person of this glorious trinity is the still present and abiding with us,—the worthy successor of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln, of course I mean William

McKinley. And he is demonstrating the greatness of his stewardship, in that he, more than most of his subjects, was able quickly to discover that the providence of God was pointing us far out toward the Orient. That, having relieved Cuba, and having put our stamp of eternal non-entity upon the seventeenth century Spanish Inquisition and having undertaken to lift that cruel heel from the neck of our neighbor, he was able to discern that, on that first day of May, when the hero of Manila sank the Spanish fleet in the harbor, God meant what we had never dreamed—that He would open a highway to the Orient, and help us to lift the yoke of oppression from ten million savages, and teach them that where the flag floats, there liberty lives, and that we will show them how to govern themselves according to the principles of divine humanity.

Ah, yes, we are living in a great day. We have stepping stones now clear across the Pacific. The Pacific is today the broad highway of commerce, and the American ships are argosies of wealth. We are going some day, having completed the transit of the globe, we are going to meet—what? A new civilization, a new embodiment of self-government. We are going to meet the old and benighted settlements of the populous Orient and show them that we have come there to lift them out of their degradation, and teach them all what this blessed Old Glory signifies. That is our mission.

ADDRESS.

BY GILBERT A. PIERCE, U. S. SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

(Read February 14, 1899.)

There is a perennial freshness about Lincoln's life that always interests me. It is like the old, old story of love which, the poets say, is never ended, but never wearisome. I think that perhaps this is largely due to the intense humanity of the man, the simplicity of his character; somehow, going right down into our hearts, he crept into our affections. He had that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Why, I have read most of the lives of Lincoln, and I think I have read just as heartily the last one that was written as the first. The Sunday papers publish many columns of incidents of his character; none of them very new, perhaps, and yet I read them with great avidity, and it seemed to me that it was something like having the singing, at appropriate times, of old Home Sweet Home, or Auld Lang Syne.

And by simplicity I do not mean triviality. That was very foreign to Lincoln's character. I was reading an article by Mrs. Lew Wallace the other day which illustrates this. Mrs. Wallace said that she saw her little grandchild come into the room, and directly become very much absorbed in a book. She said, "What are you doing, my child?" and the child said, "Grandmother, I am diagraming," and she said, "what is diagraming, my child?" and the child said: "It is the correct placing of the elements. Fourscore and seven are joined by *and*, a subordinate connective, copulative conjunction. It modifies *years*, the attribute of the preposition." And Mrs. Wallace said, "My dear, what a wonderful thing that is. Did you learn that at school?" The child said, "Yes"; and Mrs. Wallace said, "In that work basket on that table, my child, is the speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. I know it by heart, but I tell you, if his head had been filled with such stuff as that the speech never would have been written." He called a noun a noun, and was done with it; it was his naturalness, the simplicity of the man, that so charmed us. He

did not pose, he did nothing for dramatic effect. He was a manly man.

How old that speech at Gettysburg, my friends, and yet how new; how its truths live on, and will live on forever. I often wonder at the wisdom of Lincoln as exhibited there, and a little later at nearly the close of the war. You remember that at about that time we were all worrying about how we were going to pay this vast national debt that had been piled up in suppressing the rebellion; but Lincoln did not seem to be very much troubled about it. We were wondering how the rebel states were to be reconstructed, and what we would do with them when they were; but Lincoln looked beyond, and while he saw the problem was full of perplexity and trouble, he gave it no great thought. He saw that it was temporal and ephemeral. Standing with uncovered head on that field of Gettysburg, in the midst of those new made graves, he called upon his countrymen to highly resolve that the dead there should not have died in vain; that the nation, under God, should have a new birth of freedom, to the end that the nation "of the people, for the people, and by the people," should not perish from the earth. Think, my fellow citizens, what that means. It epitomizes the Declaration of Independence. It summarizes in a few lines an ideal government for mankind,—a government toward which the enlightened nations of the earth should be pressing forward—more particularly this government—on which so much of human happiness depends.

Mr. Lincoln showed conclusively that he wanted a strong government in many respects; a government not only able to protect the people, but able to protect itself. We often hear it objected, that a strong government is dangerous to liberty. But, my fellow citizens, a strong government is all right if the people are behind it. With intelligence they can make or unmake it. I want a strong government, and you want a strong government; we want a government strong enough to reach its iron hand and take by the collar the rascal who betrays a public trust. You want a government, and I want a government, strong enough to hold up to condign punishment that wretch, be he of the municipality, state, or nation, who betrays his trust, and preys upon the treasury he has been set to guard.

There is a cry we hear once in a while of the Old Flag and an *appropriation*, which I venture to say is a reproach to us. It ought to be mustered out of our vocabulary. It is said, and some of you know whether it is true or not—it is said that certain bills in Congress have no difficulty—and notably it is the River and Harbor Bill—have no difficulty in passing Congress if there is enough business to be divided—if there is a “piece of the pork,” as they say, for enough members. It is a reproach to us. And I am tempted to say, and you will say, that it would be a piece of Spartan courage on the part of Minneapolis, a piece of wonderful unselfishness, if you would say to the government of the United States, “It is not absolutely necessary at this time that the channel of the Mississippi River be deepened between St. Paul and Minneapolis, notwithstanding the fact that we realize that by getting that appropriation, and deepening that channel, we are fixing the head of navigation where God in his wisdom intended it should be.” Neither would I oppose what two legislators of this western state are endeavoring to procure—an appropriation of four hundred thousand dollars to improve the navigation of the roaring Red River of the North. I know how necessary it is that the gigantic commerce of that stream should be encouraged and developed. I am not sure but when I was in Congress I introduced a bill for that purpose myself, and I have no doubt after I did so I received the approval of every person—the approval of every newspaper editor on the line

Now, I am not very much in favor, my friends, I am not very much of an enthusiast about these Philippines. Personally I would not give the lives of the boys who have been sacrificed there in the last two weeks for the whole archipelago. To tell you the truth, I think Spain came pretty near getting even with us when she sold us that trouble for twenty million.

But I want a government notwithstanding—and I have found we have got it—strong enough to whip the daylights out of an ungrateful horde after we have been sent eight thousand miles to liberate them from Spanish oppression. It is too late to go backward now; it would be criminal, as well as cowardly. We have got those islands by what seems to have been almost necessary—or, circumstances over which we have had no control. We could not return them to Spain without receiving the protest of every thoughtful man and woman.

We can not conscientiously turn them over, if they are too wicked, to any other government—any other Christian nation. That would be like the story told of the lady who was reciting how she had been saved from her sins, and that when she found her diamonds were dragging her down to perdition, she turned around and gave them to her sister.

I am sorry this great task is for us. Some times it looks like an appalling task to me. I hate to think of fifty thousand men, or a hundred thousand men, being sent there to march up and down in that tropical climate, keeping a turbulent people in subjection. It is contrary to our education, to our tastes, foreign to the spirit of our institutions. Most of the brethren that I have heard have been in favor of going forward, as they say, with a Bible in one hand and a gun, or a sword, in the other. Well, this is a favorable time to extend the gospel, and I see that Senator Davis says that we are undoubtedly the consecrated evangelists of humanity. But I am inclined to think that we can not safely preach to an enemy until we have whipped him, and so I would not take many books just now, but I would take guns in both hands. And this need not hinder us from praying for those people's conversion.

Like the old preacher, you know, who, when he went into a house to pray with a sick sister, and when this sister and the children were set upon and brutally treated by the brutal husband and father, that stalwart old Methodist took that reprobate by the throat and choked him as a terrier would a rat, he said, "Oh, Lord (punctuating his words with his fists), Oh Lord, make this wretched sinner realize his condition, and if it be Thy will that I am to be the instrument of his regeneration, nerve my arm, Oh Lord, and make him think that hell has broken loose on him!"

Events have loaded us with new responsibilities. But, our vision is widening, the republic is ever growing in character and in influence, and in authority, as well as in responsibility; and you must remember that responsibility, as well as the starry meteor, takes its way to the westward. As Doctor Strong has told us, the star of destiny first rested on Persia, from Persia it was transferred to Greece, from Greece to Italy, from Italy to Britain, from Britain to America, and here we waken up in this nineteenth century to find it shining like a meteor. And here it is to remain, for when you leave the

shores of the Pacific there is no further west; beyond that is the East—beyond that is the Orient. We have a great destiny to fulfill, but I am one who believes that we can fulfill that destiny without departing materially from the principles of the saviors of this republic, and I pray that the doctrines and principles for which they fought, are not to be abandoned; that the flag that you carried, the flag that you love, the flag we all love, is to remain the emblem of liberty and not become the symbol of oppression or greed; that wherever it goes, its silken folds and its resplendent stars shall be the harbinger of better government, freer men, happier days, a sign of promise, not only to the people of other lands, but to the people of our land as well.

For what use, my friends, is a republic if it cannot, in some measure, lift the burdens of the people? Of what use is a government of the people if it is not going to benefit the people. It was the dream of Lincoln that God, in His own good time, should lift the burden of all men. Therefore, wherever we go, and whatever we do let this be our ultimate aim, our loftiest aspiration.

With this thought then, I say, let the old flag float on. Where it goes let prosperity be its handmaiden; where it floats in the sky let the shackles fall. If we are true to the high principles which guide us, the enlarged horizon of our nation's sky will ever serve to make our work broader and more beneficent, and then let us pray that this providence which has brought together the sections of our own land, and banished hatred and discord, will unite finally two hemispheres in an alliance for human brotherhood, and for liberty and law throughout the world.

ADDRESS.

BY GENERAL JOHN B. SANBORN, U. S. VOLS.

(Read February 12, 1900.)

Every thought suggested by the birthday of Abraham Lincoln is elevating and inspiring. We cannot think even of his mother, coming across the Alleghanies, a mere child in the early days of the century, living in the frontier log cabin of Hardin County, Kentucky, and in the wilds of Indiana, and then giving to the world such a power as Abraham Lincoln—a power that in its future was destined to crush the necks of the mighty, to sweep away the serried strength of arms, and to give liberty to an enthralled and enslaved race, a race that had been enslaved for thousands of years—without standing in awe before any child that you may meet in the streets for the reason of the influences and the powers that may be wrapped up in her existence.

Of his father nothing was known more than of any farmer in our agricultural districts, and still his name will, from the services of his son, be linked with those of the greatest orators and statesmen and warriors of all times—with the names of Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon, Charlemagne—and Washington, and the great men of the earth—so that manhood is elevated and womanhood extolled by the very suggestion of their lives.

Now, we cannot think of his infancy in the log cabin, of his childhood in that remote frontier in those early days, of the early life of the young man, showing his public spirit at the earliest age by taking command against one of the strongest and most hostile Indian tribes before he was twenty-one years of age, of his learning the profession of the law and advancing to the high—even the highest—position at the Illinois bar; of his then becoming the great orator on the question of the impossibility of preserving this Union half slave and half free, and securing the strength and support of all the best people of the country, without reaching the highest appreciation of the man, even before he entered upon his great

career as a statesman and as president of the United States.

One of the most marked features of his whole life was his independence of thought and action. He was an anti-slavery man, but at the same time the most ardent supporter of the Constitution of the United States. He came forward in an age which the younger people here present cannot remember, when the most intelligent and wisest and most patriotic people in the eastern states resolved many times that the only exodus of the American slave from his house of bondage was over the ruins of the American Union; resolved again at some of the largest conventions at Boston that the Constitution of the United States was a league with death, and a covenant with hell.

He saw no hope for the emancipation of the slaves, except in the preservation of the constitution. In this respect he differed from many of the most learned and the wisest of the public men of his day, and this was the great secret of his success. His eye was steadfastly fixed on that one proposition—to maintain the constitution. He entered upon the war with no purpose of changing the constitution in the least degree. He brought forward the proposition of compensated emancipation of the slaves; he brought forward the proposition, at last, that if the Union could not be preserved by the masters giving up the slaves, then, if it was necessary to preserve the constitution, he would free the slaves. In this respect he differed from the leading public men of his day, and he was compelled to resist the strongest combinations of the most powerful men in public life in the nation, and stand by himself on all these occasions.

He had no supporter in sustaining Grant in command of the army of the Tennessee after the 20th of July, 1863, in the senate, or in the house, or among the public men of the country. He took upon himself the whole responsibility, the result of which proved to be a success; but even the great supporters of General Grant had, before that time, all formally withdrawn from his support.

So much in regard to the character of the war—not to abolish slavery, not to establish slavery, but to preserve the Constitution of the United States as it had been framed by Washington and as it had come down to his generation, and

amending it, when amended, according to its own terms and provisions.

I was requested to speak tonight upon the origin and purpose of the Loyal Legion. Its origin is in the life and services of Mr. Lincoln, in the war that he was compelled to wage to enforce the laws and to carry into effect his oath that he had taken on the steps of the capitol at the time of his inauguration—to support, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

It is strange at this remote day that every one of the members of the first class of this Commandery was a subordinate officer in the public service of Mr. Lincoln, that we received orders, sometimes direct in his own handwriting, and that orders thus communicated, or received through his subordinates, emanating from his mind and emanating from his powers as president of the United States, were executed to his satisfaction; but such is the fact, and we are all here living thirty-five years after he has passed away. Now, one of the great objects of this order was to preserve the principles, the theories and the policies of that remarkable man; to preserve under all conditions, and to make that the primary objects of our life, so far as government is concerned, to preserve the constitution as it is until it is amended in the manner and form prescribed by itself. Without that, there is no security to this people or to this civilization; and what the result would be of its breaking up, no human mind can foresee or tell.

Our creed is as broad as the universe; it can be accepted by both Jew and Gentile, by every race and by every language, provided they have been fortunate enough to have been in the military service of the United States and in the exercise of sovereign powers, as an officer, during the war of the rebellion. That creed is an unfaltering, an unyielding, and an absolute belief and faith in God; and a man who has not that faith and that belief cannot be a member. We are all familiar with the old expression that "the undevout astronomer is mad"; but an unbelieving man in God can be little above an animal.

We may disbelieve all the religious creeds, but when it comes to the question as to whether there is an omnipotent, an omniscient and overruling and absolute power governing men and nations, there is no room for doubt. There is no room

for any hesitation. We can all doubt our own immortality, but we cannot doubt the existence and power of God. Hence I say our creed is as broad as the universe.

Now, the objects to be accomplished. I have already hinted at these objects. The first and most important is to preserve, as I said, the principle upon which the war was conducted, the principle that the constitution must, under all circumstances, be maintained; to preserve the memories of the war and the traditions of the war; to preserve the respect we have for each other and the attachments formed in the military service we rendered to the United States, to our generation, and to the whole human race by obeying the orders of our illustrious chief, whose birth is this day commemorated.

There is a frivolous, laughable, ridiculous feature connected with our meetings, but what harm can a little mirth do in such staid, old, reliable men as we are? Who can object to our laughing a little still at the old story of the Irish matron who brought her son to the colonel of the regiment, as it was about to embark south, telling him that she wanted to introduce her son Patrick to him, wanted him to know him. She said that she had told the boy that, if the regiment ever got into a battle, to "keep near the colonel" and he would "never be hurted." Or at the story of the picket in front of one of the great armies of the East. He was ordered by his colonel—the field officer of the day—to fire in the event that there was any unusual noise in the night, and he would come immediately. The mules that had made their supper on the wagon box itself, instead of anything it contained, suffering from hunger and lack of water, had broken loose and torn their way through a stumpy field, and braying, caused the picket to fire. When the colonel came up and asked him what the matter was, "Why," said he, "I think the whole confederacy is advancing."

Now, there is no harm in all this thing, and it is not the great aim and purpose of the Loyal Legion, it is simply a part of the mirth and the life which, if we enjoy, we think nobody should find any fault with. But we have a higher ambition, a greater aim still, and that is to relieve and assist, as far as possible, any of these companions and any members of their families that, in the latter portion of life, come to the point where assistance is needed. Our experience as a Commandery

in this respect has been very wonderful. We have not been called upon to furnish any particular aid, I believe, to any individual. We had arranged once or twice to do so, but other relief was found, and I do not think that our treasury to this day, although we have been in existence fifteen years, has ever been called upon for a single dollar for that purpose; but we always hold ourselves ready to make the offer in case of need, which certainly is commendable and laudable in every respect.'

There this cultivation of patriotism that we believe in on all occasions, not a sentimental patriotism, not a patriotism that exists simply in the mind, but an active, practical, sacrificing patriotism that will come to the front and take sides with the government in every important emergency and take an active, energetic, decided part. We may differ on all non-essentials pertaining to government, but when it comes to that which is essential to its preservation, then we must stand, as we always have stood, shoulder to shoulder, and act as one man. This does not include the necessity of believing that there is but one single way to vote on matters not essential to the preservation of the government, but I desire to impress upon this audience the immense advantages derived from associations in society of great numbers of our people monize their ideas. For a community to be stable the great who discuss public questions, and thereby assimilate and harmonize of its members must think alike on questions pertaining to their institutions. The membership of churches, numbering millions, works to this end. In the Loyal Legion, composed now of more than eight thousand members, this condition is worked out to a larger extent than in any other organization not having a larger membership. Men must think and think alike on a great many things, and on most fundamentals, and they never can be brought to think alike until they discuss these questions with each other and their minds assimilate upon what is the true and what is the false in principle, and in theory. That is one of the great objects resulting from such an organization. We meet and we correct history to a great extent, in writing up what we saw and what we did in the war, and what we know of certain events and certain transactions, upon which a correct history can be made.

ADDRESS.

BY DANIEL FISH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, MINNEAPOLIS.

(Read February 12, 1900.)

There are at least two special dangers which beset anyone who tries to speak briefly of Abraham Lincoln. One is that the time may be unprofitably consumed in mere eulogy,—that kind of indiscriminating laudation of which there has been more than enough; the other, that in avoiding that error, one's hurried words may seem to detract from the dignity of a great theme.

Two considerations, however, tend to reassure me. One is contained in a wise hint once dropped by Mr. Lincoln himself. On facing an unknown audience in a strange city he said: "I have found that when one is embarrassed, usually the best way to get through with it is to quit talking or thinking about it, and go at something else." The other comforting reflection is, that I have some right, small though it be, to join with all who, anywhere, seek to honor the hero of this feast. I know that vainglory is condemned,—that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall"—yet, God help me, I am proud, that as a tow-headed boy I was permitted to carry a Union musket, man's size, and with aching shoulders and wobbling knees, *to go along*, when the flag was carried into all the places where Father Abraham desired it to go.

Every suggestion of the hour is of that faraway time when the life of the nation was at stake. We are thinking of him who was constantly in the minds of all who planned, or prayed, or fought for the great peace which was won at last, and which still abides. Such thoughts are especially appropriate to this birthday evening, but every meeting of the Loyal Legion, I fancy, must be a Lincoln memorial. You could not, as your custom is, recall old memories of the battle years without feeling the benignant and approving presence of your old commander in chief. Your "Glimpses of the Nation's Struggle" would be glimpses indeed, if they were not illumined by thoughts of the master-spirit of that struggle; the man who was both commander and companion, the man who was able to direct the forces of patriotism at home as well as the armies afield:

the kindly, patient, wide-visioned chieftain who, as truly as any comrade in the blue, pledged and paid his life that the nation might live. You are the contemporaries and coadjutors of that man, the greatest that the nation founded by Washington has produced; the greatest in personal influence and official power, the greatest in sacrifice and service, immeasurably the greatest in public harm averted and in national benefits achieved.

Of course it is not needful that I should declare these things unto you, but you would send some word, I take it, to the future; to those who in times to come will desire to know this unique leader as he was, and who, mayhap, will form some judgment about you, out of the knowledge which they may gain of him. And so, since the value of the message is relative to the worth of the sender, you will not marvel that I hesitate to speak in your name.

First of all, Lincoln was a man, and not, as he is sometimes thoughtlessly represented, a brother of the Gods. His fame, like that of all popular heroes, has suffered from ill-judged praise. The writers of biography, and especially the orators who declaim eulogies, seem to lose all sense of proportion. A mass of rhetorical rubbish must be cleared away before the subject can be seen as he lived and walked among men. It is related that when Thackeray was preparing to write his great novel, "The Virginians," he sought out an American historian and inquired for facts about the life and character of Washington. The answer was begun in the conventional phrase commonly resorted to in describing the father of his country. "No, no," interrupted Thackeray, "that's not what I want. Was he a fussy old gentleman in a wig? Did he take snuff and spill it down his coat-front?" That was the kind of information that he, the historian of life, desired of the hero of that day.

There are nearly a thousand books and pamphlets about Lincoln, not a dozen of which are worth buying. There is but one, in truth, that sheds a clear light upon the personality of the man—the one written by Herndon, his long-time partner and familiar friend. I unhesitatingly commend this book, for in no other have I found distinctly revealed that touch of nature which proves his kinship with the world. This is a misfortune. Men are bound together very largely by a knowledge of their common weaknesses. It is the great motive of charity; and so when a great life is pictured as faultless, a main cord of human sympathy with that life is severed and its uplifting force impaired. Lincoln was intensely human, but nearly everything about him lent itself to distortion. His obscure birth, his lack of schooling, his plain face and ungainly figure, the

narrow circumstances in which his character was formed, the simple life that he led until lifted to the people's throne, the strange mixture of humor, benevolence, and indomitable will, and finally the tragic death—all have contributed to mystify and mislead. Moreover, his was in truth the most singular nature that was ever unfolded to **common gaze**.

Emerson early observed, that if Lincoln had lived before the era of printing, he would speedily have become mythological, like Aesop or Pilpai. He has become such, despite the multiplicity of books. Probably the dominant impression of him today, for instance, is that he was an immoderate joker. So much has been written of his story-telling propensity, of the pleasure that he found in repeating mere drolleries, of his aptness in enforcing every truth with a pat anecdote, and of his constant resort to that method of his intercourse with men, that one would expect to find in his recorded words a profusion of side-splitting tales. To correct that impression, re-read some of his popular addresses from the stump. There, in the days of his freedom from official care, and in the full maturity of his powers, he came into closest contact with his own people, whose political action he intensely desired to control. In those familiar, unrestrained speeches, surely the best proofs of his style are preserved. They are almost bare of anecdote. Wit there is, in plenty, but no stories; humor, of the most illuminating quality, but all bent to a serious purpose. Once, in chaffing Douglas, the "little giant," for losing his temper and speaking harshly of him (Lincoln), the "big giant," he reminded the crowd that his waspish friend had begun the campaign with honeyed phrases, which, coming from so great a man, were very taking. "I was like the Hoosier," he said, "who reckoned he liked ginger-bread better than any other man—and got less of it." That is about the nearest approach to a "story" in the entire record of that famous contest for the favor of his own people.

In a similar way, exaggerated notions are abroad in respect to his talents. Because he was unquestionably great in some directions, abilities are attributed to him of which he gave no sign. Because he could state a political or a legal problem with incomparable precision and explain it to the simplest understanding, he has been esteemed a master of literary expression. Because he was attracted by certain pathetic or lugubrious verses, shallow critics have pronounced him a poet. Because the things that his work required him to know were thoroughly mastered, men have marveled as though all knowledge were his. The truth is that he was not

well taught in childhood, and was never a student of books. "He read less, and thought more" Herndon says, "than any man of his time." He possessed very little of what is called culture. The imaginative faculty in him was well-nigh dormant. It must have been so, for if an education such as his could develop a boy broadly, we ought to abolish our modern schools and turn all the children into the woods. Still, although his writings contain no allusions to the classics, are barren of beauties drawn from nature or the arts, and afford no proof that he knew the history of any country, but his own,—despite all that, he was the wisest man of the nineteenth century, and he ruled this nation by a right of kingship that was truly Divine.

There are those who assert that Lincoln possessed military genius of the highest order. The bogus president of a counterfeit confederacy, you remember, held similar opinions about himself, but the real president was very modest in matters of war. In sportive moods he used to tell how, in the Blackhawk campaign, he once led his company across a field, and how, having forgotten the words of command by which it could be marched through a gate "endways," he gave the order to break ranks for two minutes and then to form again on the other side of the fence. But that was not such bad generalship. We had colonels, and even brigadiers, who, in such an emergency as that, would have halted the whole column and convened a council of war. He once congratulated Seward that, although they knew but little of soldiership, they did know that "the rear rank comes just back of the front one." Not much, to be sure, but even that little might have saved them from a mistake like that of the general who habitually kept his headquarters "in the saddle," where, as a witty confederate observed, his "hind quarters ought to have rested."

The president's letters to generals in the field show clearly enough that his profound sagacity was not wholly at fault in matters of war, and it is plain that mental powers such as his, if trained to the profession of arms, could not have failed to give him a mastery of its principles; but whether the deliberate, sure-footed processes of his mind were suited to the exigencies of active command may well be doubted. He might have become a Thomas, but could hardly have been a Sherman or a Sheridan, while in the quality of extreme caution he was almost the opposite of Grant. Still, there is the very flavor of Grant's most characteristic trait in that dispatch to Hooker, in which he says: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the plank road between

Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?"

But the highest generalship of the war was displayed, and its most decisive battles were fought not in the South, but in the North. It was a stupendous moral struggle through which the nation freed itself from the taint of death, and in that higher combat Lincoln was in immediate and direct command. The greatest battle of the Civil war was fought in the summer of 1858. The Lincoln and Douglas contest for the Illinois senatorship was the intellectual Gettysburg which marked the high tide of pro-slavery aggression. Its story has all the dramatic interest of a conflict of arms. There was the premonitory stirrings of the belligerent spirit, the sullen gathering of the clouds of wrath, the clarion call to arms, the massing of opposing strength, the patient moulding of incongruous materials into a disciplined army, the cautious maneuvering for position, the rattling skirmish fire, the roar of battle and the rushing charge; and finally the conquest of ground from which all the cohorts of hell could never dislodge us. And from that eminence, to which Lincoln led the heart and conscience of the North in the fifties, went forth the *power* which, under his consummate management, crushed the nation's foes and redeemed it from its shame.

No fact of war history is so fixed in my memory as the fact of Lincoln's peculiar, almost superhuman influence upon public opinion throughout the war period. It was like the supreme confidence in which Sherman's command followed him on the march to the sea, and from Savannah to the end. When that northward plunge was made, the men knew that a winter campaign through the Carolina swamps was pronounced by military authorities to be impossible; but if Sherman had said it was necessary to wade the Atlantic, that army would have rolled up its trousers and started for the beach. Such was the sublime faith of the great North in Lincoln's judgment. As Sherman's men trusted him because he had earned their trust, so Lincoln's word was law because his wisdom had been tested and proven. We knew that his purpose was our purpose, that the nation should not be destroyed. We knew that each throb of his great heart was a new declaration that all men are created equal, and every breath a fresh protest against the enthronement of human bondage on American soil. And so the people waited only for his word, and heard it only to obey.

It is a common belief that Lincoln was especially "raised up" by a wise and benevolent Providence for the work that he did. I

have sought to test that opinion, so far as history enables us to test it, and of this pertinent fact I am profoundly convinced: No other conspicuous man of that time could have done it. Not one of them ever manifested a tithe of his peculiar fitness—of that original, almost eccentric, genius through which he was enabled to hold the nation to its awful four years' task. Each of them sooner or later, displayed some disqualifying trait, some defect of judgment, conscience or will, which inevitably would have wrecked the nation's cause.

Do you recall that from 1861, even to 1864, there was hardly a statesman or a soldier in all Europe who believed it possible to suppress the rebellion by force of arms? That fact explains, and, in a measure, excuses the conduct of England, of which we so bitterly complained. There was no precedent in all history for any such stupendous military achievement. It was not a military achievement—it was vastly more. It was the profound conviction, imposed upon South as well as North by the matchless logic and invincible faith of Abraham Lincoln, that secession must fail, and ought to fail, because it was wrong.

Our confederate friends try to delude themselves into the belief that their cause yielded only to overwhelming physical power. Well, the South knew all about our superiority in numbers and in wealth before she resorted to war; the census had just been taken and its tale was an open book, but the pretence is futile. Never before were eight millions of our race, inhabiting a land so completely defensible as the South, and so passionately united in a war for political independence, overwhelmed, subjugated, in four years, or in forty, by twice or thrice their number. Why did the loss of a few thousand men at Appomatox precipitate that sudden and unanimous surrender from Virginia to Texas? Why that utter collapse of a proud and warlike nation in a night? The answer is, the capitulation of Lee was but the pretext for which the South had been waiting. Her faith was dead. Her armies had crumbled away because the judgment of the people, of which the armies are but the outward symbol, had yielded to overwhelming truth. And the same embodied conscience and faith, the same far-seeing wisdom and unyielding will—the same Abraham Lincoln of immortal fame—inspired the high resolve that triumphed and dissolved the passionate courage which failed.

"Let us have faith that right makes might. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better, greater or equal hope in the world? The Union *must* be preserved; hence all indispensable means must be employed. With charity for all, with malice towards none, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

"Common his mind (it seemed so then),
His thoughts, the thoughts of other men;
Plain were his words, and poor—
But how they will endure!"

No hero, this, of Roman mould:
Nor like our stately sires of old:
Perhaps he was not great—
But he preserved the state!"

ADDRESS.

BY HIRAM F. STEVENS, STATE SENATOR, MINNESOTA.

(Read February 12, 1900.)

It is but fitting that in the state which was the first to establish this holiday, in the capital city where the name of the first volunteer in the great army of freedom was placed upon the roll, in the presence of the last survivor of the war governors, by whose loyal aid and energy that army was recruited and maintained, who was the first to tender troops in defense of the Union, and who, crowned with years and with honors, still goes in and out among us, his eye not dim nor his natural vigor abated, the Minnesota Commandery of the Loyal Legion should celebrate the day which gave to the republic, to freedom and to the world the priceless life and memory of Abraham Lincoln.

The traveler across a continental range sees height after height rising around him in confusing grandeur; but as he passes on down the foothills, one after another loses its contour and is obscured until, finally, when far out upon the plain, he turns at twilight for a last look, one peak alone stands out above the shadowy range, its summit piercing the clouds and radiant in the sunlight which has left the rest behind.

Thus it is in human history. As the years go by, one after another of those who have been conspicuous among their contemporaries, passes, not into oblivion, but into the background of history, while that character is indeed colossal that towers above the horizon of its age.

It may well be said that that land is fortunate which in each century adds the name of one benefactor to the roll of the world's immortals; a name destined to be renowned, not alone in the land that gave it birth, nor in a single sphere of action, but in all lands beneath the sun, and in the universal judgment of mankind. Such has been the fortune of America. Near the close of the eighteenth century she laid to rest the mighty Washington, and now his fame is boundless as the race. The nineteenth century has not been less prolific than

its predecessors in its contribution to the list of celebrated men; but although only a generation has passed away since the curtain fell in tragedy upon Lincoln's life, and we are yet too near the scenes in which he lived to justly estimate its lasting influence, we come upon this closing anniversary of the century, to dedicate his memory to the ages, assured that history will yield him primacy among the illustrious leaders of his time. During this period so much has been written and said about his life and character that little remains to be told. No tongue or pen can add to the luster of his fame, but to his precepts and example, like those of Washington, so abundant in inspiration and guidance, we may well resort in all the vicissitudes and in every crisis of our national life.

It was long supposed that Lincoln's ancestry was as inferior as his birth was humble. Nothing is further from the truth. He was the descendant in the sixth degree of Samuel Lincoln, of Norfolk, England, a member of the Plymouth colony, among whose descendants were three governors, an attorney general, a secretary of state, and a judge of the United States Supreme Court. All his ancestors, except his father, were persons of character, ability and prominence; all but one of them were pioneers, and all of them bore scriptural names. For fifty years before his birth they had lived in three different slave states. Thus he inherited from an ancestry of nearly two hundred years of adventure, patriotism and sagacity, combined with deep religious sentiment, not only natural ability of a high order, but those qualities of mind and heart that enabled him to appreciate the conflicting interests and prejudices which had their respective sources at Jamestown and at Plymouth Rock, and fitted him better than any other man of his time to be the final arbiter of their destiny. His parents, it is true, were without education and of limited means. Ninety-one years ago today, in the rude cabin of these lowly Kentucky pioneers, began the life of him whose memory we meet to honor. His childhood was one of poverty, but it was not the poverty of dependence. His youth was one of hardship that disciplines, but does not degrade. The fire of ambition burned in his bosom from his earliest years, and he made all things—books, men and events—wisely subservient to its ends. If he had little of the training of schools, the world was his university. The books he had were the world's

masterpieces. He learned the stories of the Bible at his mother's knee, and to its lofty precepts he resorted in his latest days. He had Shakespeare, Burns, Blackstone and Aesop's Fables, and these he studied with unceasing zeal. Drinking deep at these exhaustless fountains of knowledge and inspiration, he did not miss the rivulets into which men had drawn out their overflow. Having the keys of the treasure-house of literature he needed not the small coin of its shops.

If he lacked in social culture it was superseded by the rude amenities of frontier intercourse, which sharpened his faculties if it did not refine his manners. Born among the "plain people," as he loved to call them, he understood their traits and feelings. His sympathies were ever with them, and his services always at their command; and, so as he rose in position and influence, he kept their confidence and esteem. Accustomed from his childhood to self-reliance, he became an unerring judge of character. Without ostentatious profession, he was ever reverent of sacred things. "Show me," said he, "a church where the only requirement is to love God and to love man, and I will walk a hundred miles to join it."

To say that he was raised up to meet a great crisis is to state but half the truth. More than all other men combined he induced and developed to its tragic but beneficent end the crisis which had impended since the adoption of the constitution.

During a trip to New Orleans in his early manhood he witnessed the brutality of the slave market, and from that hour became the inveterate foe of slavery. But such was his reverence for the constitution that never, even in the throes of civil war, did he favor its forcible abolition until justified as a military necessity. His highest hope was for its restriction to the original slave states and to gradual extinction there through peaceful measures. He demonstrated the fallacy of secession by declaring that if one or more states had the right to secede, the logical result was that all but one of the states might join in seceding, and thus, in effect, expel a sovereign state from the union against its will—a proposition which its rashest advocate had never had the temerity to advance.

Loving the Union above all else, he felt, as much as any statesman has ever done, the binding obligation of the constitution. Although slavery was abhorrent to every fiber of

his being, he felt bound to recognize the protection which the constitution afforded, until it became a choice between the Union and the constitution. When that moment came, and not till then, was he ready to destroy slavery, in spite of the constitution, that the Union, which was the object of the constitution, might survive. With dispassionate but resistless logic, he pierced the sophistry of a hundred years and sounded the knell of its approaching doom. But such was the virulence of feeling that, while he became an object of violent hatred to the slave interest, this most puissant of champions was scorned and reviled by the abolitionists because, in his conservatism, he respected the constitution.

After his nomination Wendell Phillips referred to him as "this huckster in politics who does not know whether he has any opinions." Lincoln was indeed a politician of the most pronounced type, but he belonged to a class of which the country today needs more, and not less. There are politicians and—politicians. Some are like the mercenary troops in earlier days—at the service of the highest bidder. But there is a large and honorable class who, actuated by deepest principles, loyally, fearlessly and proudly follow the flag of their faith in victory or defeat, whether assigned to duty in the ranks or leading gloriously on the ramparts. Of this class the most prominent example of the century was Abraham Lincoln. First defeated for the legislature of Illinois at the age of twenty-three, he tried again with better results, and was for eight years a member of that body—twice being an unsuccessful candidate for speaker. Four years later he was elected to congress. Then he was an unsuccessful candidate for the commissionership of the general land office. He was twice defeated for the United States senate.

His debate with Douglas proved him to be a consummate master of his art, as well as one of the keenest logicians of his day. The Dred Scott decision, upon which the Southern Democrats based their assumptions, and from which they brooked no dissent, had declared slavery to be inherently right, under the constitution, and therefore entitled to protection in all the territories and the states to be formed out of them. Douglas had already pronounced in favor of "popular sovereignty," or the right of each new state to allow or prohibit slavery. Between these two irreconcilable positions, Lincoln

drove Douglas to a choice. If he declared for slavery he would lose the senatorial election and alienate the support of the Northern Democracy for the presidency. If he adhered to popular sovereignty he was in danger of losing the South. Escape was impossible. He chose the latter alternative and defeated Lincoln for the senate, but two years later the South refused to support him for the presidency, and put another ticket in the field. The party strength was thus divided, and Lincoln was elected by a minority of the popular vote.

But, with all his adroitness, he was no demagogue. He did not hesitate to accept the position of attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad company while he was a candidate for the senate. When addressing an assemblage of workingmen he said: "Labor is prior to capital, but property is the fruit of labor. Let no man, therefore, who is houseless, pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself, thus assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

In the administration of his high office he proved himself a statesman of the first order. From the day when he demonstrated his skill as a diplomat in the revision of Steward's famous dispatch to our minister at the court of St. James, to the last important act of his life, relating to reconstruction, subsequent events have not only justified his policies, but have shown that any material variance during the war would have been fraught with disaster.

As an orator he has contributed to the world's literature some of its choicest gems. The closing lines of his first inaugural, with which he concluded a firm but pathetic protest against secession, were as touching as they were prophetic.

"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Two years and a half later, standing upon Gettysburg's immortal heights, he uttered this classic tribute, which will be forever linked to the story of that historic ground:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that

all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that those dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

The following from his second inaugural, was his last public expression of a great character. Its lofty and benignant strain transcends mere human diction and breathes the spirit of the sublimest utterances of Holy Writ:

“Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may pass speedily away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman’s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be repaid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, ‘the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.’ With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up

the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Entrusted with supreme command of a military establishment, compared with which the armaments of ancient and modern times shrink into insignificance, and covering a field of operations of vast extent, he proved himself master of the situation, and was in fact, as well as name, the commander-in-chief. Sagacious in selecting and loyal in supporting his great commanders, he made possible the illustrious achievements and fadeless renown of Grant and Sherman and Thomas and Sheridan and their compatriots whose place in history is secure. And how he loved the common soldiers. No man ever wielded such power with such tenderness and magnanimity. The Illinois circuit rider who dismounted in the storm to restore the young birds to the nest from which they had been blown, became the soft-hearted president who went from cot to cot through the hospitals, and who subverted military discipline by the frequency of his reprieves. The records of the executive departments teem with his correspondence in behalf of the condemned and with messages of sympathy to the bereaved. The funeral literature of all time contains no tribute more tender and expressive than this, which he sent to a bereaved mother, just after his second election:

"Dear Madam: I have been shown, in the files of the war department, a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

The quaint and humorous drollery which characterized him throughout life, and which, at the outset of his national career,

often provoked the sarcasm of offended dignity, was but the alloy that strengthened his fine nature for the discharge of duties and responsibilities else too heavy to be borne, and though his humor sometimes bordered on coarseness or indelicacy, this was but the dross in a character whose substance was otherwise of purest gold.

While traitors were secretly plotting or openly attempting the destruction of the Union, while the shafts of calumny from foes, and carping criticism from those who should have been friends, were falling thick around him, under the weight of burdens and vexations seemingly too grievous to be borne, he cherished no malice in his heart, his lips gave utterance to no abuse. Believing in the justice of God, and basing his conduct upon principles that antedated the decalogue and will survive the wreck of human laws and constitutions, he wrought in faith and patience to the end, and so he came to be the embodiment of the regenerated brain, heart and conscience of the nation.

And yet you shall search the pages of history in vain for a parallel to the national career of seven swift, eventful years which transformed the unknown Illinois politician into the foremost figure of his century. If we would learn the secret of that social alchemy by which the son of the Kentucky pioneer, reared in the narrow circle of frontier privation, became the ruler whose sagacious leadership in the crisis of the republic withstood the criticism of statesmen and savants, and won the lasting homage of mankind, may we not find its solution in that immortal sentence of his, which was expressed in every act of that earnest, patient, sagacious life: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

The century opened with peans of acclaim to Napoleon, "the man of destiny," beneath whose tread the continent of Europe quaked for twenty years. The century is drawing to its close, and, in the sculptured pomp of his stately tomb upon the Seine, beneath the purple dome of the Hotel des Invalides, amid the marble emblems of his victories and surrounded by his battle flags, the great emperor sleeps in the icy calm of death. The empire which he founded has vanished like the figment of a dream. But the republic of Washington and Lincoln endures. The bond of Union, though strained by civil war,

was yet strong enough to withstand the test, and from ocean to ocean, and from lake to gulf, the arms that once were raised to strike are now outstretched to shield. The race whose triumphal and civilizing march has known no halt from Plymouth Rock to the Philippines, as in the past, so in the present, and in all the days to come, true to the precepts of the founders and saviors of the republic, within the limits of its constitution, will accept the duties and responsibilities imposed by Providence, and without fear or faltering, march on to the fulfillment of its high and continuing destiny.

He who seeks the embodiment of the genius of the Union finds it in the apotheosis of the Great Emancipator. There, under the arching skies he stands, erect, serene, resplendent; beneath his feet the broken shackles of a race redeemed; upon his brow the diadem of liberty with law, while around and behind him rise up, as an eternal guard of honor, the great army of the republic.

In the belief that from the martyr's bier as from the battlefield of right, it is but one step to paradise, may we not, on days like this, draw back the veil that separates from our mortal gaze the phantom squadrons as they pass again in grand review before their "martyr president."

"In solid platoons of steel,
Under heaven's triumphant arch,
The long lines break and wheel,
And the order is "Forward, March!"
The colors ripple o'erhead,
The drums roll up to the sky,
And with martial time and tread
The regiments all pass by—
The ranks of the faithful dead
Meeting their president's eye.
March on, your last brave mile!
Salute him, star and lace!
Form 'round him, rank and file,
And look on the kind, rough face.
But the quaint and homely smile
Has a glory and a grace
It has never known erstwhile,
Never in time or space.

Close 'round him, hearts of pride!
Press near him, side by side!

For he stands there not alone.
For the holy right ye died,
And Christ, the crucified,
Waits to welcome his own."

TYPICAL AMERICANS.

BY CAPT. HENRY A. CASTLE, EX-POSTMASTER, ST. PAUL.

(Read February 12, 1901.)

To develop a high average in man is the noblest work of civilization.

The advancement of a race is only real when it reaches all social strata, pervading the classes and the masses, steadily elevating, energizing, fructifying the entire population.

The capacity of a people to evolve constantly improving types of humanity is the final test of greatness. That nation will win supremacy which has the most highly developed average man and makes of him an aspiring citizen. The average man has not, until recently, been a factor in the world; nowhere today is he so important a factor as in our own proud and happy land. He has ceased to make an obtuse angle of himself before rank and privilege; he has begun to inhale fresh ozone of the brand that stiffens spines; he has learned that the constitution always follows the flag—sooner or later—and he believes in both.

Clasped in the embrace of golden centuries that gave model and masterpiece of art, poetry, philosophy, laws, and eloquence, lie the shining annals of queenly Athens and exultant Rome. But viewed from our long focal distance how provincial, how isolated, how evanescent. The "higher classes" were luxurious, but the common people had fewer comforts than the beasts that perish. Freedom and civilization starved because they thrust no rootlets into the popular intellect. Even the tidings of those glories and achievements scarcely reached beyond the walls of cities which girt the Mediterranean like a constellation.

That progress only is genuine which reaches and illumines mankind in general—the average man. Civilizations of the past rich as they were in specific features, were local; their blessings touched only the smallest circles. Two hundred years elapsed before the common people of Europe knew that America had been discovered. Knowledge lay in a state of arrested incubation. Ages rolled on, while simple inventions slowly broke their way through crusts of ignorance to the hand and home of the toiler.

All this is changed. While kings have shriveled and potentates have shrunken, mankind has expanded. Some things are wrong and rotten still, for civilization, like beauty, is often only paint-deep. But the average man in physical and intellectual vigor, in culture and character has throughout Christendom been wondrously exalted.

Our people enjoy their full allotment of this exaltation. Elsewhere development and aspiration are militant, here they are triumphant—permeated and dominated by a spirit of aggressive, progressive, belligerent, defiant Americanism. This spirit has extended our sphere of influence until it reaches from Ursa Major to the plane of the ecliptic; it has made aurora borealis a familiar domestic product and narrowed the Pacific ocean into an American lake. The average American is the highest type the world now holds or ever has seen. So long as we maintain this pre-eminence we can trust ourselves to lead in the march of history.

A sublime faith in our country and our countrymen has directed the policies of the last three memorable years. It guided and inspired our voiceless comrade, companion, friend, the ideal American statesman, the pride of our commonwealth, a pillar of the nation, of whose wondrous deeds we can now only speak from the depths of a bleeding affection. His every heart-beat throbbed with this courageous confidence. It led his unfaltering steps up the imperial heights of destiny as the shepherds of old were led by the radiance of Bethlehem's beckoning star.

A crowning beneficence of our position, the unerring prophecy of a hopeful future, is the significant fact that from the ranks of our average man, from the mass of our intelligent citizenship, every crisis calls forth leaders equal to the heaviest demand—built up by the moulding hand of free institutions, stalwart and heroic, formed for the supreme emergency. We have discarded the pauper-made pedigrees of Europe. From the homes of the people, from conditions even less favorable than the lot of the average men of their time, have sprung the consummate figures of our nation's annals, our two transcendent typical Americans.

The luminous career of one spanned all the decades of the eighteenth century—the other's splendid deeds have made the nineteenth century memorable, and the day we celebrate sacred to patriotism forever. Each was an august embodiment of the Republic; into every thread of its fabric their lives are woven, on every flutter of its flag their genius shines.

Our colonial and revolutionary eras, with the formative years

of the federal government glisten with illustrious names all more than worthy the deathless fame so grandly won. But it is not on the story of Adams or Hamilton or Jefferson or Pickering or Madison or Jay or Putnam we will dwell to-night. Nor even on that of immortal Washington, of whom our speech can be clothed only in garments of profoundest reverence—unsullied be his renown on the tongues of men and angels until time shall be no more!

Above any or all of these in splendor of intellect, versatility of attainment and achievement, effective public service, was the statesman, diplomat, inventor, philosopher, patriot, printer, the original Yankee, the first typical American, Benjamin Franklin.

Washington, soldier and hero, the wealthiest citizen of the colonies, aristocratic, and justly proud, a Virginian of the third generation, was a modified Englishman; Franklin, cradled in penury, the son of an immigrant, was in every throb and fiber and tissue an unadulterated American.

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Benjamin Franklin was the splendid typical American of the eighteenth century. Had this nation produced none worthy to stand beside him, he alone would have superbly vindicated the type and its potentialities. But the nineteenth century came, bringing new vicissitudes, environments, requirements. The nineteenth century brought its own crisis and it likewise brought a man for the crisis—Abraham Lincoln.

He was the second distinctive, colossal, typical American. Genius is common-sense intensified; a typical American is an average man expanded and crystallized. As to some features of character and career Franklin and Lincoln were strikingly similar, yet the differences were marked and decisive. Each was an apotheosis of the average man. Each was a born child of the people, raised by self culture to a stature unsurpassed among mortals. Each was a man of the people without a trace of demagoguery. Each was framed for his high calling by the imperious mandate of nature and surroundings; both were in every trait and tendency and texture unquestionably American. Their endowments were essentially practical and real, but with finest backgrounds of the ideal and full equipment for exalted trust. That they were recognized and trusted and exalted is a crowning vindication of Republicanism.

Abraham Lincoln was born in the state of Kentucky in 1809, less than twenty years after Franklin died. He was of obscure ancestry, and was cradled amid the rudest rusticities of life on a

raw frontier. The sum total of his attendance at school was less than twelve months. Much of his childhood was spent in a cabin of logs, with no floor or door or window, without stove or furniture or utensil more elaborate than a kettle, a skillet, and a bench.

Lincoln as a youth, untrained in polite society; clad in coarsest, most meagre garments, tow trousers fifteen inches too short, coon-skin cap, bare feet, face browned from exposure and hands calloused with toil, was an unpromising boulder out of which to carve the conventional hero. But strength of body and mind dwelt in him, which among his compeers brought a primacy grateful, perhaps, as his later honors. He was first in all athletic games; he was leader in race and wrestle; more than all he owned half a dozen books, read them with avidity, absorbed them completely and built his mental structure around them. Reading *Æsop's* fables by the light from a fire-place was his recreation, his theater, opera and lecture rolled into one. He grew to be a backwoods prodigy in knowledge as in feats of strength and agility.

Lincoln as a Farmer, a Boatman and a Clerk brought his early manhood into relation with varied elements of useful activity. His faculties were quickened, his horizon was widened, his experiences were multiplied, and practical information was garnered for later years. At New Orleans he saw the cruelties of human slavery and where the atmosphere was filled with the suffocating fumes of its apologists, he registered a holy vow to smite it always and smite it hard.

Lincoln as a Soldier served one short eventless campaign in the Blackhawk war of 1831, stimulating his appreciation of discipline and strengthening, as captain of a company of fellow townsmen, his attributes of leadership.

Lincoln the Legislator helped to frame the codes he was destined so ably to expound, and contributed to the earliest development of resources which have since made his adopted State, imperial Illinois, the third commonwealth of the Union. He did not serve at a period when the railroad magnate feels obliged to own and operate two or more State Legislatures as a feature of his system, but in that day of relatively small things he made a creditable record.

Lincoln the Lawyer was noted for his adherence to highest conceptions of the dignity of his chosen profession. He held it to be the duty of the bar to aid the court in administering justice. Lucid argument, even grace of diction and oratory were his instru-

ments in presenting the law and facts of each case for the better information of judge and jury. His logical power, merciless as the erosion of a glacier, was never consciously used to mislead the one; his gifts of impassioned eloquence were not employed to befog or deceive the other. He never sought to beguile men into the treatment of an incurable disease with an infallible remedy. He rose to merited eminence in regular practice before courts presided over by the ablest jurists. He established a reputation for capacity, probity, and learning, upon which rests no stain of unfaithfulness to clients or treachery to truth.

Lincoln the Patriot nursed in the growth of anti-slavery agitation; aroused by its appeals; tossed in its storms and fired by the lightnings of its rage, became an active champion of the nation's awakening conscience voiced in a swelling clamor for free press, free speech, free soil, free men. A new evangel came to stir men's souls; he was its early apostle; he finally became its prophet, seer and sage, its martyr and its canonized hero. As has been truly said, he combined the faith of Abraham, the leadership of Moses, the courage of Leonidas, the mental vigor of Paul, the integrity of Cromwell and the patriotism of Washington. That patriotism was more than a sentiment—it was an animating, overmastering spiritual possession. From him and his co-laborers it flowed out into the souls of their countrymen until the mighty North was leavened with their spirit and inspired by their zeal.

Lincoln the Leader, was evolved by natural selection. From inconspicuous beginnings he steadily grew to be the acclaimed tribune of the people. By the force of his ability and character he embodied all the conditions around him, until he became an incarnation of their loftiest aims. Rugged and massive he was, surely not fair and smooth to look upon, yet with an imposing personality as the future will idealize him. Rugged, massive and imposing he was, but not inert. There were internal fires to fuse this ruggedness; there was an expansive soul that elevated this massiveness and made it majestic. His leadership was not of the larynx and lungs variety, ever ready to clothe itself in asbestos and umpire the conflagration of a planet; it was neither rant nor malevolence nor incendiarism. It was conservatism personified, steadiness energized, determination sublimated.

Lincoln the Orator displayed intellectual gifts of the highest range. His collected addresses and State papers form a classic which has no superior in our prolific language. They are the clear

flowing utterance of an affluent mind, warmed by the sanctifying impulse of profound conviction. The inimitable words at Gettysburg have given to that hallowed ground increased sanctity as a shrine of pilgrimage for Earth's rejoicing children.

Lincoln the President, the central figure of Time's most awful tragedy, stepped forth with modest manliness, solemnly assumed his burden and bore it royally, yet meekly until he died. Confronted with perils and problems unprecedented, he stood on the shifting quicksands of a disintegrating government, a rustic politician out of the West with no clientage even among his party associates. He was compassed about with perplexities innumerable. His cabinet was strange and discordant, its members distrustful of him and of each other; the treasury was empty and the public credit paralyzed. Foreign nations were openly hostile; domestic traitors infested every executive department, polluted the courts and distracted Congress. He rose to the tremendous responsibility. He was tactful and discreet; always growing; always moving with a self-sufficing self-reliance that is modesty enthroned. He met every emergency as it came and controlled it. He guided diplomacy, finance, and internal policies. Friends abandoned him; political conspirators plotted his overthrow, but he was firm, patient, consistent, neither speaking thoughtlessly nor acting with rashness. In every branch of statesmanship he was easily master of his colleagues and the occasion. He piloted the ark of man's last hope through all menacing breakers until it anchored safely in the haven of deliverance.

Lincoln the Commander, unversed in military lore, speedily disclosed instincts of generalship and genius for command. War environed him with swift, remorseless fury; his communications were cut off and his capital beleaguered; forts and shipyards had been treacherously surrendered; arms had been stolen and vessels scattered; trusted officers of the army and navy forswore their allegiance and deserted to the foe. From the mines and forests navies were created; from the farms and schools and workshops, enormous armies were drawn. Leaders were evolved, campaigns were planned battles were fought and unsurpassed victories won. The soldiers of the Union, under his unrelaxing guidance, captured forts and armies, seaports and citadels and capitals, senates and cabinets and presidents; they conquered States, crushed rebellion and built around the rescued nation an impregnable rampart of freedom.

Lincoln the Emancipator, appeals most vividly to the imaginations of men. Slavery's doom had been rung on the celestial chimes.

It was due to perish because the nineteenth century had come; because the free school, the newspaper and the open Bible had come; because the flying engine and the speaking wire had come; because Wilberforce and Garrison and Harriet Stowe had come; because Seward and Stanton and Sumner had come; because Grant and Sherman and Sheridan had come; because two million boys in blue had come—above all, because the great and terrible day of wrath had come. These myriad influences spoke with Lincoln's voice and struck with his resolute arm. He seemed slow as he led public opinion by marching abreast, but he struck hard. In August, 1862, a zealous war-governor telegraphed: "Hurl the thunderbolt of Emancipation and Illinois will again leap like a flaming giant into the fight." The characteristic reply was flashed back: "Richard, possess thou thy soul in patience stand by and see the salvation of the Lord." One month later the thunderbolt was hurled. Loyal Illinois had meanwhile sent seventy new regiments to the front; a great battle had been gained; the time was ripe and Lincoln was ready.

Lincoln the Devout was the self-confessed instrument of an irresistible, overruling power. His religion was neither that of noisy pretence, ever audible to the naked ear, nor of pure formalism, mere pomp and circumstance, signifying nothing. It was a sober, indwelling faith, a silent, introspective veneration. In his countenance the gloom of nature, the hardship of early struggles, the agony of unuttered sorrows and remorseless pressure of official care, had chiselled their pathetic furrows. But through them gleamed the light of a dimless sincerity. He was supremely honest. Honesty is the best policy when the amount involved is small—but it is the best principle always and everywhere. Lincoln was honest from principle. He was the "honest old Abe" of admiring contemporaries; his was the inarticulate religion of a reverent, contrite soul.

Lincoln the Martyr, walked in the path which duty had marked for his weary, aching steps, until, from under the assassin's hand, his labor done, his honors gained, God called and crowned him. He had a recompense in bringing to his country more perfect liberty and brighter human hopes. Then his blood mingled with that of scores of thousands of nameless youthful victims to form the priceless libation in which the finger of the Almighty baptized mankind to a new birth of freedom immaculate and imperishable.

O Lincoln of Today, illustrious, immortal! How superbly

he looms, as with long arms folded in statuesque dignity, he calmly fronts the scrutiny of the ages. He is the world's unquenchable prophet of hope, lifted already to such eminence that the aggregated effulgence of all the kings and emperors of earth for a thousand years pales in the luster of his rising fame.

And Lincoln of the Better Days to Come! He will stand as the embodiment of his time, his transfigured character, like a shining sphere of crystal, embosoming the heart and kernel of the cause he typified. And with him the disciples of that sacred cause, the heroic living and the sainted dead, admonish us to assume their task and complete their triumphs. Lincoln will sweep and swing through the chronicles of futurity, and into his grandeur will at last be merged all the service and sacrifice that contributed to make his era conspicuous. He wrought mightily, he toiled terribly, but he was grandly and loyally upheld. Long and lustrous is the battle roll of those who smote and stood and held the hope of unborn millions amid the tempests of a thousand flaming fields. From highest to lowest they were soldiers of the flag—one in purpose and one in honor. The legacy of their deeds is the priceless possession of America's successive generations. Let it suffice that all the blood and tears and prayers of the bitter contest are fused in Heaven's alembic into one imperishable splendor, and fixed in the zenith of the Republic's deathless diadem.

If there be any who question the sacredness of Lincoln's cause or the completeness of its triumph, the survivors of that struggle may exultantly leave the decision to time, to God, and to history. Our comrades did not die in vain. All that is best that the twentieth century inherits is the purchase of their blood; the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion are custodians of their stainless memory. An enlightened patriotism in the South will one day grind to tongueless dust the memorials which mistaken zeal is now raising to forgiven error, while the humblest veteran of the Union is hailed as a priest in the temple of freedom, a prince in the kingdom of glory. Shoulder to shoulder, in a later war, our sons marched with the sons of Confederates under the flag we mercifully saved for them, and fought for the land we made worth defending. Side by side their descendants and ours will stand, as they work out the mysteries of the unknowable future, until the purpling borders of their enlarged horizon will be brightened by the smile of Justice as she comes to reign over all the earth, with a bridal circlet on her brow and her feet in the dew of the millennial morning.

Wider visions of demand and opportunity are opening before us which will bring new vicissitudes and emergencies. From their broadening fields of action the predestined leader will be called. The average American of the twentieth century will be the consummate flower of Christian civilization. His control of new and complicated physical forces, yielding a vast increment of facilities for production and distribution, suggest necessary augmentations of his outlook and aggrandizement of his enterprise.

True conservatism is deeply rooted in the eternal verities. But there is a false conservatism, sorely addicted to the dry-rot habit, which believes headache is caused by a fermentation of new ideas in the brain. This conservatism, ultra-refined and over-comfortable, goes into retreat, rout, and preposterous panic when it is proposed to blaze a pathway into unexplored domains, or even to walk bravely in the footsteps of the mighty dead. The twentieth century American will discard the pessimism that legislates for an open season of misery twelve months in the year, demands a plebiscite of Malays and splits hairs over the consent of the governed. He will ignore the preachers and breeders of disaster who rejoice with retroactive glee in multiplications of woe—brambles in the highway, drouth in the field, murrain in the flock, glanders in the stable, rabies in the kennel, famine in the kitchen, pestilence in the chamber, blasphemy in the soul, and hatred in the heart.

There is abundant ground for faith in a permanent and sovereign force running through all the processes of our national growth that will meet the exigencies of coming years. The optimism of Franklin, the sad, stern hopefulness of Lincoln enfolded this faith as a perpetual benediction. That force will go on, age after age, building statelier mansions, far beyond our past vision and present thought. It will fashion for the average American type men and women nobler than the world has ever seen, moulding and blending from all sections a cultivated homogenous race; rich, inventive, productive, materialistic beyond the dream of prophet or hope of sage, yet endowed with conscience, morals and spiritual attributes which are the only pledge against decay.

Into what a vast amphitheater for the exercise of all his powers has the twentieth century been placed by recent world-embracing events—how miraculously the sphere has been broadened wherein it is permissible, nay mandatory that man shall die for man! There are in current tendencies, at home and abroad, ample incentives for the enlargement of every human activity. Since Lincoln died

there have been in all civilized nations manifest irresistible movements toward a concentration of governmental power in the interest of personal liberty. Governments are stronger but the people are more free. Today there are visible movements for a concentration of the resources of capital for the advancement of individual prosperity. Pessimism saw no good in the one tendency and sees only evil in the other, but the destiny-thwarting, though voiced like the letting go of air-brakes, has small success against the inevitable. Oppressions and distress accompany such processes, but if benefit does not finally result, all teachings of history are false and maxims of philosophy delusive.

We can hazard no detailed predictions the kaleidoscope of destiny shifts with strange and awful suddenness. We can not forecast policies even for the day after tomorrow. We can rely on the ingrained, salutary conservatism of our progressive people to prevent too rapid advancement, for all the tendencies of our progress are beneficent, and God over all reigneth forever. We will advance with safety toward the goal of prosperity and happiness for three hundred millions of twentieth century Americans.

Who will be the typical American of the twentieth century? We can not tell. We only know that he will not spring from the emasculated and invertebrate classes, cultured beyond the limitation of their intellect and ashamed of the country where they condescended to be born. And this we steadfastly believe—that the examples of Franklin and Lincoln are not lost, nor has the power of reproducing their like from the ranks of its plain average citizenship, perished in the land they established and regenerated. War, we may hope, is nearly obsolete—it has become largely a matter of mechanical skill and finance, modified by woman's new prerogative to register shrill, effective expostulations against exposure and suffering. But there are perils and problems to be encountered still.

Let us banish distrust and eliminate pessimism—here in the golden heart of the continent must be the nurturing home of Hope; amid the amplitude and prodigality of this fresh national life there is no room for hideous dolor and highly oxygenated phases of despair. The gifted charlatan whose view is bounded by the roofs of his little college town on the country's Eastern waterfront is too much in evidence in that region. He is profoundly convinced that laws can be framed and constitutions interpreted only by a small circle of Latin experts with impaired digestion. He is shelled

in a dwarfing, withering isolation. He is still content to pose as a European lay figure, and has only the faintest conception of the real spirit, functions and resources of the Republic. He will profit by a patient search for the star of empire. Here in the breezy and buoyant new Northwest; on her teeming and boundless prairies; by the banks of her amazing rivers; in the midst of her million-acred harvests—here can the fullest inspiration of our national magnificence be caught and assimilated. This favored region of which Franklin never heard and which Lincoln but dimly discerned, is the nursery of high impulse, tireless activity, and unconquerable trust.

Here is the New England of tomorrow, the Yankee land of the twentieth century. New York may cultivate snobs and interbreed social degenerates to the limit; Boston provincialism may gnaw a file and mumble well-modulated sneers through broken teeth—Minneapolis will be the modern Athens; the ultimate American metropolis will rise and reign resplendent on the shores of Puget sound. Six states of the upper Mississippi valley, lying between the great lakes and the foothills, have all prerequisites of exuberant soil, healthful climate, vigorous physical and intellectual races, to build up the model commonwealths of this free empire and develop the dominating population of the continent. He conquers in peace and war who fights with the north wind at his back. Favorable climatic conditions will here mould a mixture of the globe's premier races into an all-conquering combination of strength, intelligence, and energy.

The New England of the past is stamped on all the elements of our progress. Its six craggy, sterile, noble states have sent their sons and daughters, their laws, their piety, their tracts, prints, codfish and college yells into the remotest corners of the Union and left them there as abiding, welcome institutions. The New England of the future, with broader gauge and larger resource, will continue in unstinted flow the necessary output of masterful, aggressive, average Americans.

Franklin, born in Massachusetts, was the original, characteristic, legitimate Yankee; Lincoln, born near the Ohio river, was reviled and lampooned as the Yankee president. The term carries no stigma now, and the sons of the new Northwest will wear their patent of nobility.

We may confidently leave American of the twentieth century in the hands of her average citizens. When a crisis comes, from their ranks will step out the typical American, with an equipment

we can but darkly imagine, to face responsibilities we can not possibly foresee. Beyond that we seek not to penetrate the veil. Perhaps the onrolling ages will shrivel our annals to a dot on history's page; fresher splendors may throw our epoch into blank, unbroken shadow; Saxon speech may linger only on the tongues of learned and listless aliens—even then the names of Franklin and Lincoln will survive, to make luminous the centuries which gave them birth and preserve the traditions of popular freedom in the majesty of their consecrated character.

We read in the legends of Scotland that when Robert Bruce passed away, his heart was preserved in a golden urn, which was carried as a standard in the van of her marching hosts. When the focus of a battle was reached the standard was advanced and the charging clansmen lifted their thrilling war cry: "Lead on, great heart of Bruce—we come, we come!"

In the gladder, grander days that lie before us, whether the conflict be in war or peace, the conquering battalions of ultimate America will in like manner invoke inspiration of their thronging pantheon of heroes: "Lead on, exalted spirit of Washington and Greene and Putnam; lead on, sacred memory of Grant and Sherman and Stanton and Logan; lead on, priceless example of Lawton and Dewey and Davis and McKinley—Lead on, great brain of Franklin—Lead on, great soul of Lincoln—We come! We come! We come!"

ADDRESS.

BY SAMUEL R. VAN SANT, GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.

(Read February 12, 1901.)

I am proud to be a Minnesotan. In our state Lincoln's birthday is a holiday forever. In every city, village and hamlet his memory is honored and his praises are sung. I hardly know whether to admire most his marvelous success under adverse circumstances, or the value of his services to his country and humanity. Let the youth of the state and nation take courage from his example. No boy or girl so poor as he; yet by close application to his studies and an ever present desire to advance in knowledge, he overcame all obstacles and in the end reached the topmost round in the ladder of fame and became the benefactor of his own, and freed from bondage another, race.

Lincoln, in the estimation of the old soldier, stands without a peer in all history. No one has accomplished more, no one is more loved by those who fought with Grant in the Wilderness, marched with Sherman to the sea or rode through the Valley of the Shenandoah with Sheridan.

Lincoln not only saved the nation, not only freed the slave, but whenever the time comes (and may God speed the day!) when the universal brotherhood of man is established, it will be because Lincoln lived. Our country has ever been rich in great men. During the Revolutionary struggle Washington was the chosen leader, and has well been termed the father of his country. In the dark days of the Rebellion Lincoln came, and surely he was the savior of the nation as, who can deny, the nation's most able defender was our old commander, U. S. Grant. These—Washington, Lincoln, Grant, make a trio of the grandest men that ever lived, and might well be termed "Liberty's Trinity." To my mind Liberty's greatest martyr was Abraham Lincoln.

ADDRESS.

BY J. S. MONTGOMERY, D. D., PASTOR FOWLER METHODIST CHURCH,
MINNEAPOLIS.

(Read February 12, 1901.)

Our country, our harbors, might be filled with ships loaded for foreign ports, and every city teeming and streaming with commercial industry, and yet without the exaltation of our good men, our country would be poor indeed. God's greatest gift to our country is the gift of good men, and the next greatest gift to our country is the gift of a great, good man. Peter the Great was the height of Russian civilization; Plato was the height of the Grecian mind and heart. Brave Garibaldi was the height of Italian civilization, Napoleon was the height of French; Shakespeare, the myriad-minded dramatist, and Gladstone, were the height of English; but when we come to the civilization of the new world, Abraham Lincoln stands at its summit.

For some reason, I know not why or how, this great character, presents unto me an infinitely holy puzzle, even like that puzzle of the Man of Galilee. But next, I believe, to the One who is God's only son there is not a greater of human flesh than our hero, emancipator and liberator. A school of hard knocks—what poverty, what squalor, what want! Yet, somehow, the infinite mind seems to smile upon this boy when it placed a ladder in the mire of poverty somehow, the infinite hand seems to lead that American boy to the top of the ladder to fame and of usefulness.

I recall the memorable moment, that sad, sad hour when Lincoln, on Pidgeon Creek, Indiana, lost the truest friend of mortal man, his mother. Sad hour when that boy, six feet four, clad in homespun jeans came down the little forest trail, out through the opening, and there hewed down a maple tree and cut therefrom four rude boards and put them together. Sad hour when, the next afternoon, the father and the two sons bore the mother to a lonely spot at the foot of a densely wooded hillside. What an hour! What pathos; that handful of mourners; no choir; the world shut out from that scene. Yet God's angels came down upon the invisible spiral stairway, above that holy ladder God's face opened, and a soft, sweet requiem came from heaven and the forest bough.

Can it be from a beginning so poor, so worthy of pity, there will come forth a power so extensive? Ah, that is one of the God-inspired and heaven-born possibilities to men.

Often has the ocean taught me a lesson as I looked upon its face. It has taught me the mystery of the measuring line of man's soul. How it flashes and rushes and tumbles and rolls; how it kisses the shore line of every clime; how it runs up into our largest rivers and far off to our littlest rills; how it piles up icebergs in the Arctic seas, and how it kisses the tropics beneath the Southern sun; how it thrills in its depth, and what a thunder is there when it is stirred. Ah, the measuring line of man's soul! When I think of the great Lincoln—he does not belong to this race, to this clime; the privileges and the prophesies to which he gave new impetus were not born upon this continent, but yonder upon far away Galilee's shore and without the walls of old Jerusalem, they were recorded on Calvary's brow and made crimson by the Redeemer's blood.

Who was it that stayed the steps of Martin Luther; who was it that stirred the angels hiding in the breast of Robert Burns; who struck Milton's lyre? God alone, and I believe that Abraham Lincoln's soul was tuned to the melody of Almighty God.

Lincoln was as true and genuine and simple as nature itself. He despised only one thing, and that was doing wrong and, under Almighty God, he was to become the leader and giant liberator of his race, and the creator of a new civilization.

Abraham Lincoln loved his country. He believed in the independence of the states, but he also believed in the interdependence of all the states, and when in that unholy hour brute treason sprang at the throat of fair Columbia, Lincoln was ready, and as he put his ear to the ground he heard the sweet refrain, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong."

In closing, I think of that decade of 1850 to 1860, and see the causes of that struggle. Yonder in Boston, the cradle of liberty, were federal troops for taking to the Southland the runaway slaves; there was the Dred Scott decision, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the insurrection of John Brown. What a storm was gathering, but on that memorable March day when its fury broke above our nation, great Lincoln was ready, and the country was ready.

What man did we need in that awful hour? We must not have a stripling, not an untrained man, not a radical man, but we must have a man who will lift his hand in benediction upon all sections

of our country; a man whose conscience is the outlet of his reason; a man who would stand square on the constitution of the United States and find there all that is adequate for our needs. That man was found in Abraham Lincoln. Patriotism stimulated him.

ADDRESS.

BY WILLIAM G. WHITE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, ST. PAUL.

(Read February 12, 1901.)

The one distinguishing feature of Lincoln's life which I think is the controlling one marks him not so much as a *typical* man as one who was fitted for a special and particular work, and who is, in that sense, different from the many men who have given America its proud position among the nations of the world. Let me suggest that Abraham Lincoln was an inspired man. He lived and moved under the immediate guidance and direction of the Almighty. I think his wonderful career and his singular character can be explained and accounted for in no other way. Men grow. The great men of the world, its heroes, its statesmen and its martyrs are very largely the result of circumstances which environ them. But now and then in some great crisis of the world's history the great Commander-in-Chief of the universe lays his hand upon some man, and he breathes into him just enough of the divine to lift him a little above his fellows, and he uses him to accomplish the purposes and fulfill the divine mission. Such a man as that was Abraham Lincoln. I have never doubted that he was as truly inspired to do his marvelous work for his country as was any prophet, priest or king to whom history or revelation makes any reference. Just as Abraham of old was led from the land of his fathers to a new and a better land that should be for him and his children forever, so was our Abraham led from that rude, humble home on the frontier to the Nation's home at Washington, that this land which we love might be for us and for our children forever, and that this government of the people, for the people and by the people might never perish from the earth. I think that the reading of history will carry with it the conviction that the great General of all has always his hands upon the affairs of this world and holds the guiding star of its progress, and its hope and its joy forever.

The glittering aphorism so often attributed to Napoleon, which is really much older than he, that God always fights on

the side of the strongest battalion, is as false in fact as it is in principle. I believe He fought on the side of the Greeks at Marathon, and saved civilization from being swallowed up; I believe it was His word that raised the storm that swept the Spanish Armada to destruction and ruin, and saved the world from being dominated by Spanish superstition and ignorance; I believe that he was with those men from Minnesota who stood so nobly with Thomas at Chickamauga while the waves of battle raged round and about them, but never over them, and whose bravery can never be too highly sung, and with those other Minnesota men on that awful day at Gettysburg who held back the full tide of the Rebellion, and whose devotion will be a priceless legacy to their children and to their children's children forever. It may be that for any good cause there comes a Fort Sumter in the beginning, perhaps there may even come a Fredricksburg or Chancellorsville; but Appomattox and Victory are written in the end for every righteous cause as surely as there is a God in heaven.

It was no accident that Abraham Lincoln was raised under those humble surroundings. It was a part of the plan of God. He was intended to do a special work. He was fitted and trained and prepared for it. He was guided and directed in the day of it, and in the full tide he was taken home that there might be neither spot nor stain upon the fullness of its perfection. Men would have chosen a Seward, a Chase, perhaps a Sumner, or a Stanton, but the One whose ways are not our ways thought otherwise. So this is to me a distinct characteristic of Lincoln's life and character, and I believe that his work was not only not done, but that it never could have been done without the immediate direction, intervention and control of the Almighty.

ADDRESS.

BY M. D. GROVER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, ST. PAUL.

(Read February 12, 1902.)

In 1809, on the 12th day of February, over 70,000 babies were born in the world. I have heard of but two of them: One was Abraham Lincoln, and the other was Charles Darwin. The rest of all those thousands lived and died in their own way, leaving no memory behind save the memory inspired by loving friends and acquaintances; and we would not know that they ever lived if we did not now and then go to some old country graveyard and see a name on a stone, discolored by the sunshine and the rain of the seasons, and perhaps under the name a quaint epitaph to draw a tear or excite a smile. Now I remember one such epitaph that brings to mind that Dr. Hayward once lived, and it was this: "Here lie the remains of Dr. Hayward who lived seventy years and never voted, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And this one by Edward Jones: "She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the hopes of a better life." And another: "She was a virtuous woman, and she sang in the choir, but she died with cholera morbus from eating green fruit in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality." And there is one in Connecticut of Solomon Pease:

"Under this sod, 'neath these trees,
Lieth the body of Solomon Pease.
He is not in this grave, it is only his pod;
He shelled out his soul, and it went up to God."

And so but for the epitaphs you and I would not know, and the world would hardly know, one of the 70,000 born on that day.

We know Lincoln because in the performance of his duty he did more than any other living man to preserve this republic. I am not here to deliver a eulogy on Lincoln; his life and character have been pictured in words more beautiful than I can utter, but to talk with you for a little while as to what

the war meant, and what has been the result to you and to me, and to the country, and what he did with the help of the generals and the soldiers and the loyal people of the country.

Lincoln was a very patient man. First, when the rebel representatives went to the courts of France and England, and, without communication with our government and waiting for its representatives the belligerency of the South was recognized, Seward, secretary of state, resented it, and wrote a letter to send to Russell, the British minister, which, had he sent it, would have made war, because it would have led to the recognition by England of the Southern Confederacy. I invite your attention sometime when you look at history to find that letter, and see what Lincoln struck out, and what he put in, and how he moulded it to meet the situation, and how, instead of war, it made peace for the time, and stopped the recognition which was so imminent.

When the old Merrimac hulk was saved, and the Rebels put a powerful steam engine into it, and sheeted it with iron rails, and made it the strongest ship afloat, Mr. Bushnell, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, appreciated the danger to the country and to our commerce; so when that one boat entered the Potomac and McClellan dared not move his transports, Mr. Bushnell drafted a vessel to meet it. He was asked to submit his plan to John Ericcson, the great inventor, and Ericcson said it was not good, but that he had on the shelf a plan of a little monitor, the fighting ship of the earth, if it could only be built and put afloat. Bushnell took it and showed it to Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy. He turned it down. Through the influence of Winslow, who believed in Ericcson, he was introduced to Lincoln with the plan. A tired and weary man got up from bed at night to meet them, and the next day he made an appointment with the Naval Board, where Welles was, and when his bright mind comprehended it he said, "Gentlemen, there is something in it,"—as the Chicago girl said when she put her foot in her shoe.

His act and his influence led to the adoption of the plan and encouraged it—although I ought to say that the Naval Board would not contract to purchase the ship until it was guaranteed to float and to fight; and it was built with money advanced by Bushnell and Winslow and John A. Griswold, and when it was launched it floated, and it sailed around the water to Fortress Monroe and met the Merrimac on the 9th of March,

beat it in the battle, and revolutionized the navies of the world. That act and influence of Lincoln alone, in building that boat, saved the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France, and in the end was one controlling thing that saved the Union.

Later on, after the battle of Chancellorsville, when Lee and his army moved north, Hooker wanted to go to Richmond and strike Fredericksburg again—crossing at Fredericksburg. Lincoln vetoed it. He said, “Lee is coming north and the army will follow him. To divide your army and put part of it across the river is like placing an ox on the top rail of a fence; he can neither go one way nor kick the other.”

Lincoln had a great heart. I remember the story which a gentleman told me years ago like this: The only son of wealthy parents in New York—a wayward boy, enlisted. He grew tired of his enlistment, violated the rules, sought to escape and was arrested. He thought he would bribe the guard by giving them morphine, but the party employed made a mistake and they got strychnine and killed the guard, and the boy was sentenced to be shot. The man who told me the story was a member of Congress from New York, and the father and mother appealed to him to save the son from death. He knew Stanton and he called on him. Stanton turned him out of his office and said, “You come here to appeal to me solely because of our friendly relations, and to induce me to disregard my duties, for the rules and the laws must be enforced.” He went back to New York and reported that he could not succeed,—that there was no hope. But, being urged by the loving father and mother to renewed efforts, and the suggestion being made that the young man was insane, and armed with the affidavit of Dr. Willard and Dr. Gray he went back to Washington. On the night before the execution, which was appointed for the morrow, with Senator Harris and some of his friends he went to the White House, and Lincoln, worn and tired got out of bed and, with uncombed hair, and in bare feet and slippers, came down to meet them. He read the affidavits, and he knew Dr. Willard and he knew Dr. Gray, and he called his secretary and sent a telegram reprieving the boy for the present until an examination could be made. And now, when he signed that order he put out his hand and stopped the march of death; and he told Senator Harris and his friends, “Don’t let Stanton know what I have done, for I need him, and after all, gentlemen,

I have but little influence in this administration." And later on, when Grant came to take command of the army, and Stanton wanted to know his plan, Grant said, "I will give my plans when the commander-in-chief requests it." Still Stanton said, "General, what is your plan?" and Grant says, "It is to get to the rebels; march until I find rebels, and fight and whip them." Stanton said that would not do, they ought to know definitely—that Washington must be protected. Lincoln, with his great hard common-sense said, "Stanton, you and I have been trying to run this thing for several years and we have made a failure of the army of the Potomac, we have got Mr. Grant here, and we will let Grant run it." And they did. Again in the critical and crucial tests the rare good sense and sagacity of Lincoln saved us from ruin and accomplished that, with the aid of the armies in the field, which gives us what we have today.

Now all world's wars have had their decisive battle. Gettysburg was the decisive battle of the Civil War because it it saved the Union and saved free institutions. Why I remember, as I have read of the battle and the history of the battle many times—I remember the occurrence of events, slight in themselves, which saved the battle and won the victory. When we think for a moment that the actual salvation of this country and the winning of the war depended on that battle—that, through secret contracts with Napoleon of France, five ships were being built for the rebels in the ports of Bordeaux and Marseilles, and that Napoleon was in close negotiations with them, and that the Cabinet of England was looking to the recognition of the Confederacy—when we remember the reaction that followed the proclamation of freedom which went into effect on the first day of January, the humiliation of the defeat of the army of the Potomac, we have brought to our minds the crucial test of that hour. Hooker was removed on the 28th of June. Meade succeeded him, knowing nothing of the location of the army. And what saved that battle? Without going into detail it was General Pleasanton sending Buford's cavalry in front of his infantry,—going two miles in front of Gettysburg where the roads from Chambersburg and York come together, and, with his cavalry and their guns, resisting the approach towards Gettysburg for over two hours until the first corps arrived

to defend it—and then only four thousand of the first corps. Then the placing of Sickles' line too far out from the line of the ridge at Gettysburg, the break between his line and Hancock's left; the fact that we didn't possess Round Top. Why, there is no doubt in the mind of men who have studied it, that the charge of the old First Minnesota Regiment, under the direction of Hancock, staying the rebels for fifteen or twenty minutes until he could reform his line, saved the battle of Gettysburg. Hancock charged into the line which enfiladed it for a mile. General Warren went on to Round Top to establish a signal station, saw the rebels approaching it, rushed down the hill, found the division of Syke's corps, the old fifth army corps in reach, and took a brigade and led it on to Round Top and saved it, and saved the battle of Gettysburg. Lee walked before his tent and said, "O God, for one hour of Stonewall Jackson." Read the accounts of the war and of the battle. There is no Union officer connected with it who does not admit, that had Longstreet made the attack at any time prior to two o'clock of that day, the left wing of our army would have been crushed, and we would have lost the battle of Gettysburg.

I remember the Fourth of July of that year. I had a chance to go to Rutland, the county seat, about twenty-five miles from my home, to attend the Fourth of July celebration. I started out the day before and went as far as West Wallingford and I stayed there all night with a friend, Mr. Nicholson and his family, then we went to Rutland. It was a rainy, dark, dreary morning; we knew that the boys were fighting at Gettysburg and the wires were down. We gathered solemnly in the great town hall and ate the little dinner which the ladies of the town provided; Senator Foote was there to make an address, and General Cameron was there to make an address, and Sullivan's band; but there was silence as dead as a funeral. I remember about two o'clock that afternoon when Col. Joyce came in and mounted the table and announced that Pickett had been beaten in his assault, and that we had won the battle of Gettysburg. Men threw up their hats, they took off their coats and vests, they hugged and kissed each other and cried for joy; and I remember, too, that when we went away with the news of that battle, we knew that Grant was before Vicksburg, and it was agreed

that if Grant won Vicksburg, one hundred guns should be fired to tell the news down the valley of Otter Creek. We drove home that night happy over the victory at Gettysburg; and there were Mr. Nicholson and his wife ("Mother Nick" we called her, for she was a mother), blessed woman; and there was her daughter Aggie and Aggie's little boy David, whose father was in Stannard's brigade at Gettysburg. We sat on the front steps and visited quietly and solemnly and fell to wondering whether the baby was an orphan and whether Aggie was a widow. About eleven o'clock that night we heard the first gun boom, and we sat there until we counted a hundred guns and knew that Vicksburg had surrendered. They had a little organ and I could play a tune on it, and we all went into the parlor and I played "Victory," and Mother Nick and Aggie and Nicholson sang it, and kissed the baby, and we went to bed, waiting for the morrow, and for news to know whether Aggie was a widow or not. But she was not a widow.

I remember also how the boys used to go to war. Now there was one boy in the town named Charlie Edgerton, a bright, handsome brave boy, an only son, and he enlisted. And Mary Reed loved him, and he loved Mary; and when he went to take the train after he had been mustered in, he went away with the handshake of his friends and his mates; he went away in the midst of tears; he went away with a father's blessing and a mother's benediction, and the kiss of love—the last he ever received from Mary—on his lips. And then there was Joe Gilbert. Now, to show you the difference between the scenes of those days—Joe went home for a day or two before it was time for him to go, and he had a good suit of clothes, the best he ever had. And when the orderly came around and told him he must report to his company, for they were going to the front, he put on his hat and lit his pipe. His mother said, "Joe, won't you pick me up a basket of chips before you go," but the old man said, "Don't you do it, Joe, let her pick up her own chips, I've always done it." Charlie did not come back, Joe did come back. Charlie died from pneumonia. The good neighbors, from patriotism, and because he deserves it, on Decoration Day put flowers on Joe's grave. Nobody knows where Charlie's grave is; it is on a hill somewhere around Cedar Mountain, and I imagine that

the flowers of spring grow on it, or near his grave, for nature and God take care of it.

After we won the battle of Gettysburg there was an end of any danger from foreign recognition of the Confederacy. Appomattox was in sight. The road to it was by the way of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor,—a road of blood, and with Sherman to the sea; but it came. And now here was the issue, a struggle with us between North and South—not a mere struggle between contending factions for political rule, like France and Germany—not a bit; a struggle to destroy a fundamental principle of our government—equality before the law; a struggle to uphold an aristocracy asserting to itself power which cannot exist in free institutions and is contrary to sound morals; asserting to itself a power that denied men the right to follow God's sunshine around the earth; asserting a power that closed the Mississippi; asserting a power that would have dominated the country, for Abraham Lincoln never said a thing more wise than when he quoted, "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

It is said that Providence elected Lincoln. Politics nominated and elected him, with the help of Horace Greeley. Lincoln was a man of acute political sense and sagacity. In the debate with Douglas in 1858, when the great pivotal question was "Freedom or Slavery"—the South claiming that slaves were property, and that the owner had the right to take them anywhere in the Union; the Republican party claiming that it was the duty of Congress to keep it out of the territories; and Douglas that it was for the people of a territory to decide—Lincoln formulated this question to submit to Douglas. Lincoln's friends said "Don't do it, he will answer you adroitly and he will defeat you." Lincoln said, "He may, but if he does, the interests of our country are at stake, and it will defeat him for the presidency." So he put the question: "May the people of a territory by lawful means, against the wish of any other citizen, before the adoption of a state constitution, exclude slavery from a territory?" Mr. Douglas said, "Whether slaves shall exist in a territory or not is for the territory to determine for itself: it is a creature of law and cannot exist except in places where the law upholds it." That went through the country. That was called the Freeport Heresy. When Lincoln started to make the speech at Freeport Douglas

had made a magnificent address. Lincoln felt the force of it. He took off his coat when it came his turn to speak and he put it in the hands of Judd who was beside him, and said, "Judd, you hold this for a few minutes while I proceed to stone Douglas."

That Freeport speech, that Freeport heresy divided the Democratic party. The South would not have it, the convention split; Breckenridge was nominated by one faction and he carried eleven states, Douglas by the other, and he carried one state, Missouri. Bell and Everett, a couple of old Whigs, nominated by a body of men who thought you could compromise between loyalty and treason and between right and wrong, had three states. Lincoln had 1,800,000 votes; Douglas had 1,300,000, and that 1,300,000 that went for Douglas shouldered muskets to fight by the side of the Republicans for the Union; but if the South had not been divided, if Abraham Lincoln had not put that question as he did, and Douglas had not answered it as he did, Abraham Lincoln never would have been president of the United States. These things are interesting to know and to think about in these gatherings.

Now what did it do,—what was the result? Why, when Lee surrendered at Appomattox the flag of our country was hidden from the sunshine a part of every twenty-four hours. Now when the sun's rays leave it in the harbor of Portland they greet it in the harbor of Manila Bay. When the war broke out there were three parties in the South, the slave-owner, the slave, and the poor white man whose condition was worse than the slave's. They could not work because they could get nothing to do; if they were to raise a bit of cotton it was found full of cottonseed, for they had no cotton-gins, and that was presumptive proof of larceny. Well, it is not so today. Time has worked slowly, but the great work has gone on, and if you will go down through the South today you will see how, under the rule of a free government and the operation of the constitution and the laws the little streams are being chained to wheels of manufacturing skill and industry, how furnace fires are kindling; all along on the railroad stations are little cotton-gins where the poor man takes his cotton, has the seed taken out of it, has it baled and gets his money for it. How much better the girls are dressed; how much happier the homes are; how the

schools are growing up! Go down there and you will get some conception of what the war meant, of what Lincoln did, and of what Gettysburg saved.

But it is not alone in the South that our country and its marvelous growth suggest to us consideration and the memory of those days. Why, tonight, American-made locomotives are whistling by the pyramids of Egypt. Today American locomotives are run on the railways of India and carrying people rushing by the sacred waters of the Ganges. Three years ago there were but three American locomotives in the whole British Islands; today there are locomotives of American make on every good road. Everywhere throughout Europe he who wants to buy the best tools looks to see if there is the stamp, "Made in America." Why, they even make British plum puddings in Delaware. Bread is made in Palestine from flour made in Minneapolis, and the gardens of Palestine are today watered with waters pumped from the Jordan by American pumps. Our sewing machines are everywhere, and our typewriters are used in every language. We are not only the supreme cotton producers in the world, but are getting to be the great cotton manufacturers of the world. In 1870, five years after the close of the war, we only made one-seventh of the textile fabrics of Great Britain, one-fifth of France, one-half of Germany. Today we make as much as Great Britain alone, and as much as France and Germany together—one-third the manufactured products of the world. Away off in the land of the remote people of Corea, within the last month, there was a celebration upon the building of an electric tramway by a contractor from San Francisco with materials made in America, to be operated by American motoneers. Down on a little river in Connecticut there are great ships being built, the largest of the earth, which, before you meet again, will sail around the cape and be upon the Pacific, and carrying American products to the Orient, and bringing Oriental products back. What the war meant was saving the Union; what saving the Union meant was establishing free institutions where all men could stand equal before the law, and where men of genius and of power and of great commercial sense and activity could do what has been done in building railways and public institutions and the great industrial activities of the age.

And now that the war is over and slavery is gone, and the Union is saved, we can look back and see how helpful even the humblest private soldier was, but the grandest figure of that time, the one prominent figure, the one who is recognized and will be for all time as the indispensable figure, was the one man of the 70,000 born in 1809 on the twelfth day of February, whom we call Abraham Lincoln.

ADDRESS.

BY CAPT. EDWIN E. WOODMAN, U. S. VOLS.

(Read February 12, 1902.)

Great characters appeal to us variously, because we ourselves differ. I think we may agree that some of them appeal to us chiefly through the intellect, like Newton, and Bacon; others through the imagination, like King Arthur, and Richard of the Lion Heart; and yet others through the feelings, as Lady Jane Gray and Marie Antoinette; and a few, combining in degree these several elements of spiritual power over us, compel our love as well as our admiration. For me Lincoln stands in this last choice company.

If we consider his abilities and life work, he was a man of extraordinary powers, unselfishly devoted to the noblest ends. Without scholastic education, self-taught in youth out of half a dozen books—the Bible, Shakespeare, Aesop, Bunyan, a grammar, an arithmetic—with these he put a cutting edge and an incisive point on an intellect of the finest natural quality and temper—a mind which he himself compared to steel, in that it was very hard to scratch anything on it, and almost impossible to rub that thing out again. I think the word that most fitly comprehends his abilities is the word “genuis,” used in its original sense as signifying the divine element in his individuality; for if we take into account this lack of early training, we are at a loss, except upon the theory of very unusual natural endowments, to explain how he could exert so great skill in so many aptitudes which singly are sufficient to raise less gifted men to distinction. Yet we do not speak of his versatility, for he exercised his powers so strongly in every direction that the word would be trivial if applied to him. To speak of Lincoln as statesman, is to suggest one of the great men that were in him.

His refined taste, which led to the production of oratory and literature of permanent value, was not formed on these few great models that he knew, but rather was innate, a natural gift and grace of mind, more strikingly manifested in his

first political composition, written at the age of twenty-three, than in the Gettysburg address, even though the latter has deservedly been put into bronze and marble, and lives in many hearts; because few men of twenty-three can match the purity and precision of that first effort, even if they have the wisdom to say anything important on public questions. Indeed, he is a striking exemplar of the truth that the first need of the speaker or the writer is something to say, that substance must precede form and will fitly clothe itself. For he never spoke without meaning or significance, and his mind was so filled with serious objects and benevolent purposes, thoroughly considered, that his thoughts flowed in words limpid as the waters of a crystal spring. We have had few orators who could put their feelings into words and make them felt again by others, as Lincoln could, and this is the highest achievement in oratory.

He had, too, in very large measure, the sense of humor which is so distinctively an American trait and mark of sanity. A witticism is an instantaneous judgment; comprehension of an incongruity is a somewhat slower, but still a rapid conclusion of reasoning. Lincoln was strong in both, and happy, as we know, in parrying the thrust of a specious opponent, or turning aside the unreasonable request of a visiting delegation by an anecdote of something that occurred among the farmers of Illinois. The latest authenticated instance of this that has come to me, tells of a deputation of gentlemen who called with a request that a proclamation of emancipation should be immediately issued. He explained to them that the time was not ripe to make it effective, that if he were to do it then it must necessarily have largely the character of the celebrated Bull against the Comet. Then continuing he said, "Now, by way of illustration, how many legs will a sheep have if you call the tail a leg?" and of course they all said five. "No," he said, "you are mistaken, calling the tail a leg will not make it so." Then the deputation withdrew in good humor, discomfited it is true, but still convinced that to write on a sheet of paper "All slaves are henceforth forever free," and calling that emancipation, would not of itself free a single slave. I like to think of his story telling, that it was his teaching by parables, for which he had the most illustrious authority.

We love him for the gentle spirit with which he met such

trials; for the kindness of heart which he displayed in his domestic and social relations, and in all those public functions in which he came in touch with the people, of which there are a thousand incidents; for "knowing what a gentleman is like inside," as he once expressed it, and for having such a soul himself; for the simplicity of his manners, so that while he sat on a level with kings, his life was still visibly rooted in the loam of the prairie, like our own. These human graces show the natural man to be of the same clay with friends and neighbors whom we love for the same qualities, and thus they bring him within the embrace of our affections. These humble traits endear him. They are like that tender touch in the description of the Master, that so brings home to our hearts his humanity and brotherhood, where it is said that "in all things he was tempted like as we are."

But there is another side,—the noblest aspect of this great man, in which shines his distinguishing trait of righteousness. It is this which gives him rank among the heroes of the ages. It was he who first saw and proclaimed and denounced the conspiracy to make slavery national. Throughout his career in national politics he subjected every adversary and every measure to the test of righteousness. For the finest example of this kind of heroism we must indeed turn to religious history. In the old literature of the Hebrews the prophets are represented as speaking by authority of Jehovah. Isaiah said to Israel: "You hew down a cedar, and out of part of it you make a fire and warm yourselves, with another part you roast your meat, and out of the rest you make a God, a graven image, and fall down and worship it. They that make a graven image are all of them vanity, saveth the Lord." And the Lord did say it, speaking through the most available instrument, the most Godlike man of the time and place. So Lincoln, like exaltation in effect cried aloud again and again, "No man has the moral right to be indifferent as to whether slavery is voted up or voted down; slavery is wrong"; and he too might have added, "Thus sayeth the Lord," for he was the Lord's annointed to lead us from our sin. Again he displayed the same prophetic power and spirit in the stirring use he made of his paraphrase of the text, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," namely: "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." No one else ever stated the radical nature of the controversy so terse-

ly and so clearly. By frequent reiteration of it, and exposition of the historical grounds of it, he convinced the people of the entire country, the South as well as the North, that this end of compromises and expediences had come; that future efforts to deal with slavery as, at the same time, both right and wrong in the same country, were futile. I believe that this utterance precipitated the war, though that was furthest from his intention; that it was truly a prophetic utterance, in the biblical sense; that it emanated from "a Power not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."

And perhaps the most striking trait in the character of Lincoln was his profound sense of dependence on this Power. His speeches and state papers abound in passages which show that his unwavering belief in the successful outcome of the war struggle was based on his faith that God, and not man, was guiding it. He held his office reverently, as servant of the Most High; as agent to do the will of God, as he might be able to apprehend it; to do the right as God gave him to see the right. From the first he conceived that the issue of the struggle depended on the Divine interposition and favor; he never doubted that a just God would bring it to a rightful end.

His whole attitude towards the momentous crisis was Hebraic and prophetic. In a short speech at Trenton, when on his way to Washington to take office, after telling of the deep impression made on his youthful mind by an account of the battle of Trenton, and how he was thus early convinced that those old heroes fought for something of great value, he said: "I shall be most happy, indeed, if I shall be a humble instrument in the hand of the Almighty, and of this His almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of the Revolutionary struggle." And because he died in the hour that the Union was saved, we feel that his aspiration involved that crucifixion, that pathetic sacrifice.

And so from these thoughts, and other like thoughts, the conviction has come to me, that never, since the Carpenter's Son taught charity and the simply sweet religion of love along the waters of Galilee, has any man been so signalized; so clearly set apart, commissioned, empowered and inspired to carry forward the beneficent designs of the Almighty, as was true of Abraham Lincoln.

ADDRESS.

BY CYRUS NORTHROP, PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

(Read February 12, 1903.)

Theodore Roosevelt was born amid comparative affluence, and he had the grandest opportunities for gaining the highest education, and fitting himself for the discharge of the most responsible duties in public life and it is to his enduring credit that he so improved these great opportunities as to make himself the warrior, the scholar, the writer and the statesman that he is.

But Abraham Lincoln was born in a Kentucky cabin, of the poorest kind of Virginia ancestors. He had no opportunities for an education—a poor white—motherless at the age of nine, with nobody on earth to care for him or help him, except a totally illiterate father. And he, from such a beginning, rose to be the choice of the American people for president in the very crisis of the nation's life.

Why linger over the events of his life? You know how his days were passed from the time that he stood by his mother's grave until he emerged into a certain degree of publicity. You know the occupations that he was engaged in—none of them of any special importance or dignity; rail-splitting, storekeeping, boating, surveying—anything that would give him support. The only inspiration to his life in all these years was the whispering of that ever to be revered stepmother, calling upon him to study and to read as he could, and the words that she whispered into the forlorn boy's heart brought fruit, and the uncultivated boy rose gradually in intellect. After a while he is elected a member of the Illinois legislature, though that does not convey any idea of the ability of the man at that time. A little later he is elected a member of congress. He served one term, from '47 to '49, and, as the record shows, he gained no distinction. Why should he? There was nothing for Abraham Lincoln to gain distinction about in '47 and '49. But he voted as his conscience dictated; he voted for the Wilmont Proviso excluding slavery from the territories. He voted for receiving anti-slavery petitions into an American congress with the entire South sitting there and protesting against it.

He voted for the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and he stood resolute and firm against the Mexican War. In all these things he was in advance of his constituents; and as a matter of course he was not re-elected. He retired from congress; he lost his interest in politics, if he ever had any special interest, and for a considerable time devoted himself exclusively to the practice of law, having, after a somewhat dilatory study of that branch of learning been admitted to the bar when he was twenty-nine years of age, and in a few years he gained the position of leading member of the bar of Springfield, the capital of Illinois.

It was the time of compromises; when the men that represented the country in the city of Washington in congress were trying to patch up agreements by which it might be possible for the country to live safely, one-half slave and one-half free. Clay was using all his marvelous eloquence and his wonderful powers of persuasion in favor of his Omnibus bill by which the slavery question might be settled forever. John C. Calhoun, that man with an iron grasp of logic, was using all his logic in favor of the idea of a confederacy of which the states were almost independent parts, instead of a nation to which the states were subordinate, and Daniel Webster, that majestic intellect of New England, was making Seventh-of-March speeches, thus losing the support of the North and not gaining the support of the South, while he fondly hoped still in his old age that he should become president of the United States. Whigs and Democrats throughout the country were vying with each other to see which could be most abjectly subservient to the slave power. When the Omnibus bill was passed, it really seemed as if the slavery question were settled forever—as if, by common consent, no occasion for disagreement would be permitted to arise.

But how things change in this world in a short time! How the actors that stand so conspicuously before an admiring world disappear! Calhoun, Clay, Webster—the three great giants of the senate, one after another, in the order named, died between the spring of 1850 and the autumn of 1852, and all the measures that they had provided for the maintenance of peace in the country endured but two years, when again the heavens were red and the earth on fire with a most tremendous explosion of slavery, the slavery of Vesuvius. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, urged thereto by Archibald Dixon, of Kentucky, introduced into congress that memorable and detestable bill—the Kansas and Nebraska

bill—which, having been passed by congress, and having been approved by President Pierce, removed every barrier in the territories between freedom and slavery, and made it possible for a slave-holder to go with his slaves wherever he pleased and hold them, and at the same time made it possible for immigrants organized for the purpose from any state, to go into a new territory and fix forever the character of that territory when it should become a state. There was, following that measure, such an uprising in the North as the half century before had never known—an uprising that was hardly surpassed by that which took place seven years later when Fort Sumter was fired upon. Politics had been meaning nothing but a decision as to which party should dispose of the spoils. Here was lifted up before the American people and made a part of their future life a question which touched the moral and religious sentiment of the North as nothing had ever touched it; and men who had cared nothing for politics while the only chance of success lay in subserviency to the South, men who had not been willing to co-operate with the abolitionists because they were regardless alike of the constitution and laws in their violence of speech, men who now saw the danger that threatened the country came forth from their retirement and from the occupations that had busied their lives and joined hands one with another in a determination that the evil that sooted the great name of this republic had gone far enough, and, God helping them, it should go no further; and among the brave spirits whom the great crisis called forth and once more placed in publicity as a political leader, was Abraham Lincoln.

He had cared nothing about politics while politics meant nothing but a disposition of the spoils. He had never forgotten that early visit to New Orleans and the sight there witnessed of men, women, and children sold and separated, and without regard to affections, interests of relationship, just as if they were cattle, and with as little regard for them as if they had been cattle. The scene that he had there witnessed, and which had stirred in his heart a determination to put down that institution if ever the opportunity came, was what made the new Abraham Lincoln that came to the front in Illinois as a leader in the senatorial fight with Douglas a very different man from the Lincoln who went to congress in '47.

If there were no sorrow in the world there would be no need of sympathy; if there were no poisons we should not need any antidotes; if there were no wrongs and oppressions, heroic self-sacri-

fice would never be called for, and if there had been no slavery issue, Abraham Lincoln would have remained in his office in Illinois to the end. It was the great crisis calling for a great man, and the great man came, and he met the crisis as it deserved and completely fulfilled his duty in that respect.

There was a marked difference between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas in the essentials of their characters. Douglas did not care whether slavery was voted up or voted down. Lincoln did care. He wanted slavery voted down. He stood for right, for justice, for humanity. He was as skillful in debate as the "Little Giant;" he was stronger than he in pure logic, he was greater in moral elevation. His speeches were a revelation to the country. He forced Douglas into a position which undoubtedly gained for Douglas the senatorship, but later on lost him the presidency; and when the contest for the senatorship was over, Abraham Lincoln went East, where he had never been before, and where he was known only by the records of his debates with Douglas. He went to New York and made in Cooper Institute a speech on the position of the fathers in relation to slavery that is as complete a demonstration as any theorem or problem in calculus. He went to New Haven and spoke there, and in other cities in Connecticut, and it was there that I first saw Abraham Lincoln and heard him. I had heard Tom Corwin only a little time before, and had been disappointed; he lacked earnestness—moral earnestness. I had heard Wendell Phillips time and again, and had been delighted, but, though a prince of eloquence, he lacked entirely a practical plan for doing anything. I had heard Beecher in all his enthusiasm and power of the spiritual and half militant; and here was this man from the West, without any of the advantages that these men had all had, without any of the advantages that these men had all had, without any of the personal graces that belonged to some of them; tall, lank, homely, and yet this man had the power, in the plainest, most forceful and most simple language to make you understand just what he understood, to make you feel exactly as he felt, to enlighten your understanding so that you accepted every position of his; to take captive your very soul and hold it to the end, and that, too, without a single artifice or understanding of anything known to the rhetoricians. Plain, clear, forceful; the great cause for which he spoke qualified him as he glorified it. He made a political contest grand by imparting to it a moral quality. It was no longer a struggle for votes, it was a battle for righteousness. In no other kind of a

contest could Abraham Lincoln have come to the front, and in no other could he have won the fadeless crown of glory which he now wears and will wear through all the coming centuries.

Elected president, he never forgot that he was a Southern man by birth, and his heart ached all through the great struggle for the sufferings of the Southern people. Yet he never faltered in pressing forward in the contest, and never for a moment lost sight of the great end to be secured; first union, then union and universal freedom. He had no malice in his heart. His first inaugural address would have won to him any people not already in the grasp of the frenzy of revolution. It came too late; the die was cast. The long series of agitating questions which had distracted the country for seventy years were now to be settled on the battlefield, the only place where they could be finally settled. Into the great struggle the South entered with a cheery spirit, and with undoubting expectation of victory; into the same struggle the North entered with a blind determination to win, and with a slightly augmented expectation of the magnitude of the struggle. The participants on both sides of the contest have proved that a heroic victory under such circumstances was hard to attain, and defeat could not be disgraceful. The leaders in the contest on both sides came into view like stars in the heavens, and many of them faded out of sight; but the real planets, with their glory shining, remained in the sky to the end and are there still; Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Lee, Jackson and Johnston,—these at least are still shining; and now as the peaceful influence of time is felt they are planting together their rays of glory on the country which they all loved, and for which they would all have gladly fought against a foreign foe. And during it all, the long four years of death and sorrow, Lincoln waited for the hour of victory only that he might be merciful. Bitterly opposed by his enemies, sometimes betrayed by his friends, often annoyed by the impatience of the over-zealous, he experienced a large measure of ingratitude in return for generosity, while he was bearing on his own great heart the sorrows of his country, of friends and of foes alike. He came out of the crucible of affliction purified like fine gold; and when at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg, after a great oration by Edward Everett, the prince of orators, Lincoln spoke for five minutes, he in that short time effaced from men's memory all the rounded periods of Everett's scholarly eloquence as, with the plainness of one of the common people, with the pathos of a great heart suf-

fering almost to breaking, and with the inspiration of a Hebrew seer, he spoke those memorable sentences of consecration and hope that will live in the world's highest eloquence so long as the English language shall be spoken.

The years went on, the rebellion broke down at last—was crushed, in fact; Lee and Johnston surrendered, the Union was safe, freedom had been assured, joy filled the hearts of the victors, the cup of blessing was filled to overflowing—was just ready for the nation's lips when, on the evening of Good Friday, the day on which our Savior was crucified, the bullet of an assassin sped on its fatal way, and before the sun of another day was well on its course in the heavens the spirit of Abraham Lincoln had gone back to the God who gave it, and there was left to a sorrow-stricken people only his lifeless body over which to mourn: and the nation literally "lifted up its voice and wept."

In the home of a distinguished citizen of Minneapolis there hangs a large picture, the portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Many of you doubtless have seen it. It is an admirable likeness. I wish I could describe it to you as an artist might, but I cannot. The face, though serious, has none of the wan and sad look that came to it in later days; it is pleasant and genial. But the one thing to which face and figure alike bear witness is strength—not intellectual nor physical strength mainly, but moral strength, backed by both of these. There is nothing to indicate that the subject is not a gentleman, but nobody would ever think of labeling it "The Portrait of a Gentleman," but anybody might label it "The Portrait of a Man." Great strength of character is here joined with intellectual power and sweetness of spirit; and such was Abraham Lincoln—strong, rugged, forceful, true, yet gentle, tender, and of almost infinite charity.

Winston Churchill, in his notable book, "The Crisis," has described a scene in the White House in the closing days of the Civil War which gives us a clear view of Mr. Lincoln as he was when the great drama of the country and of his life was drawing to a close. A confederate young lady, of great beauty and brilliancy, but of pronounced Southern feeling, has been pleading for the life of her cousin, a Confederate officer, who had been captured under circumstances which almost convicted him of being a spy. At the president's suggestion that it was a pity that the officer should have taken off his uniform and entered Sherman's lines as a civilian—as a spy—the young lady exclaimed "Then he will be shot! You

are not content with what you have gained—you are not content with depriving us of our rights and of our fortunes, while forcing us back to an allegiance we despise; you are not content with putting innocent men in prisons, but now I suppose you will shoot us all, and all this mercy that I have heard about means nothing, nothing!”

“Miss Carvel,” said the president, “I am afraid, from what I have heard just now, that it means nothing.” Oh! the sadness of that voice, the ineffable sadness; the sadness and the woe of a great nation and the sorrow in those eyes, the sorrow of a heavy cross borne meekly, how heavy none will ever know; the pain and the crown of thorns worn for a world that did not understand; and when at last the president grants the pardon, as he had from the first intended to do, he said slowly—and the words remind me of his Gettysburg speech—“I am sparing his life because the time for which we have been waiting and longing for four years is now at hand, a time to be merciful. Let us thank God for it.” No wonder the daughter of the South was affected. She crossed the room, her head lifted, her heart lifted, to where this man of sorrows stood smiling down on her. “Mr. Lincoln,” she faltered, “I did not know you when I came here. O how I wish that every man, woman and child in the South might come here and see you as I have seen you today. I think, I think, that some of their bitterness might be taken away.” Perhaps it might have been if they could have seen him as he was. God only knows. But it was not to be. Like Moses, the liberator of the Hebrews, who was permitted to see the promised land, but not to enter it, Abraham Lincoln, the liberator of the enslaved negroes, was permitted to catch a glimpse of the country redeemed but was not permitted to share in either the triumphs or the struggles of the new nation. It is as if, like our blessed Savior, the redemption which he wrought could be completed only by his death.

God grant that neither sacrifice may have been made in vain. God grant that this nation may firmly tread the path of honor and justice for which the work and sufferings of the martyred dead have so grandly prepared the way, and that the coming men, the young men of America, may “highly resolve” that Lincoln shall not have died in vain, but that the nation shall under God yet have a new birth of honor, and “that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

ADDRESS.

BY SAMUEL C. EDSALL, EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

(Read February 12, 1903.)

When a great man dies, high in official station, it is natural and usual that the community in which he lives should attach an exaggerated importance to his life and service, and claim for him a larger place in history than subsequent historians, writing calmly and coolly, will award and especially will this be true if the great one has fallen by the hand of an assassin and about him there shines the halo of a martyrdom. It is therefore doubly remarkable that Abraham Lincoln has proved such a signal exception to this rule; for, instead of growing less as he sinks into the perspective of history, it seems as if he would loom larger and larger upon our horizon as the years go by; and when history comes to be written carefully, and the men and the events of his period are brought out into their true relation, the well-nigh infinite patience of Lincoln—the long-suffering and sorely-tried Lincoln—and his marvelous insight into what was practicable and portentous at any moment, and his far-sighted wisdom in working gradually in the accomplishment of his great purposes are revealed before us in a measure which is almost superhuman—superhuman at least in this sense, that they are beyond previous human experience.

But though we may hear an eloquent eulogy of Lincoln,—hear it spoken or read it on the printed page, the noblest eulogy of Abraham Lincoln was that which was rendered—not in speech or written word, but in the act, in the deed, in the life of his martyred successor, William McKinley. For, when placed by Providence in circumstances similar and only less trying, he rendered from his heart that loving, loyal imitation of the great man who had gone before which has made us of this day realize, as perhaps we never could have realized otherwise, the immortal character of Lincoln's greatness, and the permanent nature of the legacy in lessons of statesmanship which he left for the guidance of his country, and for the enlightenment of history.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE FLAG.

BY HENRY D. ESTERBROOK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NEW YORK CITY.

(Read February 13, 1906.)

February is an American holy month, for in it were born Washington and Lincoln—two names so blended in popular affection that to mention one is to recall the other. Washington, the patrician, whose mind and heart, like the cups of a chemist's balance, seemed to weigh each other, to whom religion was a rule of action, a divine command; Lincoln, the plebian, whose mind and heart had been fused in the crucible of love, with whom religion was a passionate intuition. I have chosen to speak of Lincoln—to relate the manner of his death, and the vengeance of the flag.

Was it, my friends, an inspiration or caprice when, on the very threshold of that most sober, somber, sullen story of colonial life, "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne suddenly stoops, and plucking a rose which grew beside the prison door, presents it to his reader? It was a graceful act, a propitiatory act, and withal an act of deep significance. Somehow the perfume of the flower pervades the entire story, so when at last you close the book, with the mist still in your eyes, and fain would murmur, "A sad, cruel, useless sacrifice," lo! the fragrance of the rose, like an exhalation from an unseen altar, breathes through your spirit and you sigh instead, "Perhaps, after all 'twas best; yea, perhaps 'twas necessary."

With something of the motive I have attributed to Hawthorne I wish to relate an incident which befell me in the city of Chicago, as a prelude to my recital of the darkest page in American history. It was in Lincoln Park. The statue of liberty's great martyr had recently been unveiled, and I had come to study it. To my mind, unskilled in the niceties of criticism, the work seemed perfect. The dear, homely, lovely face with its wilderness of wrinkles, those hieroglyphics of character; the tall, angular, awkward figure to which the garments clung hopeless of adaptation—*ecce homo!* Behold our kingly rail-splitter, himself a sort of human rail cleft from a genealogical tree as yet uncatalogued, sound to the core, with the bark still on, and all the splinters left as God had left them. It was Abraham Lincoln as I had dreamed of him in boyhood, as I had

read of him in history; simple, majestic, actual, as if his immortal spirit had clothed itself in a vestment of immortal bronze. There, in the restful quiet of a park already dedicated to his memory—a nodal point among the mighty vibrations of a great city—amidst the green twilight of arching trees and whispering leaves, towered the beloved form of liberty's Messiah.

As I lowered my eyes to trace the words embossed upon the pedestal (the words of that short speech destined to live so long—at once the epilogue and the epitaph of Gettysburg) I became aware of an old gentleman who stood gazing up into the dark benignant face that bent above us. He was a quaint old man; lusty, thickset, smooth-shaven, wearing a wide-brimmed felt hat and a homespun costume, neat enough but far from fashionable. His bright, ruddy face glowed from out its snow-drift of white hair like a live coal among its ashes. There was certainly nothing in his physiognomy to suggest melancholy, and yet, as he gazed, the tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded.

The spectacle touched my sympathies and roused my curiosity. With perhaps unpardonable rudeness I attempted to discover the secret of his perturbation. I ventured to ask if, in his opinion, the statue before us was a good likeness of Mr. Lincoln. He replied simply: "I presume it is; I never met him."

"And yet," I persisted, "the contemplation of the statue seems to singularly affect you?"

The old gentleman turned to me impressively and said: "Young man, I am a Kentuckian, born and reared and hoping to die in the old Blue Grass Commonwealth. If Kentucky had left the Union I should have followed and fought for her. All through those frightful years and for long years afterward I looked upon President Lincoln as a tyrant and despot; and when the news came of his taking off I flung up my hat and echoed the yell of the assassin—'Sic semper tyrannis!' Not until recent years have I come to realize that Abraham Lincoln was the best, the truest friend that the South or humanity has ever had. And now I can never think of him, never hear the mention of his name, that my heart does not well within me and overflow my eyes."

I had already seized his hand and was wringing it in both of mine. "Sir," I cried, "if what you feel is the true disposition of Kentucky, I swear to you I voice the sentiment of Nebraska when I say that, in the name of Lincoln, we are once more and forever friends. God bless you—brother!"

And then and there, in presence of that sacred effigy, Kentucky and Nebraska clasped hands across the bloody chasm, while the great bronze statue smiled down its benediction.

How often have I appealed to this incident when, in reading the particulars of Lincoln's assassination, I have felt my teeth clench and my sinews harden with rising anger. I commend it to you now that I am about to recall the circumstances of that fatuous and apparently senseless crime. I say that the crime was apparently senseless; although, could we fathom the divine motive in human history, I doubt not that, involved with this catastrophe, there was more than human wisdom; for have I not already called Lincoln Liberty's Messiah?

It was on the night of April 14th, 1865, that the shot was fired, and its reverberation will last forever. On the morning following, at precisely 7:22 of the clock, Abraham Lincoln yielded up the ghost. The fatal moment is notched on the scythe of time. Even the watchmakers, those wardens of the hours, have embalmed that moment in the sign of their calling. In every city of the Union, North and South, East and West, you have seen those great dumb, wooden horologes pointing backward to the dread event.

Look at them whenever you will, it is always 7:22! Could Coleridge describe a thing more idle than those painted hands upon a painted dial? Idle? No, not unless a cathedral spire, a marble shaft, or the cross itself is idle; for those idle hands hold out a memory which only pardon asked and pardon given can ever, ever sweeten.

The murder of Lincoln was the most appalling tragedy ever witnessed in a theater. History, as if despairing of another Shakespeare, dramatized itself. We are told that his death interrupted a comedy; but what death has not? Among all the chimeras and phantasms of this life, death—a thing seemingly the most unreal—is the one inexorable reality. And yet, let it come when or how it will, there is always in the event a mocking incongruity. But this—this immolation of Abraham Lincoln—was the very masquerade of death, grotesque, spectacular, I would almost say fantastic. The glare of footlights, the fripperies of a playhouse, the tinsel and pasteboard of the age, the gullery of the greenroom, the mummery of the actors—it was into this realm of Fiction that the awful Fact obtruded. It was the *coup de theatre* of death! And must we call this fate? Alas, I can almost hear the frantic cry of Victor Hugo: "Fate—sinister burst of laughter!"

On this mortal night the president had sought to be amused. He wished to laugh, to be made to laugh; and for this he has been criticized. Why should he wish to laugh when every click of the telegraph was the death tick of a soldier? Why should he not?

There is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast or fish or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.
The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To sleeping woods; the eagle screams her cry;
Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared to foretell
That only man, by some sad mockery,
Should learn to laugh who learns that he must die.

President Lincoln was not only aware that he must die, but he had every reason to believe that his death would be at the hands of an assassin. He had been warned repeatedly that such would be his fate; indeed, an attempt had already been made upon his life; and that he knew of it was shown by papers found in his desk, revealing the plot, and by himself labeled "Assassination." Discussing the subject with his friend, Father Chiniquy, he had said:

"I see no other way than to be always prepared to die. I know my danger; but man must not care how or where he dies, provided he dies at the post of honor and of duty."

And still he laughed, and his laughter was the music of his heart, the sweet expression of his sweet humanity. Such a man can afford to laugh; for, "Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory," human laughter is a challenge to death, the clarion of immortality. Moreover, the president had earned a respite from the anxieties which for four years, like four eternities, had brooded over him.

The volcano of war has ceased to vomit forth its lava of human blood. The vertigo of death is past. The thunder of battle in one baffled roar is muttering over the distant field of Appomattox. There has been too much of tragdy, and now this laughter-loving man would gain surcease from the long tension on his heart-strings by forgetting fact in fiction, the real in the apparent.

The box which the presidential party was to occupy had been appropriately draped with the Union flag, so arranged as to frame the portrait of George Washington, whose serene and august face smiled from out its folds, as from an aureola of glory. When the president and his guests entered, the whole audience rose to greet him. It was a shout of jubilee, of gratitude, of reverence, of love, of adoration; and God was not jealous of it.

Midway of the performance, and shortly after 10 o'clock, a young man came down the outer aisle, and presented his card to the president's messenger. Before the messenger could fairly glance at the card, the young man had pushed past him and entered the narrow passage immediately behind the box in which the president was seated. The door to this passage was not locked, for the lock had only that day been removed to prevent such a contingency. The young man, however, fastened the door behind him with a wooden brace, which he had previously prepared for the purpose. He next went to the door opening into the box, and peered at the occupants through a small aperture, also previously made for the purpose.

Surely the noble Lincoln must have felt some vague consciousness of this propinquity. If the very atmosphere of the incarnate devil did not herald his approach, that basilisk eye, framed by a gimlet hole, must have sent a shudder through the victim's heart. We may never know. In a moment the door was opened, the murderer entered. Then—ah! then—

There was a sharp detonation, a moment's dread paralysis, a wild commotion, a clutch at the fleeing assassin, a fierce imprecation, and the savage slash of the knife as he freed himself from the detaining grasp, his leap to the stage, his mock heroics, his rehearsed magniloquence, his Chauvinistic bravado, and the startled, bewildered cry, "The president is murdered!"

Holy God! How couldst Thou suffer it? He so loving and so lovable, so gentle, patient, brave and true! So slow to anger, so eager to forgive! Throughout our national eclipse his great heart was stayed on Thee, his sole purpose to fulfill Thy will!

Only a little while before, he had said to the people of the South: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."

Was this the language of a tyrant, the fiat of a conqueror? History has no parallel to this sublime, unasked-for condonation, save

when on Calvary that divine whisper faltered through the darkness: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

Instantly with the pistol shot, the president had fallen forward. The dear head drooped, never to rise again; the loving heart fluttered into rest, and Abraham Lincoln, offered by the All Wise as a mediator and an exemplar to his distracted countrymen, was with the "undying dead."

But what of the assassin?

Maniacally bold as now seems this murder, the chances of capture had been weighed by the murderer and reduced to a minimum. His route to the South had been chosen and carefully studied. His confederates were numerous and discreet. His finances were ample, his equipment complete.

As for the leap from the proscenium box, that was a matter so insignificant as scarcely to have entered into the calculation, for the assassin was a trained athlete, exulting in his prowess. In his histrionic career he had often sprung upon that very stage from twice the height, simply to startle the audience into applause.

And yet, we are told that, except for the accident of his foot catching in the flag, a strip from which was thus torn out and fluttered from his heels as he dragged his wounded limb across the stage, his escape would have been inevitable.

But why call it an accident? Does not Plato tell us that even granite rocks have souls that shape their appearance and give them individuality? Shall a heathen philosopher grant such an attribute to sticks and stones and a patriot deny all sensibility to his country's flag?

It was no accident, but a miracle of gratitude—the vengeance of the flag! Washington was there. Washington, the father who begat and brought it forth, seemed for the moment to live again in its embrace. Lincoln, the savior who had redeemed it from the sin of slavery, was even then dying that it might live, the last pulsings of his heart quivering in all its breathing folds. It was no accident! In the absence of human intervention, the flag itself became an actor. It reached forth and grappled with the assassin. It claved to him like the bloody garment of old mythology. It shrieked, and was rent in twain, but clung—clung—clung, writhing about and binding him like a python in its coils. The flag was the captor, the flag was its country's Nemesis!

All hail the flag, our proud and happy flag; radiant in its beauty, sparkling with its stars, conscious of itself, its God and its Amer-

ica! Look up, poor human race, look up to it in reverence and with a prayer of gratitude! Behold it unfurled above the nations of the earth, the splendor of its sheen as lambent as the sunlight that plays upon it; its undulations as billowy and voluminous as the clouds of heaven; its gorgeous colors painted upon the air as impalpable as the rainbow, hope's phantom flag! What wonder that it seems like a gift from the spirit world, as though Father Abraham had reached it forth from beyond the stars and said: "Take it, my children; take and keep it in remembrance of me. Study its history, learn its lesson, know its value; study it, learn it, know it, and love it always."

And shall we not? The blood of thousands has been spilled in its defense—no, not spilled, for within its crimson arteries that heroic blood still flows, giving strength and vitality to our nation's emblem, making it not an emblem merely, but a living creature. Its bars of white, "as chaste as unsunned snow," have never yet been sullied with the stain of shame.

The golden stars that irradiate the night are not more lustrous than those sister stars that constellate its azure firmament. Our noble flag! So long as it shall flout the sky, laugh in the sun, nor droop an alien in the sight of God, so long shall free men, free homes, free schools, free churches, yea, freedom itself, find refuge in the shadow of its strength. God bless our flag! His own harbinger of universal peace, the standard of humanity, the oriflamme of liberty! God bless our flag!

LINCOLN, THE LEADER.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR THE "CENTURY."

(Read February 12, 1907.)

The thought may pass through some minds that it is presumptuous for a man from the East to consent to come to the West to speak to you concerning a Western man,—the greatest of Western men. But I come, surely in no sectional spirit, to utter a word of homage to the memory of one who had not the slightest taint of sectionalism in his mental habit; who was national in his characteristics, his sympathies, his outlook and his aspiration.

I heard a few years ago of a senator of the United States who made his proud boast that he had never set foot in the city of New York. Distances and differences were greater between cities and sections, in Lincoln's time. But Lincoln had no feeling of aversion to any place or community in America. You know how quickly he set foot in Richmond, as soon as he was able to do so. He did not hesitate to set foot in New York, and when there he was apparently not so much impressed by the idea that he was a long way from home, as by the idea that he was among his fellow-citizens of the Republic, having common problems and a common destiny. I find in the record of that Cooper Union address no reference to the fact that he was in any country but his own.

It was not many years after the Civil War that I first came to New York. There I met with youth's curiosity and admiration for genius; among other literary lights of the day, Edmund Clarence Stedman, who had struck out that dynamic lyric on Osawotomie Brown, prophetic of the war, who had addressed to the president the demand for a captain. "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!" a demand which it took Lincoln so long and through so many disappointments to satisfy; and who had written the ringing sonnet on the assassination, in which Lincoln is described as "the whitest soul a nation knew"; Bayard Taylor, who had been of special service to Lincoln at the important court of St. Petersburg; Richard Grant White,

who had interpreted the Union cause in his "New Gospel of Peace," and had gathered the war songs into a unique volume; Richard Henry Stoddard, who had written a noble ode on the death of Lincoln; Dr. J. G. Holland, who had written a life of Lincoln, the first of any consequence to be put forth after his death; Noah Brooks, who had been close to Lincoln in Washington; Bret Harte, author among other famous pieces of certain memorable rhymes of the war; George William Curtis, who had taken part in both the conventions that nominated Lincoln, and officially notified him of his second nomination; and—a rare and picturesque revisitor of his beloved Manhattan—Walt Whitman, who had written, "Captain, My Captain," and the passionate chant on the death of the president, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." A majestic figure of the time was the poet Bryant, who had presided on the occasion of Lincoln's Cooper Union speech, when each had been greatly impressed by the other, Lincoln saying that "It was worth the journey to the East merely to meet such a man," and Bryant becoming one of Lincoln's chief supporters for the presidential nomination.

A certain young journalist and author in the literary group greatly attracted me. I remember writing to him in those days a boyish, enthusiastic letter enrolling him in the company of "good fellows"; the good-hearted, the art-loving, the genial. There was a special fascination about him, which, as in all cases of charm, it is hard to analyze. He had a quiet, intense sense of humor; a wit that was genial and could be stinging, and a curious poise and reticence. He was as self-confident as he was courteous and modest.

To him I said one day, "Colonel, as you continue your study of and your writing about Lincoln, does he seem to you larger or less?"

To this—and I remember the seriousness of his manner—John Hay answered: "As I go on with the work, to me Lincoln grows greater and greater."

Since then, as the historical students and the people of his country and of the world have studied and better known his commanding personality, Abraham Lincoln has grown greater and greater in the estimation of mankind. Very greatly, indeed, has the writing of John Hay himself, and of the elder devoted co-biographer, John G. Nicolay, helped in this better understanding. Lincoln's praises are multiplied in all lands by

statesmen, historians, orators, poets. Added to the usual admiring regard in which he is held, one constantly comes upon a peculiar interest in, an actual affection for him on the part of persons in the various walks of life—some of these contemporaries of his, and some children born during, or since, the war. The other night one of the ablest and most influential men of the Southern states, told me that to him Lincoln was one of the three most interesting personalities in all history—one of the others being no less than “the Man of Galilee.”

It is natural that a writer should be especially attracted to Lincoln by a study of his recorded utterances, in other words, by an interest in his literary style. Too young to appreciate what may be called the artistic quality of his speeches and writings at the time of their delivery, it was after the war that I woke up to a full appreciation of Lincoln’s power of expression, a power which was one of the main elements of his strength as a leader.

It is not strange that unusual powers of expression should be found to belong to those who have risen to leadership among men. This expressiveness may be of various kinds. Lincoln and Gladstone, having been contemporaries, born in the same year and each rising to the highest leadership in the two great English-speaking nations, it is natural that they should be compared as to their use of language, spoken and written. Gladstone’s elaborate and persuasive eloquence, his manifold learning and well-stored memory, the copiousness of his diction and the dignity, as well as the fire and energy of his forensic appeals, these were among the wonders of a good part of the last century. But I asked, lately, on separate occasions, of two of Gladstone’s most eminent parliamentary supporters and admirers, without contradiction and, indeed, with full agreement on the part of both—whether it was not one of the miracles of genius that, notwithstanding Gladstone had enjoyed all that culture could accomplish, by means of university training and familiarity with the art and literature of the ancient and modern world and long training and leadership in public life, he had not left a single masterpiece of English, hardly one great phrase that clings to the memory of men, while Lincoln, without any educational advantages whatever, growing up in the backwoods, with scarcely a dozen books of value at his command and ignorant of the literature and art of modern Europe, as of ancient times, had acquired a style

of higher distinction than that of Gladstone, and had bequeathed more than one masterpiece to the literature of the English tongue.

Lincoln's style in speech and writing is the same sort of miracle that gave us the consummate works of Shakespeare, the uncolleged actor; of Burns, the plowman, and of Keats, the unlearned apothecary's apprentice, son of a livery stable man. It is not easy to analyze a miracle, but in discussing the leadership of Lincoln it is interesting to find certain qualities in his literary style that are traits of his character, and thus elements of his leadership.

Notwithstanding that the country has been ransacked for every record of his public speech, and every scrap of paper he ever put pen to, there has been found nothing discreditable, and little that can be criticised in the way of expression. Without the aid of any teacher, he early learned to be moderate and reasonable in statement, so that on the part even of the obscure young politician there is nothing of that kind of public speech which is described in a passage he loved to quote, where it is said of the orator that "he mounted the rostrum, threw back his head, shined his eyes, and left the consequences to God."

Lincoln's relish for a phrase like this recalls his extraordinary sense of humor. Probably no great historical figure in the realm of action ever had Lincoln's intense humorousness, combined with so keen and racy a wit. Lincoln's laugh was something amazing; his face, in repose well balanced and commanding, with the grimace of laughter is said to have become a surprising thing. Many anecdotes relate the boisterousness of his appreciation of a humorous situation or story. Hay tells of his cheery laugh that filled the Blue room with infectious good nature. "Homeric laughter," Hay says it sometimes was; adding this genial touch, that it was "dull pleasure" to Lincoln "to laugh alone." Some visitors at the White House were filled with wonder at the quick transition from unbridled mirth to pathetic seriousness; what wonder that "the boisterous laughter became less frequent year by year, the eye grew veiled by constant meditation on momentous subjects; the air of reserve and detachment from his surroundings increased," and as Hay says, and his pictures and the two life masks show, he rapidly grew old.

Lincoln's sense of humor, which flavored now and then his speeches and writings, and constantly his conversation, went along with a homely wit which frequently brought to his argument quaint and convincing illustration. His sense of humor was, indeed, a real assistance in his leadership, having many uses; it relieved the strain of his strenuous labors; it helped to attach the masses to his personality; and it assisted him out of many difficulties. We did not know till lately that he himself so keenly appreciated the part that story-telling played in his career. Col. Burt reports a strange interview with Lincoln at the Soldiers' Home at a time of keen anxiety, and when a person present had rudely demanded one of his "good stories."

"I believe," said Lincoln, turning away from the challenger, "I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense, for it is not the story itself, but its purpose, or effect, that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others or a laborious explanation on my own part by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save wounded feelings and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress."

The most striking characteristic of Lincoln's style may be found in the record from the beginning. Candor was a trait of the man, and not less of his verbal manner. His natural honesty of character, his desire to make his meaning clear—literally to demonstrate what he believed to be the truth with mathematical precision—this gave his style both attractiveness and force. The simplicity of his nature, his lack of self-consciousness and vanity, tended to simplicity and directness of diction. An eminent lawyer has said that without the massive reasoning of Webster, or the resplendent rhetoric of Burke, Lincoln exceeded them both in his faculty of statement. His style was affected, too, by the personal traits of consideration for those of a contrary mind, of toleration, and of large, human sympathy.

But Lincoln's style might have had all these qualities, and yet not have carried as it did. Beyond these traits come the miracle—the cadence of his prose, and its traits of pathos and imagination. Lincoln's prose at its height and when his spirit

was stirred by aspiration and resolve affects the soul like noble music. Indeed, as I have elsewhere said, there may be found in all his great utterances a strain which is like the leading motive, the *Leit motif* in musical drama, a strain of mingled pathos, heroism and resolution. It is that strain in the two inaugurals, in the Gettysburg address and in his letter of consolation to a bereaved mother which moves the hearts of succeeding generations.

Lincoln's power of expression was evidently one of the most effective elements of his leadership. The sympathy and toleration which made his writings and speeches so persuasive helped his leadership not only in convincing his listeners and in endearing him, the leader, to individuals and the masses, but helped him as a statesman to take large and humane views and to adopt measures in keeping with such views. To that sympathy and that toleration a reunited country is under constant obligation, not merely for the result of a successfully conducted war—successful in the true interests of both antagonists—but for the continuing possibility of good feeling between the sections. To think that in the preparatory political struggle and during the four years of the dreadful conflict Abraham Lincoln, though his spirit was strained almost beyond human endurance by the harassments of his position; though misunderstood and foully calumniated by public antagonists and thwarted and plotted against by his own apparent supporters, uttered not one word of violence or rancor, not a phrase which after the cessation of hostilities might return to embitter the defeated combatants or be resented by their descendants.

This extraordinary forbearance of the president has often been spoken of as an amiable trait of the man, but do we fully realize the value to the nation of that trait and the worth of its example in public leadership? After so tremendous a conflict the world abroad wonders at the quickness of the return to sympathetic relations—to closer relations than ever—between the sections so lately at war. But we of the country know that the obstacles to true Union after the war were not so much the events of the war, though some of them naturally enough left a trail of bitter resentment, but events succeeding the conflict of years in those years of experimental reconstruction, when things were done in the name of the dominant powers which the South has found it hard to forget and the North ar-

dently wishes could be blotted from all remembrance. In other words, we are today a truly united country, not only because Lincoln conducted the war to a successful issue, but because of Lincoln's wise and tolerant and sympathetic leadership during that war.

A striking illustration of his sympathy for the people of the Confederate states was his attempt, earnest and ineffectual, in the last days of hostilities, two months before his death, to convert his own cabinet to his generous and long cherished scheme of compensated emancipation. That he failed pathetically to carry through this plan upon which his heart was set illustrates also the fact that uninterrupted success is not necessary to the fame of the great figures of history. Lincoln's failure to win support for this humane policy deeply grieved him, but the misadventure is not held against him in the estimate of his greatness. The fact that he made the attempt, on the contrary, counts in his favor, and today endears him to multitudes of his countrymen and is one of the bonds that hold the country together.

But Lincoln's sympathy and tolerance, his forgiveness, his distaste for personal contention, his lack of resentment, his great heart were shown not only in his attitude toward those whom—for their own good, as he believed—he unrelentingly opposed with all the forces at his command, but also toward his political opponents in the North and toward those among his ostensible supporters whose zeal led them into positions of open or concealed antagonism. The opposition to him in his own party was much more intense than is generally known to the present generation. As an illustration of such opposition, I may refer to an unpublished letter I lately read, written in the stress of war-time, by one of the most distinguished of Republicans, who declared Lincoln to be a greater danger to the Union cause than Jefferson Davis himself.

As to his masterly management of the personalities whose followers he placated and whose peculiarities and diverse abilities he skillfully utilized for the common cause, this part of his leadership is illustrated by a hundred stories, either true in fact or typically true. Here came into play his sense of humor, his insight into motive and character—in a word, his tact—along with that tolerance and that sympathy of which I have spoken as affecting his habit of oral and written expression.

That he could manage to hold so long together four such individualities as his own, Seward's, Stanton's and Chase's proves a genius of leadership truly exceptional. It is now known, as it was not till Nicolay and Hay revealed the fact, how Seward was taught to respect and loyally acquiesce in the leadership of one whom he, not unnaturally, at first, expected to lead. Lincoln's leadership of the irascible and faithful Stanton was a simpler matter; here the president's inexhaustible patience and his abounding sense of humor were both required to save the situation—though looking back on the relations of these strong and utterly divergent personalities, one feels that the sense of humor was perhaps the saving grace. As for Chase, and his convinced and enthusiastic following, it was inevitable that some such rallying ground should exist in a time of stress, for those who, as in the case of Chase himself, were temperamentally unsympathetic with the personality and methods of Lincoln. Here, perhaps, was Lincoln's greatest personal anxiety, but his leadership did not fail him; as the story of the second nomination and election abundantly testifies.

Let it not be omitted in the enumeration of the elements of Lincoln's leadership that he did not disdain to learn from experience. In his first inaugural, while stating the policy of the administration with regard to acts of violence against the authority of the United States, he definitely announced that the course indicated would be followed "unless current events and experience" should "show a modification or change to be proper," and that in every case and exigency his best discretion would be exercised "according to circumstances actually existing." Lincoln, like other great leaders and administrators, would rather be right than be consistent. His was a consistency of principle rather than of program. His aim was justice, and if he could not reach it by one path he would push on by another.

Special features of his leadership were two acquired skills and two acquired knowledges—the skill and knowledge of the long-practiced lawyer, which helped him immeasurably in his executive decisions, as Trevor Hill has so clearly pointed out; and his quickly and almost instinctively acquired skill in and knowledge of military strategy. His letters to generals in the field are those of a master of strategy, using the irony of Socrates and the symbolism of Aesop.

An intensely important feature of Lincoln's leadership would be omitted if nothing were said of the effect upon his thought and conduct of his belief in and conscious communion with an almighty, mysterious and beneficent Power, concerning itself not less with human affairs than with the march of seasons and the sweep of constellations. The deity was to him an ever-present, ever-pregnant influence. There was nothing of theology or dogmatism in his religious opinion, but he lived in the spirit. The strange silence of the Almighty sovereign perplexed him; and he sought with passionate eagerness to read the decrees of Providence in the unfoldings of events, sometimes taking definite action in accordance with his interpretation of divine indications. And always the belief in God was to him a challenge to singleness of purpose; to the All Pure he lifted clean hands and a pure heart.

The reference to Lincoln's religious nature leads to the declaration that Lincoln the leader possessed sterner and higher traits than those to which we first called attention. He had the lofty qualities of spiritual insight, of moral conviction, of solemn resolution, of undying courage, of complete devotion and faith and of hope unfailing. He saw deeply, he felt intensely, he spoke, at times, with the voice of a poet-prophet.

Fate—or is it some World Spirit of Comedy?—plays strange pranks with human affairs now and then; and nothing more singular ever happened either in history or romance than the giving of imperial powers, the destiny of a race, the leadership of a nation, the keys of life and death to a sad-eyed, laughter-loving, story-telling, shrewd, unlettered, great-hearted frontiersman and lawyer. A leader always he was, from the time he commanded a grotesque company of motleys in an Indian frontier campaign. And there at Washington was he leader of public opinion in a world-wide field; wielder was he also of fleets and armies, having in his strong and sympathetic hands the lives of hundreds of thousands.

That inordinately tall countryman, with a shawl thrown over his gaunt figure, crossing, alone, the little park between the White House and the war department—if appealed to by some distressed private soldier or citizen could order justice done by a written sentence as surely as could any Asiatic autocrat by issued edict. While often yielding to the dictates of his pitying heart in individual cases, and showing constantly almost abnormal patience, any one who mistook his charity

for weakness was liable to sudden enlightenment. The significant fact was only lately published that Colonel Hay once saw the long-suffering Lincoln take an office seeker by the coat collar, carry him bodily to the door, and fling him in a heap outside.

And here is the wonder—this merciful man, daily saving the lives of deserters so as not to increase in the land the melancholy list of widows and orphans; this tender-souled, agonizing, consecrated leader, looking out upon armies encamped and a suffering people, is stern as fate in demanding that battle shall be made and war, with all its horrors, resolutely continued, till right is accomplished and eternal justice done. Here is the true leader—gentle and affectionate as any woman, as averse to violence—yet able to meet the unwelcome duty of the sword-bearer with unflinching spirit.

The great test of Lincoln's leadership came in his dealing with the fundamental question of slavery, as related to the compact of the states, the perpetuity of the Union, the very existence of the nation. The important part of his political career before the war had to do with this complex question. This double problem made the war, and was dominant throughout its course. The, as he called it, "perplexing compound—Union and slavery," had become indeed a "question not of two sides merely, but of at least four sides," even among those who were for the Union, saying nothing of those who were against it. "There were," he said, "those who were for the Union with, but not without slavery—those for it without, but not with; those for it with or without, who preferred it, with, and those for it with or without, who preferred it without." Here was the maze through which he had to find his way; these were the conditions from which he was to work out salvation for the nation, with the profound conviction that whether slavery were or not immediately extinguished, its death warrant was already signed. Lincoln's view of slavery was, from the first, not unlike Washington's and that of other founders of the republic. His attitude was unyielding as to principle. He looked upon the institution as intrinsically evil; inimical to the interests of free labor; anomalous, and impossible of perpetuity, in a politically free community; something to be thwarted, diminished and ultimately made to cease by just, constitutional and reasonable means. He satisfied the extremists on neither side of the great debate; for while he

would never compromise as to principle he did not refuse to compromise as to time and method.

Lincoln the Leader, in dealing with the chief perplexity of the situation—this complex question of slavery and the Union—was helped by his own intensely human makeup. The average traits of mankind were in him strongly developed. He was in close touch with his kind; he sympathized with men on the plane of humanity, and regarded them in the spirit of philosophy. He was called a great joker—but Lincoln's "seeing" of "the joke" meant a good deal more than with ordinary minds; it meant, often enough, that he saw through the solemn pretender who was pained at his frivolity. And the jokes that he told often had the wisdom of ancient parables.

Lincoln's democracy was a matter more of instinct than of reason. He comprehended human motives, prejudices, littleness and nobilities. It was he who once described honest statesmanship as the employment of individual meannesses for the public good. Acquainted with humanity he knew how to bear with its infirmities, and he moved toward his inflexible purpose, over what to others would have been heart-breaking obstacles, with a long-suffering patience that had in it something of the divine.

As memoir after memoir of the war time has come to light his countrymen year by year have been better able to obtain a knowledge of the workings of Lincoln's mind, and of the marvelous skill and wisdom of his leadership during his presidency. That which his chief biographers long ago declared of him we now more certainly know to be the truth, namely that, "with the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart, he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft."

Descended upon him from the North, delegations of abolitionists to tell him that unless he at once freed the slaves his administration would be shorn of moral support, and the war would end in failure and disgrace. Hastened to the White House from the border states their governors and congressional representatives to warn him that if he touched slavery they could not keep their constituencies on the side of the Union—and the border states, he knew, held the balance of power. Hurried back from Spain, Carl Schurz—the gallant figure, a contribution of the best of the old world to the service of the new in its hour of need—hurried Carl Schurz from his post at the Spanish court to inform the president that according

to his belief there would be great danger of the recognition of the Confederacy unless there were prompt military success, or some proof that the war would destroy slavery; while other warnings from over the sea were to the effect that if the president should stir up the slaves against their masters, the sympathy of European friends of the North would be justly forfeited.

Through all this divergency of counsel Lincoln watched, waited, prayed and incessantly worked toward the end his own intellect, his own heart approved. It was, as we have said, a highly important element of Lincoln's leadership that he had had the training of a lawyer—by a practice of many years and many kinds. His knowledge of men had thus been vastly increased; while his grasp of legal principles was of infinite help when his talents and experience were enlisted in a mighty cause. It was no petty construction of legal obligation that mad him strenuous as to the literal fulfillment of his oath to execute faithfully the office of president, and preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States. He found no constitutional authority to emancipate the slaves except as a military necessity, and he steadfastly refused to free the slaves till he could with an honest mind declare that the necessity had arisen; knowing then, also, the time had at last arrived when public opinion would sustain his action.

In his famous letter to Greeley in 1862, he stated his position—explained his policy—with absolute lucidity. "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Similar statements were made to others in formal and informal utterances. Often he explained to impatient critics and counselors that the conditions of public opinion would not justify the course they demanded.

But the deep lesson of his leadership lies in the fact that while year after year he carefully studied public opinion—that supreme element in all matters of government and all the affairs of men—he studied it not to yield to it as his master, but in order to so act in respect to it as to accomplish his own well considered purpose; to act upon it; to bring it powerfully to the help of his cherished plans; in a word to lead it and to lead it right.

And what is true leadership of the people? Is it to be carried away by a popular wave; to avoid opposing it, not in order to circumvent it—and to save one's strength for its later direction—but solely and selfishly to avoid being submerged by it? Is it to change when it changes, in order to retain place and the semblance of power? Is he truly a leader who listens to "the sacred voice of the people," in order to learn which way to leap? Not thus Lincoln. His was not the leadership that in order to be popular, "changes its mind." but a leadership that changes the minds of others. He kept "near the people"—he kept his "ear to the ground"—not from selfish policy, but through his sympathy with the interest in human beings; in order to learn the moods of many minds and gradually to lead thought and action in the direction of his own profound convictions. Lincoln respected public opinion, but he was not its trembling slave. He understood human prejudices, limitations, the effects of heredity and environment, but he never considered a wrong public opinion final. Not unknown to mankind is the statesmanship that resists public opinion when it disapproves of it, resists, till the waves beat threateningly, and then turns with the tide. This is the statesmanship of Pontius Pilate. That tragic figure stands before the eyes of all mankind washing ineffectually his guilty hands, while he releases Barabbas and sends Christ to Calvary.

No book praising Lincoln has lately been issued which has brought to me a higher idea of his method with public opinion, as well as his wisdom and his self-sacrificing devotion, than one by a man whose life has been a romance of devotion to ideals, a Southern-born abolitionist, who does not hesitate to dispraise the president. He is opposed to war, and held and still holds that "no drop of blood would have been shed if the president, at the beginning, had proclaimed freedom for every slave." Yet even he would have protected the centers to which the slaves would flee, as if that itself would not have been an open invitation to war. In 1862, the Rev. Moncure Conway, for it is of him I speak, went to the White House with the Rev. W. H. Channing to urge, personally, upon the president the emancipation of slaves. There was something pathetic in the sweet reasonableness of the president in explaining to these good and insistent men—as he had so often to do to men of like scruples and beliefs—not only his own

great desire for emancipation, preferably with compensation, but the fact that perhaps they did not so well as he know the temper of the entire public. He showed them that those who were working in the anti-slavery movement would naturally come in contact with men of like mind, and might easily overestimate the number of those who held similar views. He gave it as his observation that the great masses of the people, at that time, cared comparatively little about the negro. And at the end of the interview he said—can you not hear him say it? “We shall need all the anti-slavery feeling in the country and more. You can go home and try to bring the people to your views, and you may say anything you like about me if that will help. Don’t spare me!”

Do we seize all the bearings of his strange situation; that he who is known now as the great emancipator set before himself as the one indispensable aim, not the immediate freedom of the slave, but the immediate salvation of the Union—the integrity of the nation—though when the time came for emancipation to assist Union, how joyfully and confidently he put forth emancipation, with what courage in the face of what heavy risks! In many thoughtful minds the fact that his policy was the Union first and abolition next is his highest title to world-wide fame. Theirs the belief that his saving of the nation is the gigantic feat that lifts him to the companionship of the most important characters of universal history. “This Union,” says John Coleman Adams, “is the consummation of all the struggles of all men toward a state of universal peace. It is the life and aspiration of the world organized into a nation.” The threat to undo the Union was a “peril to mankind.” That Lincoln instinctively felt this and strained every nerve to the supreme task of preserving the nation—and this with success—gives him rank among the greatest. That he did this and destroyed slavery also proves his genius and doubly crowns his stupendous accomplishment.

He did all this, so far as we may attribute to any single person the guidance of affairs so tremendous, though in this case the personal preponderance is exceptionally evident; he did all this, and he assumed no virtue for having done it; not a thought of vanity or undue exultation ever crossed his candid mind. To a lesser nature the temptation would have been great as, at the last, success followed success, remembering

the reproaches he had so long silently borne, and, most trying of all, the suspicion and spiritual scorn, the look from above downward, of those who, working for the same ends, regarded him as less sensitive morally and less faithful than they to that cause to which he had dedicated every energy of his soul.

It is pleasant to know that this kindly, much burdened and harassed ruler had, at least for a few days before his taking off, the satisfactions of full success. He knew more than any other the awful dangers, yet, as Godkin said while Lincoln still was living, he was perhaps the only man in the North who had "never wavered or doubted or abated one jot of heart or hope." He had "been always calm, confident, determined, the very type and embodiment of the national will, the true and fit representative of the people in its noblest moods," the ideal "leader of a democracy." "Through the ages to come," said lately one who knew him and who confesses that it has taken years of reflection and retrospective consideration to become convinced that in the matter of the proclamation as a war measure Lincoln was right and he was wrong, "through the ages to come the history of the Union and freedom under the Union will hold up to the admiration of mankind as the greatest saving influence in our greatest danger, the character, the firmness, the homely sayings, the freedom from passion, the singular common sense, the almost divine charity of Abraham Lincoln."

In these times of new conditions, new advantages and new dangers in every community of our country and in the national field the cry today is for leaders. Nor are we without them; some long known and well beloved; some just emerging into prominence and being tried by the first tests of responsibility. Some are leaders in the best sense; and to some we may be inclined to apply the name not of leaders, but of misleaders. It would be absurd to be looking now here, now there for "another Lincoln"; for a reincarnation of that rich and most individual and peculiar character. We shall not see again that extraordinary combination of sympathetic qualities with the sterner virtues; such rare gifts and abilities; such sense of humor, such mixture of buoyancy of spirit with moods of gloom; such tendency to contemplation and such power of action all united in one personality. It would be unfortunate, moreover, to judge present day executives and leaders by en-

deavoring to compare their opinions and acts in detail with those which were characteristic of entirely different men and conditions. We are living in a very different world from that of the middle of the last century. For one thing, the relation of public men to the merit system in public office is not that of the days of the Civil War; and many questions are now pressing which were only faintly imagined forty or fifty years ago.

But nothing has outworn the fundamental principles of Lincoln's leadership. We have the right to demand in our leaders equal sincerity, disinterestedness, and devotion. We have a right to point to his moderation as a perpetual standard, to his conscientious consideration of all interests and views; to his wise and patient tolerance and open-mindedness; to his freedom from rancor and avoidance of personal contention; to his moral courage; to his sense of justice; to his essential democracy. We may well ask of our leaders that they should imitate his manly attitude toward public opinion; that they should disdain to poison its sources by violent and unproved assertions and by the forced uses of our modern machinery of publicity; we may well insist that they should not meanly follow, nor falsely inform and selfishly mold the sentiment of voters; but direct aright and to no ignoble ends the opinions and the suffrages of the people. We have a right to resent leadership based either upon conscienceless advocacy of supposedly popular programs, or—still more shameless—upon the wholesale use of money. It is our inescapable duty to warn against the spurious leadership that deals in indiscriminate denunciation, awakens a feeling of class and of class hatred, forgets the bonds of a common citizenship, spreads distrust and despal of the nation, and sows the very seeds of anarchy and assassination. We have a right to scout the demagogues who take the name of Lincoln upon their lips, and in their lives, and their parody of leadership set at nought every principle of his nature.

Our needs, our conditions, are different, but the principles of justice and of human liberty are the same, now and forever. In the recurring and necessary readjustment of laws and methods in the related realms of industry, of economics and of government, let us have the respect for rights, the acknowledgment of mutual duties; the striving for justice; the understanding of humanity, and the love of fellowmen which makes

Lincoln's leadership, like the leadership of Washington, the standard of a patriotism broader than the confines of commonwealths, and fit for emulation and guidance throughout the centuries to come.

Let me close with the memory of a night of the spring of the year 1865, in the time of the blooming of lilacs, as says the wonderful poem. I was waiting in Philadelphia for Lincoln's funeral train to start, as I was to accompany it to Newark. I had and have little desire to look upon faces from which the light of life is departed; but suddenly it came upon me that I had never seen Lincoln and must not let go by this last chance to behold at least the deserted temple of a lofty soul. Then I found it was too late; the police had drawn their line across the path in front of Independence Hall. But my earnest desire prevailed—and I was the last to pass in by the window and behold, in a strange dazzle of lights and flowers, the still features of that face we all now know so well. Then I went my way into the night and walked alone, northward to the distant station. Soon I heard behind me the wailing music of the funeral dirge. The procession approached; the funeral train moved out beneath the stars. Never can I forget the groups of weeping men and women at the little towns through which we slowly passed; and the stricken faces of thousands who, in the cities, stood like mourners at the funeral of a beloved father. Thus through grieving states was borne the body of the beloved chieftain—while the luminous spirit and example of Lincoln the leader of the people went forth into all the earth along the pathway of eternal fame.

ADDRESS.

BY SAMUEL FALLOWS, BISHOP REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

(Read February 12, 1908.)

Hero worship is grounded in human nature. We want excellence embodied, ideas incarnated. Principles are grand, but principled personalities are infinitely grander.

We may think in the abstract, but we love in the concrete. We may throw a halo of self-created splendor about our hero, and idealize, and well nigh divinize, the departed great one, but it is simply the homage involuntarily paid to the inherent dignity of our own being. It is the bringing out of the best that is within us. It is only letting fly the angel that waits with folded wings to be set free in the innermost sanctuary of every human soul.

History, it has been declared, is but the biography of great men, and an institution the lengthened shadow of a single man; for "every true man is a cause, a country and an age." About one such man, whose name is on our lips tonight, gather some of the most magnificent chapters in the annals of time.

Born in poverty and raised in obscurity, Lincoln proved, by his triumphant ascent, that circumstances are not the masters, but the servants of man. They are not the creators, but the mere conditions of the all conquering mind.

Lincoln was emphatically the child of the people and the man of the people. Sprung from their loins, he was never separated from them by distance of official position. The simplicity and heartiness of his earlier life of the woods, the prairies, and the river were never spoiled by the stiffness and formality of an imported court etiquette. No man among us ever captured so completely the popular imagination, and won so enthusiastically and enduringly the popular heart. Millions in reverence will always bow at his feet.

"Character, the diamond that scratches every other stone," was of the purest quality in him. Napoleon schooled his looks, and discharged his face of expression that no man might read his thoughts. But our Lincoln needed no such veil over his

rugged features to hide that honest soul, which he could so fearlessly throw open to the gaze of angels or of men.

Grant was the world's leader in war without an oath; and Lincoln, the world's leader of all leaders without deceit. His honesty was so pure, so transparent, that friend and foe were compelled by the might of its irresistible majesty to bend before it.

"Shame was ashamed to sit upon his brow,
For 'twas a throne where honor fair was crowned
Sole monarch of the universal world."

With "Aristides the Just" will go down through all the ages, "Honest Old Abe."

Hope, the prophet in every heart, was king and priest besides in his. It ruled his life and consecrated his deeds. Other men turned their backs in despair on the republic's future; he, through the densest darkness, saw with steadfast gaze the splendor of the coming day.

To some of his contemporaries he was as "a root out of dry ground," and there was "no beauty that they should desire him." But if the soul of a seraph dwelt in the form of a satyr in glorious old Socrates, in the ungainly figure of Lincoln dwelt the resplendent beauty of virtue unexcelled in living man before.

Many could not comprehend the blending of mirthfulness with the most serious thoughtfulness—the twin elements of his innermost being, which in alternate succession, were seen in the play and repose of his face. They forgot that "a sense of the ludicrous is always essential to prevent us from becoming ridiculous." Lincoln used this sense with rarest skill, and with the deepest reason.

The carping critics around him heard with ill concealed impatience, on important occasions, what was to them an ill-timed story. They were simply blind to the profoundest philosophy of human nature. They were ignorant of the surpassing greatness of the man who was thus enabled to carry the superhuman load heaped upon him, which else would have crushed out his very existence.

Lincoln had supreme self-reliance, "that iron string to which all hearts vibrate," and yet was not self-willed. Men used to talk of "masters" in his cabinet, but all the masters there combined could not move that one master from his

purpose, when he felt duty was at stake. It was of these minor things that he used playfully to say: "I have no influence with this administration." In non-essential things he was as pliable as a reed; in essential things, as immovable as the everlasting hills. Other men were trying to hurry the march of progress, and demanding that the supreme action of his life should be taken. He said, "I wait on Providence and will not force events." He waited until the hour of high noon in American history had struck, and then, with the sweep of his pen, sent a whole race to freedom and to fortune.

He rose to the height of every occasion, and yet in doing so it was easy to see "that half his strength he put not forth." He knew, while using every plea for peace which human persuasiveness could prompt, that the rebellion could not be put down with rose and lavender water. He knew it would not answer to use the rap of a kid-covered knuckle or the button-hole touch of a superannuated remonstrance, as some desired, but the fist of authority rimmed with iron. And so we sang: "We dare not look behind us but steadfastly before. We are coming; we are coming; our Union to restore. We are coming, Father Abraham—one hundred thousand—three hundred thousand—six hundred thousand more." And we would have gone on singing if need be. "Still there's more to follow."

Politics with Lincoln was righteousness guided by common sense; and a politician lacking either can never become a statesman. Lincoln, as a consummate statesman, had at last to call out two hundred thousand blacks in blue, to make possible "the Union of the states forever." His daring action caused an entire revision of American arithmetic in which one was to count one, whether the merchant millionaire in his city counting room, or the liberty loving son of Erin, coming from his native soil to raise corn for his pigs in some of the impassable streets and alleys of Chicago; whether the Southern planter on his broad, paternal acres or the dusky laborer who whitened his fields with the snow of the cotton harvest.

Lincoln, who always glorified manhood and recognized fitness for place, could not forget his obligation to the colored people, whom we cannot consider as aliens among us. Our soldier president, General Grant, did not forget it: William

McKinley, our great peacemaker, of blessed memory, did not forget it; our strenuous young president, Theodore Roosevelt will not forget it; and President Taft (or Cannon, or Fairbanks, or La Follette) must not forget it.

Without compassing the realm of literature, Lincoln yet went confessedly to the head of all masters of English expression and threw all classic diction into the shade. In him the quality of mercy was not strained. It was the passion of his being to forgive and reinstate. His gentleness lay at the heart of his greatness, as it does at the heart of every great man. It was this conception of gentleness which made quaint George Herbert says of the greatest of all of women born: "Christ was the first true gentleman that ever breathed." In one of the ablest English journals it was written of Lincoln's last message:

"It is the most remarkable thing of the sort ever pronounced by any president of the United States. Its Alpha and its Omega is Almighty God, the God of Justice and the Father of Mercies, who is working out the purposes of His love. It is invested with a dignity and a pathos which lift it high above everything of the kind in the Old World or in the New. 'With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'"

My comrades, companions and friends, in what more fitting language can we consecrate ourselves to the momentous and undying work of the Republic. These words of Lincoln should be written in letters of gold and placed in the White House for every administration to read and recognize.

"Freedom's battle once begun
Is bequeathed from sire to son."

Some men said "Liberty with or without the Union," but Abraham Lincoln said, "The Union with or without slavery." He was right and they were wrong. For he knew, after that first

shot on Sumter, that with the Union, slavery had nothing to hope, and without it, it had nothing to fear. That grip of his on the Union was the grip of gravitation—the grip of death. Nay, it was the grip of life, never to be unloosed by the hand of either slavery or secession.

In these days of conflict between capital and labor and between the upholders and contemners of law, the language of Lincoln is most timely:

“Nowhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality. To the humblest and poorest among us are held out the highest privileges and positions. The present moment finds me at the White House, yet there is as good a chance for your children as there was for my father’s. Again I admonish you not to be turned from your stern purpose of defending our beloved country and its free institutions by any arguments urged by ambitious and designing men.

“To save these institutions for our children, to keep these paths of privilege and preferment open to all, there must be no despotisms here, not even for beneficent ends. Workingmen want no other weapons than liberty and light. By peaceful and orderly measures they will the more speedily and surely gain the ends they seek; by any other measures they will undermine and shatter the civil structure which is the shelter and the defense of all that they hold dear.”

Much has been said about Mr. Lincoln’s relation to religion. But one thing is sure; he was neither an atheist nor an agnostic. He was as profound a believer in the power of prayer as the most orthodox Christian. His request for the prayers of his neighbors and friends as he left Springfield to assume the presidency proves it. His visit to General Sickles when this hero was wounded confirms it.

The general tells in his own graphic way the story of his interview with the president:

“It was on the 5th day of July, 1863, that I was brought to Washington on a stretcher from the field of Gettysburg. Hearing of my arrival, President Lincoln came to my room and sat down by my bedside. He asked me about the great battle, and when I told

him of the terrible slaughter the tears streamed from his eyes. I asked him if he had doubted the result. He said, 'No.' Then he continued:

" 'This may seem strange to you, but a few days ago, when the opposing armies were converging, I felt as never before my utter helplessness in the great crisis that was to come upon the country. I went into my own room and locked the door. Then I knelt down and prayed as I never did before. I told God that He had called me to this position; that I had done all that I could do, and that the result was now in His hands; that I felt my own weakness and lack of power, and that I knew that if the country was to be saved, it was because He so willed it. When I went down from my room, I felt that there could be no doubt of the issue. The burden seemed to have rolled off my shoulders, my intense anxiety was relieved, and in its place came a real sense of trustfulness, and that was why I did not doubt the result of Gettysburg.

" 'And, what is more, Sickles,' he continued, 'I believe that we may hear at any moment of a great success by Grant, who has been pegging away at Vicksburg for so many months. By tomorrow you will hear that he has won a victory as important to us in the West as Gettysburg is in the East.' Then, turning to me, he said: 'Sickles, I am in a prophetic mood today, and I know that you will get well.' 'The doctors do not give me that hope, Mr. President,' I said; but he answered cheerfully, 'I know you will get well, Sickles.' "

The supreme mission of the Man of Galilee was reflected in the subordinate mission of Abraham Lincoln. For he could reverently say of the Father of the human soul, "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

The most exquisite tribute to his noble attributes was the wreath at his funeral, sent from Boston by the sister of a soldier boy he had pardoned when condemned to death for sleeping at his post. It was justly placed directly above that heart so

cruelly stilled in death, which beat only with love to mankind.

The very hem of Lincoln's garment is now a priceless relic. The out-of-style hat he wore is regarded more highly than the begemmed circlet which decks a monarch's brow. A splinter from the rail he split is worthy of the choicest adorning of richest gold. If Milton could aver, "Scipio was the height of Rome," we can aver "Lincoln was the height of America."

And yet, my comrades and companions, it was divinely ordained that, without the splendid galaxy of military and naval heroes that gathered about him, his unique position could not have been attained, nor his immortal work performed. His pen wrote the Emancipation Proclamation, but the swords of a Grant, a Sherman, a Sheridan, a Logan, a Thomas, and other great leaders, with the mighty host of the boys in blue, re-wrote it, their cannon thundered it, their musketry echoed it, their bayonets punctuated it, and Appomattox put the final, irrevocable Amen of God and Man upon it. But as great as some of these men were, matchless as each of them was in his sphere, they were but the superb setting of that priceless jewel in America's keeping, Abraham Lincoln.

He still lives "For him all doors are flung wide,
Him still all tongues greet, and honors crown,
All eyes follow with desire."

Through God's good providence, he made the old prophecy of Ancient Israel true of our own American Israel, "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God."

Kentucky gave Lincoln birth, and cradled him in her arms; Indiana led him up to early manhood; Illinois then threw open to him every avenue to honor. We, Illinoisans may then be pardoned for saying:

"Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Could be writ the Nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois."

But we know that without the wondrous story of every loyal state of our undivided and indivisible Union, we could not truthfully apostrophize tonight our peerless, beloved country, and say:

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

ADDRESS.

BY HENRY CHAPMAN SWEARINGEN, D. D., PASTOR HOUSE OF HOPE,
ST. PAUL.

(Read February 8, 1910.)

I am especially sensible of the privilege and the honor of speaking to you on this occasion, when you come together to celebrate the birth of one whose name will be spoken first with veneration and awe by all future generations of Americans. I would not speak invidiously, but it does seem to me that, tried by every standard of greatness, judged by his personal characteristics, by the clearness and correctness of his judgment, by the moral qualities of his mighty heart no other man who has occupied public position in all history is worthy to be compared with Abraham Lincoln. To stand next to Lincoln is sufficient glory for any man, so brilliant is the lustre of his fame. There are other men whose motives have been as pure; whose patriotism was as devoted; other men who set before them high ideals, and strove earnestly and persistently to attain to them. But it is my sober conviction—not the utterance of this moment inspired by the occasion—and I think it will be written down as the calm verdict of history, that Abraham Lincoln is the typical American citizen, and that he, as no other character—and that it saying much—will personalize the qualities that the American people delight to honor.

Abraham Lincoln answers to three tests of greatness, at least—possibly to many others. The most severe test, probably, that we can apply to any character that has claim to a place in history is, whether or not its lustre fades with the passing of time. Real greatness lives. With probably a national disposition towards fulsomeness it is quite common with us, while the memory of a man's life and deeds is still fresh, to speak of him as one whose fame is undying, and whose name will be remembered for generations. But history fulfills very few such predictions. There are few men who really grow upon the generations as they come and go. Such men are in a class alone—and foremost among

those who have borne the American name and had a part in American affairs, is Abraham Lincoln .

Abraham Lincoln was a surprise to his generation. He is more of a surprise to the present generation. It is only recently that we have begun to appreciate the quality of his genius. We have passed a sufficient distance from him to study him in true perspective. Now we are able to relate his life and career to the events preceding his entrance upon the stage of action, and also to measure his services by their results. The generation that lives to-night and is taking its part in the affairs of this day thinks more of Abraham Lincoln than the generation to which he belonged; and our children who are yet in their infancy, when another half century shall have rolled around will be gathering as we gather to-night, to pay honor to the memory of the mightiest of all Americans. That is a sure test of greatness.

He responds to another test of greatness. He created ideals. There are some men who have figured in our national affairs, who are justly entitled to rank as great men, because of the quality of their genius. Some of them were soldiers leading the armies upon the field of battle, and among them could be mentioned tonight names that stand with the foremost in the history of military endeavor. Some were statesmen who assisted in guiding the affairs of the Nation in the day of our country's trial. Some were jurists who pointed out for us the basic principles upon which the nation was founded and by which true national life may be conserved. But the final test of greatness—that which will awaken something more than admiration for genius, that which will win the hearts of men and enshrine a character in their loving regard, so that their love goes out to him as to a friend after he has long passed away—is to create for men the ideals of their own living. Washington did it. He has set a mark for high minded, dignified, unswerving patriotism. Although we do not feel so near to him as to Lincoln, although a man of entirely different temperament—yet Washington lives tonight in the memory of a grateful country, because he has created an ideal for American citizenship. And so has Abraham Lincoln. He has taught men as no other has taught, how American citizens should live. He has given us a conception of civic duty. He has shown us civic ideals. He has warmed our hearts with the tenderness of his own. He has blessed our lives with the richness of his moral qualities as with the glory of his intellectual attainments. The children in our schools are properly pointed to Abraham Lincoln as the ideal American citizen.

He fulfills a third test of greatness, and that is: he knew how to gather about him men who were worth while. Many men who have been placed in positions somewhat similar to those in which Lincoln found himself when he assumed the duties of the presidency, have failed because they were either not able to discern commanding qualities in the men they needed, or did not possess the diplomacy, the skill and the warm qualities of heart which enabled them to labor successfully with such men. Abraham Lincoln's cabinet will be famous as long as American history is known—great names they have and worthy. Not often has it been true if ever, that a president has had about him a triumvirate like Seward and Chase and Stanton. Not many presidents could have worked successfully with men of such commanding abilities, such strong wills and determined convictions. William M. Everts, in his Memorial Oration upon Chief Justice Chase, said, speaking of Lincoln and Seward and Chase, that had either of the others been president, the country would have lost the services of the other two. Only Lincoln could hold together that company of mighty men, and control them without commanding them, turning their thoughts and their abilities into channels that led to the salvation of the Nation.

We have said that Abraham Lincoln was a surprise. If you take his life and study him as an orator, if you study him as a lawyer, if you study him as the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, if you study him as a statesman who was obliged to mark out great policies when he had no precedents to follow, you are always meeting with surprises. And yet it is not so remarkable; Lincoln believed that he had been raised up by a mighty providence and weighted with responsibility for the salvation of the Nation. And men of that type have always been surprises.

When you study his ancestry, honorable but not distinguished; when you think of his life in the Western woods, of the pioneer conditions under which he was reared; when you think of him behind the counter in a country grocery store, where one of the chief commodities of trade was corn whiskey; when you think of him on the flat boat and remember all the environments of that man's youth, the scanty schooling he had, the marvel of it is that, when he came to take up the burden of this mighty duty, he was one of the chastest and most gifted of orators in our annals, one of the mightiest, if not the mightiest statesmen and lawyers, that the Nation has yet produced. A surprise I say!

As we read his speeches, so full of noble sentiments, expressed in language that is so brief and epigrammatic as to be almost proverbial; when we think of the manner in which he grapples with the great constitutional questions which came to the fore at that time—we wonder how any such good thing could have come out of Nazareth. It is indeed a tribute to the surpassing genius of this man, that he came up from such a lowly origin, and to-night occupies a position of unrivaled glory in the history of the Nation.

Abraham Lincoln was particularly distinguished, both by his insight and by his foresight. He knew more than other men. It was a sort of intuition with him. He had the gift of correct analysis and of clear, definite expression in a remarkable degree. Time and again he was brought face to face with situations and was called upon to solve problems that were perplexing the greatest minds of his day. He always knew how to call for advice from those who were competent to give it; but after having read the opinions submitted to him on such occasions, one wonders what the man's final decision will be; and yet, when that decision is studied, you wonder still more that all his advisors had not seen the matter as he saw it.

In his famous debates with Douglas, his great rival in Illinois, Lincoln's triumph was due to his insight and his foresight. Lincoln saw the point, and he knew how to state it. When he was called to the presidency, Lincoln, of all men of that day, understood the situation that confronted him. He said to his neighbors as he was leaving Springfield—and he repeated the sentiment on a number of occasions during that trip to Washington and at his first inauguration also—that there had fallen to his lot a task mightier than that which fell to the lot of George Washington. He knew the issues of the future; knew all that was involved in that mighty struggle. Those of you who are familiar with the history will not forget the divided councils of that generation. Committees of both houses of congress were appointed and almost as many compromises suggested as there were members of these committees, scarcely any two of them agreeing. Have you ever tried to consider, gentlemen, what would have been the result for the country, had not there been placed at the helm a man whose judgment was sound, and whose foresight was penetrating? On all sides men were urging upon Lincoln's attention subordinate issues. Lincoln saw the main issue, and he refused to turn his eye from it. He could not be driven from it by the threats of his enemies nor persuaded

by blandishments of others. He set before him the preservation of the Federal Union, and no other question was allowed to rise to equal dignity in the thought of that mighty leader. When the question of slavery came forward Lincoln was calm, unmoved, steady bearing himself in the midst of the storm with perfect poise, determined that no other issues should displace that before him—the preservation of the Union.

I think Lincoln's training as a lawyer had something to do with this gift that he displayed in such high degree. Of course, it was a gift, but one that had been carefully developed. Lincoln's career as a lawyer was of a character which compelled him to be an independent thinker. The young lawyers of that day if I am correctly informed followed an entirely different practice from that which now prevails. They were obliged to do so. These men relied on their own resources; they were required to study the principles of the law and in that study developed their analytical powers. Those men were not following precedents. They were the men who made precedents; and that kind of training served Lincoln well when he faced his heavy responsibilities. He was obliged to settle great constitutional questions, such as had never been presented to another president—such questions as the right of the executive to suspend writ of Habeas Corpus, the right of the national government to coerce a state, and that raised at the time the state of West Virginia was admitted into the Union. This man was blazing a new trail. As great questions as ever confronted the legal minds of this Nation were presented to Abraham Lincoln without precedents which he might follow; and had he not been a lawyer of original genius, of initiative, of independence, of clear insight and logical mind, he never would have been able to define the policies which he adopted and followed. Take for instance, the case of the admission of West Virginia. One member of his cabinet had resigned. of the six remaining, he asked opinions as to two questions: Is the admission of West Virginia under the circumstances constitutional? If constitutional, is it advisable? His cabinet divided equally. Chase, Seward and Stanton advised him that the admission of West Virginia was constitutional and would be expedient, while Bates, Blair, and Wells advised against it. Perhaps, being a layman, I should not speak of these things in detail. I have read several times the opinions of these three great ministers of Lincoln as to the constitutionality of this policy. Technical arguments they are, but you feel yourself in another world when perusing the opinion of

Abraham Lincoln. If the members of the legal profession and jurists who are here will pardon my saying it—Abraham Lincoln could write opinions that a layman can understand—his decisions were clear; he went down to bed rock; he presented his propositions in such manner that the average mind is compelled to give assent. Probably a layman is not entitled to pass an opinion upon Lincoln as a lawyer, but I venture to believe—judging from the opinions which he wrote in his state papers—I venture to believe that if Abraham Lincoln had been elevated to the Supreme Bench of the United States, he would have left a record second not even to that of the great Marshall.

When Lincoln is considered as a military genius, again one must speak with caution, because we are addressing those who are far better able than ourselves to criticise his military policy. He was wise enough never to attempt to give advice concerning what I may call, unprofessionally, the *technique* of military affairs. He left that to military men. But probably when history has been written and the final verdict transcribed, future generations will agree that in questions of grand strategy, Abraham Lincoln was one of the foremost, if not the foremost, genius that guided in the affairs of that great war. Very often, as frequent study has shown, Lincoln's advice was far better than that of men to whose judgment he deferred.

It seems to us that one reason Abraham Lincoln had such correct judgment, and was able to state himself in such simple and clear language was, that all that he said was the expression of himself. Lincoln was simple in his thinking, in his manner, in his tastes; he was honest to the core, intellectually and morally. He could not be untrue, and that moral quality, communicated to his intellectual process, enabled him to think without bias and prejudice. He had a heart and mind which fitted him to realize the magnitude of the task which had been set before him. He sought public office like other normal high-minded men, in an honorable way, but I think it can be said of him that no personal distinction or advantage was ever permitted to influence his judgment when the question was before him of the wise and safe policy to be pursued in order to save this Federal Union.

Those were great days, and how grateful we ought to be that a great man was called to the helm at that particular time. Lincoln had behind him a political party that for the first time had come into National power; he had behind him a body of men, politically con-

sidered, composed of various, and sometimes discordant, elements. He was called upon to assume the reins of power just at the time several states were declaring their independence of the Federal government. To win and to hold the confidence of his party; to develop public opinion in the right direction and make it a mighty agency for crushing rebellion, were giant tasks that few men could have borne.

Abraham Lincoln was probably the best politician who ever filled the presidential chair, using that term in the very best sense. No other president had a keener sense of the importance of public opinion. No other president has been more skillful in directing public opinion. No other president has been more patient in waiting for public opinion to mature. No other has been more accurate in his judgment as to the proper moment when he should speak, assured that the sentiment, the loyal sentiment of the Nation, was behind him for defense and encouragement.

The name of Abraham Lincoln will long be remembered on account of these qualities, but I think his greatest virtue, and that which will chiefly entitle him to a worthy place in the regard of posterity, is his moral grandeur. He was a good man. Have you ever thought how little there is in the career of Abraham Lincoln for which posterity need apologize? Do you realize what it means to point the rising generation to the career of a man who not only rose to the heights of genius, but who, in his moral character and in the nobility of his patriotic purpose, is worthy to be a model for our children? He never would do what he thought was wrong. Never! And he always strove to find what was right. The greatest word with Lincoln was the word "right."

On one occasion, as you will remember, a committee representing various religious bodies in the City of Chicago called upon Lincoln. They were zealous, well meaning, somewhat radical persons. They spoke, of course without the responsibilities that Lincoln felt. They requested him to take advance ground on the question of the abolition of slavery, though such a course might involve the main question with which he was dealing. They said to him it was the will of God that he should do. And do you remember his reply, in which he expressed surprise that the will of God should have been revealed to them and withheld from him, who had the responsibility for the decision? And said he, "No one has struggled more earnestly to know what the will of God is than I." And closing that memorable reply, he uttered a sentence which alone

would have made Abraham Lincoln immortal: "If I know the will of God, I will do it." No man can say a greater thing than that.

I promised myself I would not weary you to-night with extracts from Lincoln's speeches or writings. There is one sentiment, however, which Lincoln has left upon record, which was not transcribed for the scrutiny of men's eyes, which, as his private secretary says, expresses better than anything else the clearness and the candor of Lincoln's thinking, and his profound religious sentiments. "The will of God prevails," he wrote. "In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be, and one must be, wrong. God cannot be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present Civil War it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party." There is the prophet! "And yet, the human instrumentalities are of the best adaptation to effect His purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true, that God wills this contest and wills that it shall not end yet. By His mere great power he could have either saved or destroyed the Union without a contest; yet, the contest began; and having begun, He could give the final victory to either side any day; yet, the contest proceeds." He is as great as a theologian as he was as a lawyer. I will commend that meditation to any theologian, assured that the verdict will be that the correctness and soundness of Lincoln's thinking, aided by his calm, unostentatious, religious faith, led him to a conclusion which the sound Christian judgment of the world will affirm. That had something to do with his clear insight—always honest, and always, setting before himself the right. Oh, is it any wonder we love this man!

Early he showed these qualities. Living down in Indiana in a little cabin with but three sides, and the other open to the winter storms, his mother died and they laid her away without a word, without Christian rites. Three or four months after that a wandering clergyman came that way, and this young lad took him out in the face of the winter blasts to the place where his mother lay and had him perform over her the rites of Christian burial. It does seem to me that if God's Angels ever come down to the habitations of man they must have folded their wings at that spot where the little orphan boy knelt in the snow on his mother's grave. That is the man we love! That is the man who holds to-night the affection of a nation! That is the man, the lustre of whose fame will become more brilliant as the days go by. And so long as our nation is

permitted to live and in a loyal and grateful sense pay honor to those who had part in founding it and in perpetuating it, the name of Abraham Lincoln will be held in reverential regard; and mothers will take their sons, and will read to them the story of his early struggles, and of his mighty triumphs, and feel happy if they can hope that their children will emulate his example.

ADDRESS.

BY ADOLPH O. EBERHART, GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.

(Read February 8, 1910.)



I am sure there is no one this evening who expects me to say anything that would add to the splendid eulogy that has been uttered.

It seemed to me, as I listened to those beautiful songs of the flag, that I could imagine those beautiful tones rising higher and higher until they touched the Heavens, singing praises of Him, and that they were bringing before His eternal altars the offerings of an independent people, such as the members of this Loyal Legion, whose love offerings do not consist in tributes of praise and song, but in a noble character, in right living, and in deeds of unselfish love. Let us not forget that you and I are citizens of this great country, the only country in the world that gives a worthy boy a chance—the country of Abraham Lincoln—and let us look forward to this Twentieth Century, whose sunrise has already long filled our vision, hoping it may be an era of more perfect peace, happiness, and joy, when all the world shall know our country by the blood and struggles of the men of '61 and '65.

THE HEART OF LINCOLN.

BY LIEUT. ELL TORRANCE, PAST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, G. A. R.

(February 12, 1902.)

On the 15th of April, 1865, and within a few hours after the death of President Lincoln, a little company of ex-army officers assembled in the city of Philadelphia and organized the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. On the following day, by special resolution, the martyred president was enrolled as a member of the Order and from that day to this the name of Abraham Lincoln leads all the rest. Six members of the Loyal Legion have held the highest office in the gift of the republic—Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Harrison and McKinley—and the history making period of these men is all embraced within the memory of every living soldier of the Civil War. Three of this immortal group suffered a martyr's death and consecrated with their life's blood the temple of liberty. * * * The sons of men are like the sands of the sea shore in numbers but history perpetuates the memory of few.

The world does not remember long; it soon forgets not only what men say, but what they do. Nevertheless the wondrous story of him whose memory we commemorate this evening will be told by eloquent lips and with ever increasing power as long as the republic endures. Some men dwindle as you approach them; others who appear great fade into insignificance as you study their characters, while others pass into oblivion with the lapse of time; but not so with Abraham Lincoln—the passing years only disclose a more beautiful spirit, a more exalted character and give deeper significance to every act of his life.

How humble his birth: No angels announced his advent—or if they did, the ears of men were too dull to hear; but *now* how plainly all can discern that he was a teacher sent of God and divinely led from the day of his birth to the hour of his martyrdom. The school in which he was disciplined was one few would care to enter, and yet, from the most obscure origin, he reached the highest eminence, and, once for all demonstrated the efficacy and beneficence of our free institutions. His youth was crowned with

privations and hardships, and until he reached man's estate, his feet trod a narrow and cheerless path.

Scarcely three score and ten years ago, if you had drifted down the Sangamon River, you would have found him in the forests along its banks. The sound of an axe would have been your guide and would have led you into the presence of one of the youthful pioneers of the dreary frontier settlements of Illinois. There in the solitude of the forest you would have seen a tall, raw-boned and awkward youth, friendless and poorly clad; a young backwoodsman, strong in body and manly of heart, undisturbed by any suggestion that the world owed him a living; ready, able and willing to pay in the honest coin of hard labor a full equivalent for all he received. When the evening shadows marked the close of day, and the forest again relapsed into primeval silence, great heaps of new made rails could be seen like weird sentinels on the river's bank, and for every three hundred of those well-made rails Abe Lincoln was entitled to receive one yard of home-spun, toward decently covering his giant frame.

But on this occasion I wish especially to speak of the heart of Lincoln. He was a many-sided man and many elements were mixed in him to make him great, but the one that most endeared him to his countrymen and to the world was his kindly heart, his broad charity and his unfailing sympathy for his fellow men. He cherished no resentments, and his nature seemed destitute of the element of harshness. He was made patient, if not perfect, through suffering. It has been said "that he was a burden bearer from his birth and that the burdens were girt upon his spirit even more than his body, but while they gnarled the body and bent it earthward the spirit grew in strength and beauty and was at no time so strong and beautiful as in the hour an assassin blew it out."

When first inaugurated president, sectional hate had well nigh burned love out of the hearts of men, but Abraham Lincoln was able to rise far above the passions, hatreds, and prejudices of the hour and to say to his dissatisfied countrymen, "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection." And four years later, after the land had been drenched with blood and every household was in mourning, he was still able to say: "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall

have borne the battle and for his widow and for his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations." In sacred literature only have such utterances a parallel.

But Lincoln's heart was no less *courageous* than it was gentle, and while he cherished no resentments, he was quickly moved to righteous protest in the presence of injustice. At the age of 22 he visited New Orleans and, for the first time, saw parents and children placed on the auction block and sold as chattels. The wrong appealed to him with tremendous force and with uplifted arm and trembling voice he said, "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard." This was his first introduction to slavery and, doubtless, the day and the hour when he consecrated himself to the cause of universal freedom. But what seemed more improbable than that he would ever be able to hit "that thing" a blow? Was it not wrought into the very framework of society and entrenched in both church and state; was not slavery anchored to the constitution and legalized by the highest judicial authority? What could such a youth hope to accomplish? Who knew him or cared for him? Was he not poor, and friendless, and uneducated, and destitute of influence or power, either social or political? Could he by the remotest chance ever become able to smite such an institution? Nevertheless, in the mysterious providence of God the same hand that was uplifted in solemn protest in the New Orleans slave mart, wrote the immortal emancipation proclamation which forever swept out of existence the slave and the slave master and the slave mart.

In 1858 the same courageous heart, like "one crying in the wilderness," boldly declared that "unless slavery was wrong, nothing was wrong; that every man was entitled to the fruits of his own labor and that no man could justly live in idle luxury by the sweat of another's brow." Lincoln foresaw with *clearest vision* that the conflict between freedom and slavery was irrepressible, and that one or the other must prevail. He believed that the government could not permanently endure half slave and half free, but his courage never abated, nor did he ever for a moment lose faith in the final triumph of the right. In this faith he triumphed and today "millions of men and women and children whom he lifted out of the deepest darkness, think it no harm to worship him."

He had a *fatherly* heart, and the song "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," was not only patriotic, but a filial response to his call. The soldiers loved him. In a special sense they belonged to him and he to them. Their faith in their commanders was sometimes shaken, but never in Abraham Lincoln. He was the one man in whom they could always trust, the one man to whom they could always with confidence appeal when every other hope had fled. Who that has once heard can ever forget the story of William Scott, a private in the Third Regiment Vermont Infantry?

Scott was in his teens and, with his regiment, reached Washington soon after the first battle of Bull Run. He was a farmer's boy, accustomed to regular, sound, and healthy sleep, and before becoming inured to camp life he volunteered to take the place of a sick comrade who had been detailed for picket duty. The next day he was detailed for like service and undertook its performance, but found it impossible to keep awake two nights in succession, and was found asleep at his post. For this offense he was tried by a court martial and sentenced to be shot. His regiment was stationed near Chain Bridge that spans the Potomac River, connecting Washington with Virginia. Many spies had succeeded in passing the Union lines, and orders had been issued enjoining the strictest vigilance on the part of officers and men. The young soldier could make no defense. He admitted that he had done wrong, but said he could not have tried harder to keep awake, and that if he were placed in the same situation again, he could no more help falling asleep than he could fly. He had anticipated a hard fight to keep awake and at one time thought of asking one of the boys to take his place, but feared they might think he was afraid, so he decided to "chance it." Twice he fell asleep and awoke while walking his beat, and then—he could not remember anything more—all he knew was that he was sound asleep when the guard came. Something must be done, and done at once, to save the boy, and the only hope was the president. His captain, who had promised the mother to take care of her son, went with a few of his men directly to the White House and laid the case before the president. Little encouragement was given and the men went away heavy-hearted, but the president immediately visited the place where the young soldier was confined awaiting execution, and personally investigated the facts in the case. He then saw the young soldier and asked him about his home, the neighbors, the farm and where he went to school. Finally, he inquired about his

mother, and when the lad with trembling hand took her picture from his breast and showed it to him, he said: "You ought to be thankful that you have such a patriotic mother," and then, after a moment's silence, he said: "My boy, look me in the face. You are not going to be shot tomorrow. I believe you tell the truth when you say that you could not keep awake. I shall trust you and send you back to your regiment, but I have a big bill against you—one that no person in the world can pay except yourself, and if from this day you do your duty as a soldier, the debt will be paid."

A few months afterwards young Scott fell, mortally wounded, at the Battle of Lees Mill, and his last words were: "Tell President Lincoln that I have never forgotten his kindness to me; that I have tried to be a good soldier and now, when dying, I again thank him for giving me a chance to fall like a soldier in battle, and not like a coward by the hands of my comrades." When the message was communicated to the president, a shade of sorrow overspread his face as he exclaimed: "Poor boy! poor boy! and is he dead? and did he send me this message? I am sorry that he is dead for he was a brave boy. I am glad I interfered. It is as great a comfort to me as it was to him."

Not long after this he met his life-long friend James Speed and said, "Why don't you come and see me? I want to see somebody that doesn't want anything. Stop tonight after the reception is over, and let us have a visit." So on that Thursday night when the people had gone away the two men sat down together for a few minutes, then Speed arose and said: "Mr. Lincoln, you are worn out and must rest. I haven't the heart to keep you out of your bed, you must rest." Lincoln stretched out his long arm and, placing his hand upon Speed's shoulder, said: "You must stay with me for I never sleep Thursday nights. Tomorrow you know is execution day, and some of the boys will be shot unless I sign their pardon; but the generals tell me that to pardon them will cost more lives, so I cannot pardon, but I cannot sleep when I know that tomorrow they will be shot."

No wonder the poor woman whose son had been reprieved by the president, when she came away from his office, the tears still running down her cheeks, exclaimed to her waiting friends: "Oh! how they have slandered Mr. Lincoln. They told me he was an ugly man, but I never saw a more beautiful face in all my life"

What a priceless inheritance to this nation that he belonged to the common people—that he dwelt among them, that his sympathies were with them; that the schools did not educate and polish him until he was separated from them; that he was as accessible in the White House as in the log cabin.

He had a *devout* heart. As he left his old home for Washington, he said to his neighbors, "I go to a greater task than that assigned to Washington, and unless the God that helped him helps me, I shall fail, but guided and sustained by him, I shall not fail—I shall succeed."

When about to issue the Emancipation Proclamation he said in reply to his great secretary, who doubted that the time had fully come for such an important step, "I must sign it; I told the Lord I would." Seward, somewhat startled, said, "What is that you say, Mr. President?" And he replied, "I made a promise that if the Lord would give us victory and the rebel army were driven back into Virginia, I would emancipate the slaves, and I will do it." Thirty-one years before he had lifted up his hand towards heaven, and promised the Eternal God that if he ever got a chance to hit that institution, he would hit it hard; and now, with a living faith in that God, he fulfilled his solemn promise.

Last of all I will speak of his *patriotic* heart. To him his great office meant *service*, not power, and his highest ambition was to serve his country. Promotion from peasant to president did not separate him from the people. He never forgot that the people raised him to power, and that for them the service of his life was to be rendered. His one supreme passion was the Union—the Union with or without slavery, but always the Union. The lives of almost half a million men were required to save the Union, and at last, to make the Union forever sure, he sealed it with his own blood.

He was a patriot of the highest and noblest type. He knew no North, no South, no East, no West. The rivers and mountains did not divide his country, but bound all parts of it together. He believed in the perpetuity of the republic. His great heart never expressed a more sublime faith in that perpetuity or uttered a grander prophecy than when, standing under the impenetrable clouds of impending war, he assured his countrymen that the time would come "when the mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, would yet swell the chorus of the

Union when touched again, as surely they would be, by the better angels of our natures." These immortal words were spoken when he was being bitterly assailed, and when the passions of men were like the angry sea and their hearts were filled with prejudice and hate. He always spoke in the spirit of the broadest humanity, "with malice toward none and charity for all," for he could see what many of us could not then see, that the chasm that separated his countrymen could only be bridged and the nation's wounds be healed by the triumph of a common brotherhood.

There were giants in those days, and Abraham Lincoln was surrounded by a host of great men—Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Stanton, Grant, Thomas, Sherman and Farragut, and a countless host of "boys in blue;" yet he towered above them all, and was the incarnation of the virtues of all. In simplicity of faith and strength of character, in honesty of purpose and self-surrender to duty, he was and still remains the highest product of American civilization.

It has been truly said that "he now belongs to the ages," but, best and truest of all, he belongs to us. His rugged features have become transfigured and his face is the most radiant that looks out upon us from the glorious past.

"How seldom, in the lapse of centuries,
Lives there a man so great,
That when he dies,
His record is beyond all eulogies."

How deep, sincere and constant should be our gratitude for the gift to this Republic of one, the contemplation of whose virtues strengthens every moral fiber of the soul and confirms our faith in the final world-wide triumph of the right.

"Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn out plan,
Repeating as by rote:
For him her old world moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the Unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

Great Captains, with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These are all gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.”



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